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LAKE OF NEMI.

THE

JANUARY 1845, TO JUNE 1845.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM C. PRIME.
1845.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM C. BROWN, EDITOR.

'Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life; who, rising up in honor, called
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear, reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.' — POLLOK.

V.6-7

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CONTENTS.

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOLUME VI.

[Half Yearly.]

A Mother's Prayer, ... 32
An Affectionate Wife, ... 57
A Mother's Love, ... 84

Beautiful Thought, ... 34

Conscience, ... 34
Christianity, ... 35

Dangers of Childhood, and means of obviating them, ... 25
Desultory Thoughts, ... 80

Family Education, ... 74

Influence of Christian Mothers, ... 10
'I cannot stand that,' 61

Lake Nemi, ... 6

Maternal Assistance, ... 4
My Mother, ... 53

Prevention of Falsehood in Children, ... 97

Recollections of a Mother, ... 7

The Children of the Woods, ... 49
The Silent Ministry of Example, ... 55
The Morality of Pictures, ... 78
The Spoiled Child, ... 92
The Step-Mothe — Fear and Love, ... 121

Use the best Motives, ... 1

POETRY.

Contentment, ... 83

Death of a Christian, ... 76
Death of the First-Born, ... 31

Early Piety, ... 35
Evening, ... 108

God, the chief Good, ... 77

Jesus appears to the Disciples, ... 10

My Mother's Grave, ... 52

Old Year versus New Year, ... 9
On the Death of an Infant, ... 30

The Kingdom of Christ, ... 77
The Ark, ... 54

What has the year left undone? 3
Wishes, ... 56

LITERARY NOTICES.

Alison on Taste, ... 12

Burke on Taste, ... 12

Caldwell's Manual of Elocution, ... 11
Common School Reader, ... 12

Essay on our Lord's Discourse at Capernaum, ... 60

Girlhood and Womanhood, ... 11

Harper's Illuminated Bible, ... 84
Hints for Mothers, ... 11
'Have you made your Will?' 59

Introduction to the History of the Church, 59

Lovers and Husbands, ... 35

Life on the Ocean, ... 12

Morse's School Geography, ... 12
McCulloch's Universal Gazetteer, ... 12
Married and Single, ... 35
Medical Jurisprudence, ... 60
Massillon's Sermons 132

Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, ... 60

Songs in the Night, ... 84

Thirlwall's History of Greece, ... 35
The Boston Almanac, ... 12

Voyages round the World, ... 84

MUSIC, ... 36, 58

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

A Domestic Chat, ... 19
A Sorrowful Picture, ... 94
Doing Good, ... 90
Gardening, as a Fine Art, ... 133
Jane D'Albret, Queen of Navarre, ... 69
Jephthah's Daughter, ... 66
My First and Last Pastoral Visit, ... 22
Margaret, the Martyr of the Sea, ... 85
Music, ... 24, 96, 138
'Real Life.'—A Sketch from my Journal, 47
The Good Sister, ... 13
The Only Enduring Charms, ... 41
The Two Angels, ... 44
The Teeth, ... 45
The Influence of a Sister, ... 68
Truth is stranger than Fiction, ... 69
What books shall I read? 37

POETRY.

Affection, ... 43
A Riddle for the Christian, ... 120
A Song of May, ... 139
Love of Home, ... 88
Nature's Revealings, ... 40
Niagara, ... 119
Pleasures of Teaching, ... 93
Spring Time, ... 96
The Early Lost, ... 17
The Christian's Hope, ... 89
To a Star, ... 119
Watch and Pray, ... 24
Youth and Manhood, ... 72

ENGRAVINGS.

Lake of Nemi, ... 1
Jephthah's Daughter, ... 69
The Wheaton Female Seminary, ... 96

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VI. JANUARY, 1845. No. 1.

Original.

USE THE BEST MOTIVES.

BY REV. EDWARD N. KIRK.

WHO can guide and govern a steam-car, unless he be acquainted with the handles to the several parts of the machine? and who can guide a child, unless he know the various *handles* of the mind? Some parents and instructors seize the first within their reach, which is almost sure to be the wrong one. Others seem to think that the moral machine has but one handle. To both these classes we would address a word, reminding them of important facts which they too much overlook.

The first to which we allude is, that the same outward action may be performed from divers and diverse, nay, from totally opposite motives. One boy goes to school, because he loves his employments there; another hates his employments, but goes because he is afraid of the consequences of absence. One goes cheerfully, because he loves to study; another may go with equal cheerfulness, because he loves to meet his companions. One goes because he is a creature of habit and routine, and would be uncomfortable to-day in omitting to do as he did yesterday. It is manifest that the same external action may be the result of different, and even opposite motives. This is, indeed, a well known fact; but, perhaps, it is too little regarded in the detail of daily life, as we are sure the second is, to which we call the reader's attention; that is, — motive makes the man; or, a man is what his motives are. A selfish man is one who does, or refrains from doing, *because* his own interests are favorably affected by acting, or by not acting, in any particular case. A benevolent man, a noble man, a holy man, a despicable man, are in

fact so, because they are pleased with being so. Among all the varieties of character, each one has made his choice, practically deciding, that on the whole, that is best for him. But they are considered so by the world, because the world has discovered that they prefer respectively to be controlled by benevolent, noble, holy, or despicable motives. It matters not what the specific external actions are, the motives for acting, or not acting, determine the character. Now we are sure that parents overlook this important principle, when they administer praise or censure for external actions, irrespective of the motive, and when they neglect to cultivate with the most sedulous care, in their children, aversion to wrong motives and the choice of right motives. Here lies the whole foundation of all that is great and good in character.

Out of these two great facts, that motives may be so various; and, that the whole moral quality of the character depends upon the governing motives, there arise two important duties of the parent and guardian of youth. The nature and character of the several motives are to be thoroughly understood; and the best motives are to be constantly applied to the mind and heart. The word motive has a complex signification, including both the end sought in any action, and the previous desire to that end as felt by the mind. We now employ it in the latter sense; and say, that those who are guiding the youthful mind, should, at the same time, keep fully in view the distinction between an external action, as right in itself, and the motive, which may be either right or wrong. You might encourage a child to attend the public services of the house of God, in order to show a new dress. The external act of going to church is right, but the motive in this case is detestable. There are, then, three classes of motives: — the positively wrong — the relatively wrong — the absolutely right; and among the right there are various grades of excellence. The positively wrong are those which lead to any action wrong in itself. The relatively wrong are those which become so by the circumstances of the case. For instance, it is right for me to take care of my property and reputation; but if I make either of those ends my chief reason for engaging in the public worship of God, the motive is vitiated by the circumstances in which it is exercised. Some are right when exercised subordinately, and wrong when supreme. Such are the desire of power, wealth, superiority, esteem, knowledge, society, action. When these are subordinated to

the desire of pleasing God, they are right; when independent of that, they are sinful. Three only are absolutely right, — the desire of pleasing God — the desire of doing right toward our fellow-men — the desire of personal excellence, for its own sake. Now, suppose a specific external action is to be required of a child; the learning a lesson in geography, for instance, use the right motive, we say. By which we mean, do not use a wrong motive; — such as, 'then you will get the medal — you will be the head of your class — you will beat Sammy Jones — you will get a whipping, or be kept in, if you do n't,' &c., &c. We mean likewise to say, use the best motive, the highest, the noblest, the purest, which the human soul can feel. And yet all this does not exclude the appeal to subordinate feelings. To make a complete character, each must be exercised in its place, and in due proportion. And it should further be remarked, that the ultimate motives which govern a parent's conduct, become obvious to their children, and go much farther to affect their imitative minds than mere words.

Boston, Jan., 1845.

WHAT HAS THE YEAR LEFT UNDONE?

BY HENRY WARE, JUN.

It is not what my hands have done,
That weighs my spirit down, —
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
And over earth a frown; —
It is not any heinous guilt,
Or vice by men abhorred;
For fair the fame that I have built, —
A fair life's just reward, —
And men would wonder, if they knew
How sad I feel, with sins so few.

Alas! they only see a part,
When thus they judge the whole;
They do not look upon the heart, —
They cannot read the soul.
But I survey myself within,
And mournfully I feel
How deep the precipice of sin,
Its root may there conceal,
And spread its poison through the frame,
Without a deed that men would blame.

They judge by actions which they see,
Brought out before the sun;

But conscience brings reproach to me
For what I 've left undone; —
For opportunities of good
In folly thrown away, —
For time misused in solitude, —
Forgetfulness to pray, —
And thousand more omitted things,
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppressed
With thoughtfulness and gloom;
Nor can I hope for perfect rest
Till I escape this doom.
Help me, thou Merciful and Just,
This fearful doom to fly;
Thou art my strength, my peace, my trust, —
O help me, lest I die;
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love.

Original.

MATERNAL ASSISTANCE.

BY WM. A. ALCOTT.

Mr. Editor: — It has given me much pleasure to find in you and your correspondents, a disposition to call the father of the family to the great work of assisting the mother in the formation of human character. The general truth has been, perhaps, sufficiently stated; but have your readers been shown what is intended, by examples? The world are fond of particulars, as well as generals.

I am acquainted with many families in which the mother not only concedes to the father a superiority in the presence of the children, but the latter claims it. Does a question of right or wrong occur — they are immediately referred to the father; and his decision is law.

Now, if the father were always, or even generally present, in the family, this might do very well. But, as most fathers are absent during a large part of the waking hours of the day, what is to be done *then*? That the father is the lawfully established umpire, so to say, when the case requires it, I do not deny. Nor do I deny that the mother should make her appeals to him, as to a higher tribunal, whenever he is present, *if he requires it.* But the question now is, should he require it? And is it for the best good of his children?

One father, whom I know, is in the constant habit of referring

every thing, as far as possible, to the mother. He maintains family authority — enthrones himself, as it were, in the hearts of his children — by doing all he can to establish the authority of the mother. Your mother says so or so, or thinks so or so, or prefers to have it so or so; this is the way in which he constantly speaks to his children. In a word, he labors to inspire them with confidence, more and more, in their mother. In his estimation she is, or might be, almost every thing in the family, both by her precepts and her example. If he *advises*, it is that they should regard and please her. If he *complains*, it is that they have done despite to her laws, or disobeyed *her*, or injured *her feelings*. If he *corrects*, it is on her behalf. He believes he best fulfils the paternal mission, when his great work appears to be, in the eyes of the children, to assist her in the fulfilment of hers — the maternal.

In this way the children do not feel, the moment he is absent, as if they were left almost without restraint. They feel, indeed, a responsibility to the father; but a greater, if possible, to the mother.

Now I make an appeal to every candid reader, and ask him if this is not as it should be? Should not the maternal authority be constantly strengthened by every possible means, rather than weakened? Does that father act wisely who requires, or even permits, the mother to appear to her children as a mere delegate, for the performance of his will, during his absence? Is not the custom of making this requisition one fruitful cause of the rapid growth among us of a spirit of insubordination?

This work is called, I know, the *mother's* assistant — not the *father's*. Let it not, however, be thought that what I have said is out of place. The mother's assistance is what I have aimed at; and the father is, in my view, designed by Providence to be her best assistant. He assists her best and most, as well as most effectually establishes family authority, and confers true dignity on the paternal department of it, when he aids most in establishing the authority of the mother.

It is not, so far as I know, because the father has not full confidence in the mother, that he now takes a course — nine times in ten — calculated to lessen her power to govern and educate during his own necessary absence. It is, as I suppose, from established custom. It is because he has never reasoned on the subject. He has had no time to think, in what way he can best do his part of the

great work devolving upon the united head of a family — that of training up children in the way in which they ought to go.

Let fathers who read this brief article, give themselves, for five minutes — I ask not for more — to reflection on the main thought it intends to convey. Let them not despise it because found in a mother's book, or because it is short. Nor let them despise it, lest it should lower their self-consequence, or their dignity. For, need I say again, that the father is most honored when the mother is best obeyed; and that no fancied superiority will ever compensate for the loss of that character in the young, which it is alike the interest of all to establish and confirm?

I hope the day is not far distant when the hearts of the fathers, as well as those of the mothers of our land, will be turned toward the children. For if our land is to be smitten with a curse — the curse of God — it is because family education is neglected. It is because Christian parents are ignorant of their duty — or, being informed, act not up to the light they already possess. It is because the children of a great would-be republic are not trained 'in the way they should go.'

Hartford, Ct., Jan., 1845.

LAKE NEMI.

[See Engraving.]

Lake Nemi is a lake of central Italy, and is about sixteen miles from Rome. There is also a village on the northeast bank of the lake, of the same name. Nemi is so called from the forest, or *nemus*, by which it was anciently surrounded. It was famous in antiquity for the worship of the Scythian Diana, to whom human sacrifices were offered. No remains, which can with certainty be ascribed to the temple dedicated to the goddess, are now to be met with.

The lake is 1022 feet above the level of the sea; and is now, as of old, beautifully sequestered. Its principal celebrity in modern times, arises from a discovery at its bottom, in 1535, of the remains of a very large ship, 500 feet in length, constructed by one of the early emperors, most probably for some of the sham sea fights exhibited on the lake.

☞ THE following address to mothers was written by REV. ROLLIN H. NEALE, of this city, during his recent visit to Europe, and communicated for publication in this work. The tender recollections of a mother's love and piety, so beautifully expressed and so highly valued, are deeply interesting and touching, and must make a salutary impression upon the hearts of all mothers. — ED.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER.

THERE is no association among us, which awakens in my mind a greater interest, than that composed of Christian mothers. I have had occasion to say much about a mother's influence and a mother's love, and in doing this, I always speak from the fulness of my soul. I remember her who tenderly watched over my childhood years, and whose affection and faithfulness are engraven on my heart, 'hallowed as the memory of my departed joys.'

While wandering in a land of strangers, among scenes which that beloved and revered parent often described to her listening and astonished child, but which I never dreamed of seeing, recollections of her image, her piety, her maternal tenderness and love, her regard for the temporal and spiritual welfare of her children, have come up to mind with more freshness and power than ever. Were she living, with what deep solicitude would she now follow her son over the wide ocean, and amid the inconveniences and perils of a foreign clime. Even in this character, I am not ashamed to acknowledge I often think of her, and bless God that I have been permitted to experience the sweet influences of a mother's love.

But her religious character, her faithful admonitions, her earnest supplications offered nightly at my bedside, that the blessing of heaven might descend upon her offspring — these are the reminiscences which cling most tenaciously, and are ever warm and glowing about my heart.

> 'My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
> The son of parents passed into the skies.'

I am myself a happy man. I love life, and through grace am looking forward also with pleasing anticipations to the resurrection of the just. But my highest enjoyments in this world, and my hopes of happiness in the world to come, and all the good I have been en-

abled to do as a minister of Christ, I trace, under God, to the influence of that dear mother. Excuse me for thus alluding to one so nearly allied to myself. But it has ever been a gratification to me, and never more so than in this distant land, to indulge in remembrances of early scenes, and the endearments of home, and especially of her whose presence was the sun and the centre of all which was bright and attractive in my youthful days.

The religion of my mother was a part of herself, beaming forth from every feature, speaking out in all her movements, and investing with a peculiar charm and interest, the thousand little things which are constantly occurring in the intercourse of human life. And she taught religion to her children, rather by example than by precept. It was evident to us, that it was something she *enjoyed.* There was no moroseness about her piety. From a peculiarity of physical constitution, she never laughed audibly, yet she was always cheerful, and never more so than when speaking upon the subject of religion. O, I rejoice that she is happy now, and that ere long I shall meet her in heaven. I love to believe, that, though there are no families in a future world, there will be, nevertheless, a distinct and vivid remembrance of the relations we sustained in this, and that the knowledge that this was my parent, and this my child, and this my companion, will forever enhance the happiness of the redeemed.

Since I have been a pastor, I have had constant occasion to observe the unsurpassed influence the mother has over her children. Young or old, boys or girls, strong-minded or weak-minded, they almost invariably and prominently exhibit in their character the character of their mother; so much so, that the character and feelings of the one may be inferred from the other. If the children meet me with a smile at the door, I expect a cordial welcome by their parents.

O that each of you may have the happiness of seeing all the members of your family among the faithful in Christ Jesus. It is not enough that *some* of the family are pious. Every one must be included. May the God of all grace, sweetly draw your sons and daughters to the cross of Christ, and may they be eventually welcomed with you to the bliss of heaven.

Halle, (Prussia,) Aug. 25, 1843.

How small, of all which human hearts endure,
That part, which laws or kings can cause or cure.—*Goldsmith.*

Original.

OLD YEAR versus NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. ELIZA T. P. SMITH.

Old Year. And so my time is almost out,
And the New Year will make a rout,
Usurp my throne, and rule and sway,
Because, forsooth, my locks are gray!

New Year. O yes, I think the change would be
A gladsome one for all to see;
How many woes you've brought on man!
Crushed hopes, that ne'er may bloom again!

Old Year. But did I not fond lovers wed,
And crown with fame the aspiring head;
And riches give to many an one?
Were beauteous children, too, not born?

New Year. Ah, true; fond lovers you did wed,
And then you laid *one* with the *dead!*
With laurels wreathed bright genius' brow
Who died of pinching want and woe!

Riches you gave to many an one
Who then destruction's race began!
And children, too, were born, and smiled —
Then in the 'narrow house' were piled!

Old Year. Ah, but the year was not all gloom —
Some flowers of perennial bloom —
Pure joys, that spring from mortal life,
There were, to crown this mortal strife.

New Year. No, — 'mid the ills and cares of earth,
Not many sunny joys had birth,
To calm the troubled soul to peace,
To point the heart to Heaven and bliss.

Old Year. O yes, — the heaven-born faith of love,
More blest as earthly sorrows prove —
The mother's love for her first-born
Still clinging to him, though forlorn.

The glow that lit the mental eye,
When beauteous thoughts and truths rose high, —
The hopes that blessed the Christian's heart —
An earnest of his heaven impart.

These, these, earth never can control,
Time ne'er divest the immortal soul:
But when the mortal race is run,
Th' eternal cycle 's but begun!

The hopes — the loves — high aims and thought,
All with unsated yearnings fraught,
No years can bound — *immortal* these,
Endless and perfect in the skies!

Boston, Jan., 1845.

Original.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MARY M. S. BROWN.

'Christianity is associated with your mother's chair, and with the first remembered tones of her blessed voice.'— *Coleridge.*

HAPPY, indeed, is that child of whom this is true. Blessed is he who remembers his mother, through all his life, as a Christian; not merely from the fact that he saw her taking her seat regularly at the communion-table; not that she was always running to this or that meeting, or talking about this or that preacher, or boasting of her good works. These things may all be done, and yet the recollections of our children be any thing but pleasant, and lead them anywhere but in the paths of peace. If we desire to have our children associate religion in its purest form, with our voice and looks, let us be careful that they see in us, daily, such tempers as become the gospel of Christ. Let an atmosphere of meekness and patience be about us; let the law of kindness dwell upon our tongue, not only toward our friends, but toward all mankind; let our hearts be continually lifted to God for ourselves and them, that we may together be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; let our instructions to them be in the spirit, as well as the words, of the gospel; let our government over them be firm, yet mild,—strict, yet gentle,—steady, yet tender; then may we hope that the earliest impressions of our children will be holy, and that their later reflections will only confirm them in the belief that the only path to happiness, here and hereafter, is the path of true religion.

New Hampton, N. H., Jan., 1845.

JESUS APPEARS TO THE DISCIPLES.

THE evening of that day, which saw the Lord
Rise from the chambers of the dead, had come.
His faithful followers, assembled, sang
A hymn, low-breathed; a hymn of sorrow, blent
With hope; when in the midst, sudden he stood.
The awe-struck circle backward shrink; he looks—
He looks around with a benignant smile of love,
And says,—'*Peace be unto you.*' Faith and joy
Spread o'er each face, amazed, as when the moon,
Pavilioned in dark clouds, mildly comes forth,
Silvering a circlet in the fleecy ranks.

Grahame.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GIRLHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.—By Mrs. A. J. Graves. Boston: T. H. Carter & Co., and Benj. B. Mussey.

The object of this work is 'to exhibit different varieties of female character, as seen in girlhood, and to follow them to their full development in womanhood, for the purpose of proving the natural connection between these two important periods.'

The portraits are drawn from the inmates of a boarding-school, as it is easier to study human nature as it presents itself unchecked in its tendencies in youth.

The principle maintained by the author is, that the great responsibility of making man or woman what they should be, rests not upon teachers, but upon *parents*, and upon them alone, and that God will hold them thus responsible.

We cordially recommend this work to all classes of our readers.

CALDWELL'S MANUAL OF ELOCUTION.—Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. Boston.

This work is a practical manual of elocution, embracing voice and gesture, and is designed for schools, academies, and colleges, and also for private learners.

The author is Merritt Caldwell, A. M., professor of metaphysics and political economy, and teacher of elocution in Dickinson College. In his preface he says, 'It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that the time will come, when the power to criticise a *speech* will be considered as essential to the scholar, as is now the ability to criticise a written composition.'

We hope to see this time soon come; for, in the same proportion as this ability increases, will attention to the cultivation of elocution increase.

We have examined this work with much satisfaction, and feel pleased to say that it bears marks of deep study, and of a thorough acquaintance with the subject.

True eloquence has its seat in the heart, but, without some such aid as this book affords, it cannot be brought out, except in an uncouth and ill-adapted dress.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.—By a Lady. New York City. John S. Taylor & Co.

A series of practical letters addressed to a young lady who was about to become a step-mother. The advice and instructions given are sound and judicious.

For sale by Charles Tappan, Boston.

BURKE ON TASTE.—New York City. Harper & Brothers.

The author of this work, which is a philosophical inquiry into the origin of our ideas of the sublime and beautiful, with an introductory discourse concerning taste, is the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. It has been adapted to popular use by Abraham Mills, M. A.

This work is uniformly held in high estimation. 'Its utility and importance in forming the taste of the scholar, and in giving a proper direction to his mind, are universally admitted.'

For sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC.

This beautiful and useful annual, for 1845, is out. It is prepared by S. N. Dickinson, and published by Thomas Groom & Co., State St.

Beside the usual astronomical calender, it contains a vast amount of intelligence, of which our 1200 subscribers in Boston will do well to avail themselves. It is embellished with a new and costly map of the city of Boston.

COMMON SCHOOL READER.—Boston: Published by Charles Tappan.

This compilation is made by John Goldsbury, teacher of the high school, Cambridgeport, and Wm. Russell, teacher of elocution. The selections are in prose and verse, and it contains rules for reading and speaking.

The preparation of a reading book for schools is a work, the importance of which is rarely properly considered. How much are the taste, habits, sentiments, and even principles, of children, formed from their school-books. They should, therefore, be unexceptionable in all the points in which they exert an influence in the formation of character.

From the examination we have been able to give this book, we think it admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended.

MORSE'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

A prominent improvement in this geography is, 'that the *Map*, *Questions* on the Map, and *Description* of each country, are on the same page, or on pages directly opposite, so that the learner can readily refer from one to the other, without the inconvenience of two books, or even the necessity of turning the leaf.' This alone is sufficient to recommend the work to the patronage of the public. There are other improvements of an important character, making it, in our opinion, the best school geography ever published.

For sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co., No. 1, Cornhill.

ALISON ON TASTE.—Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste. By Archibald Alison. With Corrections and Improvements by Abraham Mills, A. M. New York City. Harper & Brothers.

It is hardly necessary for us to say a word in commendation of Alison's beautiful and valuable Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste. It is sufficient for us to say that the present edition is materially improved by the American author. For the use of schools, questions are inserted at the bottom of each page.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN. Boston: Waite, Peirce, & Co.

This deeply interesting narrative was written by George Little, for many years captain in the merchant service. He is now entirely blind. It is the personal adventures of the author, during twenty years spent at sea, and exhibits a true picture of life on the ocean.

It is finely printed, embellished with numerous engravings, and has a complete dictionary of nautical terms.

MCCULLOCH'S UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER.

This work is probably the most thorough exposition of geographical and statistical knowledge ever published. The whole number of pages is 1109, and there are seven large maps on steel.

Harper & Brothers, New York City.

THE

Young Lady's Friend.

Original.

THE GOOD SISTER.

BY MRS. LUCRETIA NOBLE.

At the close of a sultry day in the latter part of the month of August, when scarcely a breath of air could be felt amid the dense population of a crowded city, I put on my bonnet to enjoy a solitary ramble along the banks of the Connecticut. I never look at this noble stream, as it silently pursues its way through a fertile country, without emotions of gratitude to the Author of all our mercies, for the endless variety with which he has strewed our earth. On this occasion, the scenery was unusually delightful; Nature appeared in her loveliest dress. On either side the river, the snow-white cottages of the humble villagers (around the windows of which the woodbine and myrtle gracefully hung) were beautifully contrasted with the rich green foliage which every where met my eye. As I walked slowly along, admiring the works of creation, as well as the skill and ingenuity of man, my eye rested upon an interesting group of children, neatly attired, each one with a book in his hand, seated under an elm tree, in front of a small dwelling. I had been employed in the instruction of children for several years, and had become extremely fond of them. Being at this time in rather feeble health, I wished to rest myself awhile before my return; so, having an excuse for obtruding myself into their little circle, I entered the yard, and, taking a seat beside them, inquired of them what books they were reading, in which they appeared to be so much interested?

'We are learning our lessons,' said a little rosy-cheeked fellow, whose name I afterward learned was George; 'and if we get them well through the week, sister Ellen has promised us a walk with her into the city on Saturday; beside, she is going to buy each of us a new book.'

'And what lesson are you able to learn?' said I, for I thought he could not be much more than three years of age.

'I am learning to spell,' he replied; 'and sister thinks I get along very well in words of two syllables, for such a little boy as I. She says that if I try hard, I shall soon get up with brother and sisters, and then she will be so pleased.'

'Is sister Ellen your only instructor? Have you no mother living?'

'Our dear mother is dead,' replied Mary, a sweet girl of about ten years of age, while, as she spoke, an air of sadness passed over her countenance.

'Do you see, ma'am,' said little George, 'that pretty willow tree, in the corner of that yard,' pointing to a burying-place a few rods distant. 'Under that tree my mother is buried, and sister Ellen often takes us there at the close of the day, and talks to us about her, and tells us how much she loved us, and how much she wanted us to be good, that we might live with her in heaven, when we die; and then she tells us about that happy place, and about the blessed Jesus who died to save us. I do not remember any thing about my mother, for I was a little baby when she died. Sister has been my mother since.'

I was pleased with the simplicity of the little boy, and was about to reply, when an interesting female, apparently about eighteen years of age, made her appearance.

'Our lessons are all ready for you,' said George, running to meet her, and taking her by the hand; but, as if recollecting himself, he turned to me, saying, 'this is our sister Ellen, whom we all love so dearly, and when you get acquainted with her I guess you will love her too.'

A slight tinge suffused her cheek, at this allusion to her, and, apologizing for his familiarity, she very politely asked me if I would walk into the house. I replied that I hoped my presence would not interfere with her regular plan of instruction, and, that I should be happy to listen while she proceeded as usual.

We were again seated, and Edward, a tall, stout boy, about twelve years of age, in whose manly countenance decision of character was strikingly manifest, commenced a lesson in astronomy. His correct and ready replies, to some very difficult questions, evinced not only his studious habits, but the competency of his sister as a teacher;

the next was a lesson in geography from Mary, which was also well recited; then followed a lesson in arithmetic by Sarah, who was seven years of age; she was just commencing this study, but her answers to some questions which I took the liberty to ask her, showed that she had learned to practise upon what she had studied. Last, but not of less importance, was little George's spelling lesson. I had been pleased before, but was equally so now, as he distinctly pronounced, and then spelled, without the omission of a single letter, the task which had been given him.

'That will do very well,' said Ellen, at the same time pushing aside his hair, which fell in ringlets over a beautiful forehead.

The children having finished their lessons, and put away their books, Edward began to loosen the earth around some beautiful geraniums and rose-bushes in the yard, George amused himself by rolling about his hoop, and the little girls, with their cape-bonnets on, came to Ellen, saying, 'with your leave, sister, we will go into the garden, and gather some choice flowers to make a nosegay for the lady.' Having obtained permission, away they ran, happy from the consciousness of having faithfully studied their lessons, and gained their sister's approbation, which to them was more than all the world beside.

I could not but contrast in my own mind many of the youth whom I knew, with this lovely female, tasking her energies, and devoting all her leisure hours to instruct and rear the precious charge which by a painful dispensation had been left to her care. Happy, thought I, would it be, for the eldest daughters in large families, if, instead of spending so much time as many now do, in fancy work, or other fashionable amusements, they would assist their mothers in the education of the younger children; and how much better qualified would they be for the important station of wife and mother, which they may at some time be called to fill.

During the absence of the children, I entered into conversation with Ellen.

'You have a great care for one so young.'

'Yes, I feel that a great responsibility rests upon me. I tremble when I reflect that the happiness of these dear children in this life, and that which is to come, depends in a great measure upon the instruction which I may give them, and the example which I set before them.'

'How long is it since your mother died?'

'Three years. I used sometimes to feel that it was hard for me to be confined so much at home with the children, when my young companions were often meeting together; but when, about two years ago, I was brought to realize the unsatisfying nature of every earthly possession, and led to seek the Saviour, my feelings were changed; what was formerly a task, is now to me a delightful employment. I feel that I am in the place which Providence has assigned me, and if I may but see these motherless children, as they grow up, become humble Christians, and useful members of society, I shall be satisfied.'

'And did your father die previous to your mother?'

'He did. It was hard for mother to leave us orphans in the world. Long and deep was the struggle in her mind, but at length she gained the victory, and was enabled to rely upon that precious promise, "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them."'

'Judging from the appearance of the children, I should think they were very obedient. Have you found no difficulty in governing them?'

'Not much, except with Edward; he was naturally of a headstrong disposition, much inclined to have his own way, regardless of consequences. Mother, in her last illness, had many anxious feelings on his account; she feared he would give me trouble. Faithfully and earnestly did she entreat him to be a good boy, and listen to my advice at all times. For a season he seemed disposed to obey me; but the example of some idle boys in the village, who were under no restraint by their parents, had an injurious effect upon him. They were often suggesting to him that he was old enough to do as he pleased, and that his sister had no right to control him. I soon perceived quite a change in him. He began to lose his relish for study, and was frequently getting into trouble with the boys in the street; although I used every means to make our own fireside as pleasant and happy as possible, that he might be content to spend his leisure hours at home. But an overruling Providence permitted an alarming accident to befall him, by which his whole course was changed. I had expressly forbade his going on the water, without my permission; but one day, being urged by some boys who were going out for a sail, unknown to their friends, to go with them, he consented. They had not gone far, when too many of them getting

upon one side of the boat, it upset, and with difficulty they were rescued from a watery grave. Edward was brought home without any signs of life. For several hours I stood over him with intense anxiety, and when, at length, returning consciousness appeared, there was an expression upon his countenance which I shall never forget. Putting his arms around my neck, he wept bitterly. "Dear sister," said he, "can you forgive me? I feel as if I could never forgive myself, for causing you so much pain. O, my mother! how have I disobeyed thee."'

Here Ellen paused. The recollection of this painful scene prevented her utterance. After awhile, she continued: 'from that hour he has been one of the best of brothers. He is not only ready to obey me, but even anticipates my wishes, and does all in his power to make us happy. He is a great help to me in instructing the other children. More than all this, I trust he fears and loves God.'

I had been so much interested in her narrative, that I was not aware the time had glided so swiftly away, until admonished by the last rays of the setting sun, that it was time for me to resume my walk homeward, when I reluctantly took my leave.

Williamantic, Ct., Jan., 1845.

☞ The following are the lines written by Mrs. Sigourney, on the death of *Willis G. Clark*, which we promised in our last number to be published in this. In the number for February, we shall insert a beautiful piece of poetry written by Willis G. Clark, and addressed to a young mother, on the death of her first-born.

Ed.

THE EARLY LOST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Reader, as you walk by country roads, with nature bursting into bloom all around you, and listen to the myriad voices of the glad awakening Spring; or, as you traverse the city's streets, and amid their dust and din catch passing glimpses of reviving green on distant slopes across the broad river or spreading bay; is it given you, in God's providence, to think of those who, early lost and vanished from this blessed earth, shall never gaze upon these scenes again? — of one, perchance, who looked upon each opening season with a poet's calm delight; the soft April shower; the pale green of the fresh-budding willow; the darker verdure of

the springing grass; who, with a full heart and a wistful eye, pursued the setting sun, until twilight came down upon the earth, and the evening star went up upon its watch? Precious in the solemn spring-time are the memories of the dead!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIS G. CLARK.

Up to the Spirit-land!—the unfinished song
Still on thy lip—thy breathing lyre
Warm in thy tuneful hand;
A spell-bound throng
Intently listening to its thrilling wire:
Thou, early called by the unerring Sire,
Up to the Spirit-land!

Up to the Spirit-land! whose soul inwrought
To harmony, that nought could move;
Not earth's dense atmosphere, nor jarring thought,
Nor the crushed vase of love,
Scarce could they weave a thread of mournful die
Into thy woof of song;
For sunbeams kissed it from the sky,
Till finely blent, and healthfully,
Its colors moved along.

Up to the Spirit-land!
Though we thy music ill can spare,
That charmed away our care,
Up! up—for *she* is there,
O'er whom thy breaking heart-strings rang,
Whose image lingered still, to soothe thy latest pang:
She gives to thee her angel hand.

Go, minstrel, go!
Though well we love to hear thy numbers flow,
Though still we need
In thy pure life to read,
The sweet example of a truthful soul,
Calm in its own communings with the skies,
We, o'er whose heads the sand-clouds roll,
The sirocs of our desert-way,
Whelming us, when we fain would rise
To reach the living lay:
Yet, minstrel, go
To thy divine employ:
Leave us to mourn: Earth's lot is woe,
And Heaven's is joy!

THERE is more comfort to my soul,
To feel the smallest duty not neglected,
And my day's work fulfilled, than if I knew
This perishable dust would be interred
In kingly marble, and my name set forth
In pompous blazonry.

Mary Howitt.

Original.

A DOMESTIC CHAT.

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

'THIS is pleasant!' exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cosily in the rocking-chair, as the tea-things were removed. The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a prettily and neatly furnished sitting-room with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying, what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

'It is pleasant to have a home of one's own,' he said again, taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

'Now, if we only had a piano!' said the wife.

'Give me the music of your sweet voice before all the piano's in creation,' he declared, complimentarily, despite a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

'Well, but we want one for our friends,' said Esther.

'Let our friends come and see *us*, and not to hear a piano!' exclaimed the husband.

'But, George, every body has a piano now-a-days, — we do n't go any where without seeing a piano,' persisted the wife.

'And yet I do n't know what we want one for, — you will have no time to play on one, and I do n't want to hear it.'

'Why, they are so fashionable — I think our room looks really naked without one.'

'I think it looks just right.'

'I think it looks very naked — we want a piano, shockingly,' protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently. 'Your lamp smokes, my dear,' he said, after a long pause.

'When *are* you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one,' said Esther, pettishly.

'Those are very pretty lamps — I never can see by an astral lamp,' declared the husband.

'Those will do, but you know every body now-a-days wants an astral lamp.'

'Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw, — they were bought at Boston.'

'But, George, I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp,' said the wife, sharply; 'they are so fashionable, — why, the D——s, and B——s, and A——s, all have them; I am sure we ought to.'

'We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason for that.' The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

'We want to live as well as others live,' said Esther.

'We want to live within our means, Esther!' exclaimed George.

'I am sure I should think we could afford it as well as the B——s, and L——s, and many others I might mention, — we do not wish to appear mean.'

George's cheek crimsoned. 'Mean! I am not mean!' he cried, angrily.

'Then we do not wish to appear so,' said the wife. 'To complete this room, and make it look like other people's, we want a piano and an astral lamp.'

'We want — we want!' muttered the husband; 'there is no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may,' and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many homes and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions. How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessaries. Could the real cause of many a failure be made known, it would be found to result from useless expenditures at home — expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and 'what will people think?'

'My wife has made my fortune,' said a gentleman of great possessions, 'by her thrift, prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning.' 'And mine has lost my fortune,' answered his companion, bitterly, 'by useless extravagance, and repining when I was doing well.' What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family. Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence small. It is too common for young

housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step farther and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, an absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate that toil and self-denial which he has endured in his business world to surround you with all the delights of home; then you will be ready to coöperate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears, lest family expenditures may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she now does to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A——s and B——s decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you *can* and ought to afford; then decide with a strict integrity, according to your means. Let not the censures or the approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford. It matters little what they think, provided you are true to yourself and your family.

Thus pursuing an independent, straightforward, consistent course of action, there will spring up peace and joy all around you. Satisfied and happy yourself, you will make your husband so, and your children will feel the warm and sunny influence. Happy at home, your husband then can go out into the world with a clear head and self-relying spirit; domestic bickerings will not sour and sully his heart, and he will return to you again with a confiding and unceasing love. Depend upon it, beauty, grace, wit, accomplishment, have far less to do with family joys and family comfort, than prudence, economy, thrift, and good sense. A husband may get tired of admiring, but *never* with the comfortable consciousness that his receipts exceed his demands.

Portsmouth, N. H., Jan., 1845.

Many a beggar at the cross-way, or grey-haired shepherd on the plain,
Hath more of the end of all wealth, than hundreds who multiply the means.
Martin F. Tupper.

Original.

MY FIRST AND LAST PASTORAL VISIT.

BY REV. GEO. W. FROST.

I CAN never forget this visit. I was shown into a small but neat room, and requested to 'wait a moment,' as the lady would soon be in. I waited, of course, with such interest as a pastor alone can know. I was among a new flock, making new acquaintances, becoming interested in the weal or woe of entire strangers, trembling under the responsibilities of him who 'watcheth for souls as one that must give account,' and, withal, the remembrance of past scenes and familiar friends, to whom the *farewell* had been recently said, which had as yet scarcely died upon the ear, or ceased to wring the heart with unutterable emotion.

With such thoughts rushing through the mind, no wonder that interest should be excited. But to return. She entered, and, at first sight, I was favorably impressed with her countenance, as one of more than ordinary interest. A few common-place remarks were interchanged, and then the subject of religion was introduced. I was not mistaken in my first estimate of her character. She well understood the deep things of God. She had communed with the Highest, and had learned in the school of Christ. In her own experience all was well. It was 'peace flowing like a river,' a constant evidence of acceptance, and 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

But there were *friends near* and *dear*, without a well-grounded hope in Christ, — friends for whom she had prayed long, and fervently. Sometimes a glimmering ray of light appeared, a favorable indication was noticed, and the silent, trembling joy, which the Christian alone can know, was hers for a moment. But the light waxed and waned, and again gave place to darkness. Still hope — a heavenly hope, threw its radiance on the cloud of darkness, — that hope which is grounded on faith in Christ. She believed that prayer *must prevail.*

She expressed a deep solicitude for the church and its interests. These interests were twined around her heart by a thousand tender ties of holy affection. She constantly prayed for the peace of Jerusalem, and its prosperity was dear to her heart. The unconverted were affectionately spoken of, and a strong desire manifested for their

conversion. She longed that the wanderer might return, and that times of refreshing might come from the presence of the Lord.

A few moments were spent in prayer, and I left for other duties, remarking to a friend who had kindly offered his services to introduce me to a few of my people, that I thought her experience an uncommonly bright and interesting one.

Such was my first visit, and little did I think that it would be the last, but so it proved. A few days, and she was no more! She was suddenly called, with scarcely a moment's warning, from time to eternity, leaving a weeping, distressed family, and a tender infant. But in this hour of trial she possessed that perfect love which casteth out all fear. 'I am not afraid,' said she, 'to die,' and in a moment the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof descended to bear her spirit to the realms of eternal bliss.

I have said I could never forget it. Subsequent expressions of those who knew her well, corroborated all, and more than I had believed, with regard to the consistency of her Christian character.' A weeping, feeling, sympathizing company of friends, heartfelt expressions of esteem and affection, and the tearful eyes of neighbors and acquaintances, all told the same melting story of her worth.

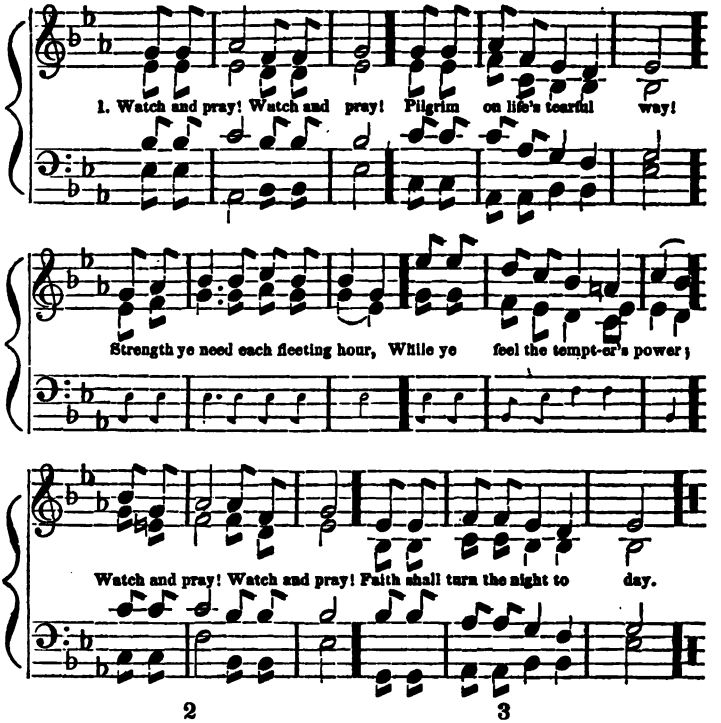
O, could we, as pastors, feel our *responsibility*, — could we visit as though it were the last time an opportunity should offer, — could we pray as though we might not meet again, — converse on the all-important subject of religion as though we were 'a savor of life unto life or of death unto death;'— could we have some of the same emotion which the Saviour had when the deep fountain of the spirit of Divinity was stirred within him, as he prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;'— could we possess more of that yearning, conquering spirit, which the inspiration of 'pure and undefiled religion' gives, might we not be more successful in bringing souls to Christ? May God give it us, that our pastoral visits may be *frequent*, and each be as though it were the LAST.

Malden, Mass., Jan., 1845.

MAN is of dust; ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
Want due consistence; like a pillar of smoke,
That with majestic energy from earth
Rises; but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts and dissolves, and is no longer seen.

Wordsworth.

WATCH AND PRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND, BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Watch and pray! Watch and pray! Pilgrim on life's tearful way!
Strength ye need each fleeting hour, While ye feel the tempt-er's power;
Watch and pray! Watch and pray! Faith shall turn the night to day.

2

Hope and trust! Hope and trust!
Child of sorrow—child of dust!
Place not here thy fond desire,
But to heavenly things aspire!
See on high
Joys that ne'er will fade or die!

3

Pray and fight! Pray and fight!
Keep thine armor ever bright!
Soon thy trials will be done,
Soon the crown of victory won!
Watch and pray,
Looking for the better day.

4

Watch and pray! Watch and pray!
Ye that seek the brighter ray!
Grace can all thy foes subdue,
Grace thy fainting strength renew!
Watch and pray,
Pilgrim on life's tearful way.

ADELIA MORTON.

THE

Mother's Assistant.

FEBRUARY, 1845. No. 2.

Original.

CHILDHOOD, AND MEANS OF OBVIATING THEM.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE WHIPPLE.

s which assail children are divested of their power
l to their knowledge, and the strength of their
See, then, the condition of each little frail being
rld of sin. Knowledge, it has none. Strength,
... can scarcely be said to have, — either physical, intellectual, or moral. Yet it is thrown into the midst of the stream, where the rapid current is downward. It is difficult to mention any thing connected with a child, which is not in some way a temptation. What hope then can there be that the little one, thus situated, will not perish? Although a remedy is provided, yet it can hardly understand that remedy, until it has gone far down the rapid current of sin.

Must, then, our children be lost? Or is it necessary that most of them be ruined, if perchance a few of them escape? No! this is not necessary. God has provided a sovereign remedy, but the remedy is conditional. In what way conditional, do you inquire? Doubtless upon *parental faithfulness.* What responsibility! Do we believe it true, that the souls of our offspring are so intrusted to us as that they may be saved or lost, according to our faithfulness or unfaithfulness? Such a weight of responsibility is truly enough to crush parents who feel it, unless they know how to cast their burden upon the Lord. I will endeavor to mention some of the dangers of our children, with some of the remedies which have come under my limited observation.

The first danger lies in an *unsubdued will.* The first and indis-

pensable duty of every parent is, in the strength of God, and with fervent prayer, *completely* to subdue the child's will. There is no alternative. This *must be done*, or I do not see how the parent can claim the promises of God, relative to the child. These promises seem to me, like all the other promises of God, to be *conditional;* and, if the parent has not fulfilled the condition, how can he claim the promise? 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' I think does not mean merely that we are to teach the child good and wholesome things, but that we are to make the child *do* these things. This, of course, implies the subjection of the child's will.

The intimate connection between the subjection of the child's will to the parent, and the surrender of the heart to God, is a subject of momentous importance. The question has long been agitated in my mind, whether a perfect submission to parental authority may not involve conversion; whether, as soon as the claims of God are presented to a child subdued to its parents, its heart will not of course, and without a struggle, be subject to those claims? Whether this be true or not, I presume no one of us doubts but that the things are very intimately connected. I think if we examine facts, we shall find it true, that, in regard to most cases of early conversion, the child's will was *first* in subjection to its parents. I long and pray that this subject may be thoroughly examined by every parent, with the attention its importance deserves.

I do not mean to advance the idea, that the whole of the parent's work is accomplished when the will is for the first time subdued; although a great deal is done. The parent must keep his hand upon it *continually*, never suffering it to rise without being put down with entire firmness and decision, such as he would exercise in grasping him, if he were about to be drawn into some dreadful whirlpool. The difference before and after the subjugation of the will, and before and after conversion, appears to be that *then* the parent had no foundation to build upon;—*now* he has one upon which he may rear a superstructure, beautiful and symmetrical.

On the other hand, when the child's will is in a rebellious state, very little good can be done. He opposes this and that measure, which is adopted for his benefit, and thinks something else would do better; and if through fear his outward conduct may be conformed to the prescribed rule, yet his obedience is not hearty, and therefore the good design is not accomplished.

In regard to the *age* when children begin to be stubborn, this of course differs in different children, as it depends on the degree of precocity, circumstances, temptations, &c., but doubtless in *all* it comes very early, much earlier than most persons suppose. The mother must watch carefully, that she does not mistake here. She must see to it, that she does not tempt the little one, by mistaking the natural manifestations of distress and uneasiness, or even its constitutional desires, for perverseness. And let her be guarded, lest maternal fondness cause her to pass over developments of perverse will, hoping, and half supposing, that they may be something else, when her unbiased judgment would teach her better. It is very important to adapt the mode of treatment of each particular child to its peculiar temperament. Such treatment as might be favorable to one would ruin another. This parents generally acknowledge, yet for want of sufficient attention to the subject children suffer extremely. It requires careful study and discrimination, doubtless, yet it is a point of vital importance.

Great danger arises from children being left too much to themselves. It is because children need the watch and direction of parents, that parents are placed over them as guardians; and in proportion as this duty is faithfully and studiously performed, are the children likely to prosper. In an important sense the parents stand in the relation of God to the child. He needs that they should understand his character as thoroughly as possible; in which points he is weakest, as well as what are the strongest parts of his character. They will then be prepared to guard him from too strong temptations, and also to strengthen his virtuous principles, by suffering him to be tempted as much as he is able to bear. Let the parent in all cases, if possible, foresee the child's trials and temptations, fortify his mind, and point him to infinite strengh, which alone can avail him.

Irritability and fretfulness, on the part of the parent, are exactly calculated to produce a corresponding state in the child; especially, if the parent attempt to correct the child while in such a state. Fire is only added to the child's angry temper, and if, through fear of punishment, it appears to yield, yet it does not, and the heart is left fermenting with smothered passion. Love alone can win the heart to a cheerful obedience. It is not the mere rod, but the yearning heart of the parent exhibited in the use of it, which melts the soul

into a prompt and cheerful obedience; and nothing *less* than this, all admit, is obedience. How indispensable, then, that the parent's temper be a mild and heavenly reflection of the heart of that Being who tenderly yet inflexibly chastens the wandering prodigal; but who, when he sees evidence of returning penitence, gives vent to the full tide of love which swells his heaving bosom, and pours forth an overwhelming flood upon the weeping penitent. If the parent give way to impatience, even in the heart, he cannot conceal it, for even an infant is a skilful interpreter of the language of the soul, in the expression of the face.

Another danger proceeds from the indiscretions of injudicious, yet perhaps well-meaning inmates of our families. Such an individual, for instance, through fear that a child has told an untruth, may take the surest method of causing him to do it. If a person wished to lead a child into the commission of a crime, he could resort to few more efficacious means than to exhibit suspicion of him.

In similar ways, children are often led into other sins, by those too who love them, and who perhaps have never dreamed of injuring them. Pride and vanity are often fostered, when individuals are utterly ignorant of the mischief they are working. A thoughtless person, perhaps for the purpose of gratifying the mother, may exclaim, 'what a *fine dress!*' 'what a *beautiful child!*' &c.; and such a remark, so pleasing to the susceptible heart of the child, will perhaps be remembered with vanity for years. Parents should be exceedingly cautious about trying to exhibit even their youngest children, by asking them questions to elicit answers, which will excite attention and admiration. This the child understands very early; and before the parent is aware, he will find the poor little thing puffed up with pride and vanity; and, without the parent's help, trying to show himself off to the best advantage.

A very effectual way to excite the vanity of children, is to detail in their presence to friends or acquaintances their remarkable sayings and doings. Children understand and enjoy these things quite early. A little girl who sat in apparent listlessness, but really in rapt attention, while her mother was telling a friend her wonderful doings, broke in upon a too long pause of her fond parent with the request—'Ma, tell something more that I have done.'

On the other hand, I would by no means depress children, by making them feel that they are mere nonentities, and unworthy of

notice, except to have their wants supplied. This is exceedingly injurious, and tends to produce despondency. Some parents, and those too who love their children, are afraid either to manifest much affection for them themselves, or to permit others to do so, lest they foster self-importance, &c. Such parents often keep their children at such an awful distance, that they are the last persons in the world to whom they will go in confidence for counsel respecting those things in regard to which parents are the only proper advisers and instructors. Such parents leave the most important concerns of their children utterly at random, or to be directed by persons entirely incompetent. Their soul's salvation is the last subject on which such children like to converse with their parents. They prefer opening their hearts on this subject to almost any one else. Moral beings need to be made to feel their real dignity and importance as such; and human beings need to be softened and cherished under the genial influence of warm love and sympathy; otherwise, constituted as we are, we become cold, wither, and die. A child will not be affectionate, kind, and tender, unless he sees and feels these qualities in others. There is no danger that love, tenderness, and sympathy, together with the most perfect familiarity on the part of the parent, will beget in the child pride or disrespect. This is not their tendency, but exactly the opposite. True, in all his intercourse, the parent must preserve his *real* dignity of character, and undisputed authority; but this is perfectly compatible with such a course.

Serious danger often arises from the mutual intercourse of children, particularly among those of different families. Although there are great dangers arising from the connection of children of the same family, and such as will often prove ruinous, unless studiously guarded by the mother, yet these are far less than the temptations from intercourse among different families.

The mutual selfishness of children is a continual cause of fretfulness, anger, and ill-will; and will even foster hatred and revenge, unless the parent act as mediator; sit in judgment on the offender, administer punishment where it is requisite, and reconcile to each other the little antagonists, by appeals to whatever principles will melt and subdue their hearts into tenderness and love.

One important suggestion here is, never compare your children with each other in such a way as to excite emulation, or jealousy.

This will render them ambitious, envious, and hateful. In every possible way cultivate love, and the habit of self-denial for the good of others. Let them understand the end of their existence, and never suppose that they were created merely, or chiefly, to enjoy themselves.

Much has been said about the dangers arising from appetites and constitutional susceptibilities, and the very great importance of keeping these under due control by proper regulation of diet, regimen, &c. No mother, who has had half the light which most of us have had on the subject, can think these things of little importance.

The last danger I shall mention, but one which is far from being least, is the temptations of Satan. Doubtless our little ones have many a severe struggle with the arch enemy of their souls and ours, and often are carried away by his subtle machinations, when we are utterly at a loss to account for their conduct. Instruction and prayer seem to be our only resort here, and indeed we must pray without ceasing, looking to God for counsel in all our efforts, or expect to see our children rise up in judgment against us, ruined by our unfaithfulness. But all particular dangers are nothing compared to the manifold evils springing from the ungodliness of parents. When those to whom the guidance of young immortals is intrusted, and who, during their tenderest and most susceptible years, stand in the place of God to them, direct them downward; then emphatically we exclaim, 'where is the remedy?' By ungodly parents I do not mean merely the openly irreligious, but all who do not live, habitually abiding in Christ. Unless the parent holds communion with the Creator of his children — Him, who thoroughly understands their wonderfully wrought minds — who can turn the hearts of kings as the rivers of water are turned — who can sweeten the temper, and calm the ruffled passions, it is vain for him to attempt to train his child aright, or to profess to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Oberlin, Ohio, Jan., 1845.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join;
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

Young Mother, — he is gone!
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
No more, the music-tone
Float from his lips to thine all fondly prest;
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee —
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour;
And he hath passed in beauty from the day,
A bud, not yet a flower —
Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray;
The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.

Never, on earth, again
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at even-tide serene and clear;
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes,
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
A gladness must depart,
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim —
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner! while the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart the grief-discolored sky;
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom,
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'T is from the Better Land!
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
Thy Loved One's wings expand;
As with the choiring cherubim, he sings;
And all the glory of that God can see,
Who said on earth to children — 'Come to me.'

Mother, — thy child is blest;
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And missed a sweet load from thy parent knee;
Though tones familiar from thine ear have passed,
Thou 'lt meet thy First-Born, with his Lord, at last.

In the worship of God, while the body is upon the knee, the soul ought to be upon the wing. — *Ralph Venning.*

Original.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY REV. LEONARD P. FROST.

WELL has the mind, baptized in inspiration's fount, penned words of living light, to strengthen the faith of short-sighted mortals, namely, 'the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much.' And what prayer more fervent, more effectual, than hers who remembers, before the throne of the Eternal, her dear children? Heaven must be propitious to one, who, at

'Day's decline and eve's approach,'

teaches her little ones to say 'Our Father,' and points them to that happy land

'Which sorrow ne'er invades.'

The infant mind easily receives impressions of divine truth; and, unlike the impressions of after years, they are not easily effaced. The memory of hours spent with a pious mother will remain in the mind long after the voice of instruction is silent in death. Other and evil influences may affect the heart; listening to the voice of the tempter may defile it; those sunny hours of heavenly impression may appear to be forgotten; but it is not so; they exist, and the thought of those hours, — the thought —

'A mother's early prayers were mine,'

has often led the wanderer back to the fold of Christ. This is not inference, simply, drawn from the power of a mother's holy love, or from a full belief in the theory of prevailing faith, but practical truth, attested by thousands of witnesses.

Nearly twenty years since there gathered round the dying couch of a Christian mother, eight children; soon, too soon, (if mortals might judge,) to be left without a mother's care — a mother's prayers. In the language of those who 'judge not righteous judgment,' they were to be left, in a cold, unfeeling world, orphans — unsheltered, defenceless. True, a pious father might feel, might pray, might protect. But it would not be a mother's tender feeling, a mother's devoted prayer, a mother's unfailing protection. Such forgot that there is One 'who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and hears

the ravens when they cry;' One, who, by the word of inspiration, saith, 'cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days;' One, who, to show the power of faith, permits the faithful, being dead, yet to speak. She who was now dying, had not only professed to love the Saviour, but had adorned that profession by a holy life. In early life she gave her heart to the Saviour. She loved religion for its loveliness, and exhibited its graces, not merely to be an example to others, but from the overflowing of the love which filled her soul and was the spring of all her actions. At the family altar, and in the social circle, her prayers bespoke a faith which takes no denial. The mention of her name here, even after the lapse of twenty years, would cause tears of sorrow to start from many an eye, and the sincere prayer to arise from many a heart, 'let me meet her in heaven.'

Her children were the objects of deep solicitude and tender prayer. As, in prattling infancy, one by one she clasped them to her breast, she made an offering of them to God. And when they first learned to speak, their infant lips were taught to speak a Saviour's worthy name. As they increased in years, spiritual food suitable for their tender minds was given them. She never sought to excite their fears by portraying to them the miseries of the world of woe. Her severest censure was, 'the Lord cannot love you now.' With a countenance always irradiated with heavenly truth, this was enough. The young hearts melted into tenderness, and sought reconciliation and favor with God.

I have said that children were gathered round the death-bed of this mother. O, what a death-bed! It was as though angels hovered round to attend the freed spirit to its eternal rest. To such as might understand a dying mother's word, she gave advice, to refrain from sin, to love the Bible, and to meet her in heaven. Others she embraced in fervent prayer, and left them with their heavenly Father. To a friend she said, 'I have not the shadow of a doubt of meeting all my children in heaven.' It was her faith in prayer which gave her this assurance.

Triumphant was her death! And, if life and death are evidence, abundant was her entrance to the realms of blessedness.

Years passed on, and those children were scattered far from paternal reproof and paternal love. And more than this, they wandered far from the fold of God. But amid scenes of mirth and

revelry, of riot and profligacy, a voice, speaking louder to each heart than the sound of music and dancing, louder even than the warring passions of the estranged mind, was heard saying, 'thy mother prayed for thee.' One by one the wanderers have returned, and sought the Shepherd's peaceful fold. And each, as seated at Jesus' feet, clothed and in a right mind, has said, 'my mother's prayers brought me hither.' One has gone,

'As melts fair Venus in the light of day.'

The winds of her eighteenth winter have blown over her silent resting place. Praise lingered last on her dying lips. It is well with her. Two, the only sons, minister at the altar of the Crucified, and point the lost to Calvary. The rest all hope

'To meet, a family in heaven.'

Christian mothers! in early life present your children to the Lord. The same faith and prayer will give the same assurance and the same blessed results.

Wayland, Mass., Jan., 1845.

Conscience. — A tender conscience is like the apple of a man's eye — the least dust which enters it, affects it. There is no surer and better way to know whether our consciences are dead and stupid, than to observe what impression small sins make upon them; if we are not very careful to avoid all appearance of evil, and to shun whatever looks like sin; if we are not so much troubled at the vanity of our thoughts and words, at the rising up of sinful motions and desires in us, as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened, and our consciences are stupefying — for a tender conscience will no more allow of small than of great sins.

Bishop Hopkins.

Beautiful Thought. — Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY, like a child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, or confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it the bloodstained warrior sheaths his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow; the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and like the heart-smitten disciple goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the mourner, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint-hearted, and assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of the poor, and sits down with them and their children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through great cities amid all their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting, and redeeming angel. It is alike the beautiful companion of childhood, and the comfortable associate of age. It ennobles the noble; gives wisdom to the wise; and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet, and the eloquent man, all derive their sublime power from its influence. — *Mary Howitt.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

LOVERS AND HUSBANDS: A Story of Married Life. — By T. S. Arthur. New York City: Harper & Brothers. 1845.

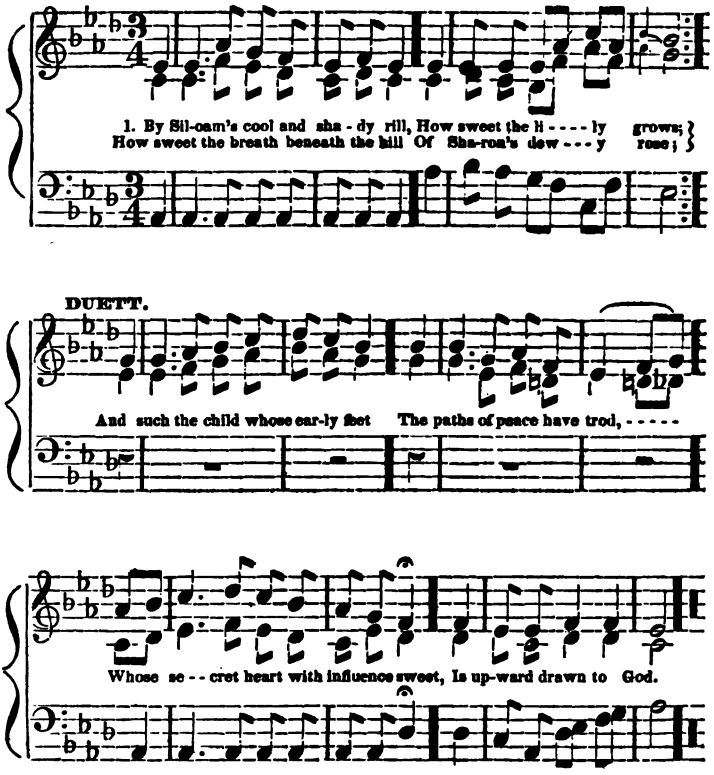
MARRIED AND SINGLE: or Marriage and Celibacy contrasted, in a Series of Domestic Pictures. By T. S. Arthur. New York City: Harper & Brothers. 1845.

The author of these small, but attractive volumes, is a well-known popular writer. The style is conversational; and, although the stories are fictitious, they are faithful delineations of character, and well calculated to make a good impression. For sale by Waite, Pierce, & Co., No. 1 Cornhill.

THIRLWALL'S HISTORY OF GREECE. Harper & Brothers.

To be completed in eight numbers, of about 130 pages each. The fifth number is published, which carries the history forward to the death of Philip of Macedon. For sale as above.

EARLY PIETY.

Music by I. B. Woodbury.

1. By Sil-oam's cool and sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - - - - ly grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sha-ron's dew - - - y rose;
DUETT.
And such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod, - - - - -
Whose se - - cret heart with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.

2

By Siloam's cool and shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

3

O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,
Dependant on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone;
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own.

THE

Young Lady's Friend.

Original.

WHAT BOOKS SHALL I READ?

BY SIMON BROWN, ESQ.

[*Addressed to a Niece.*]

I HEAR, with much pleasure, that you are fond of reading. If so, you have a never-failing source of delight and improvement before you; a source from which you can draw unlimited supplies. If you make a good selection, you can go to books, with perfect confidence, for instruction and advice. There are cases, where you might feel the need of advice, and yet feel some delicacy in calling upon your dearest friend, either because you might not wish to charge such an one with your troubles, or reveal your own.

Books are not *selfish*. Whatever of good you can obtain from them, comes with a single purpose; and whatever there is bad in them, is so much the worse, because it is mingled with pretended morality and a plausible reasoning, which insinuate themselves into our views and feelings, before we are aware there is any danger.

The habit of reading is much like all other habits we contract — either establishing our principles and improving our morals, or unsettling all of good which has been before implanted. A bad habit sets us adrift on a sea of doubt and uncertainty, with the strong bucklers of our heart cast off, and exposing it to every temptation which may beset us in our devious path through life. Our principles which are the most firmly fixed become loosened, and finally uprooted, leaving us without protection against the numberless ills by which we are ever surrounded.

The first thing, then, in a course of reading, is to make a proper selection. Your attention will be constantly attracted by an imposing array of fascinating and attractive titles of novels, plays, and sentimental books. These books are written for various purposes; some to gratify an overweening vanity, some as a source of profit,

and others as a matter of amusement, to quiet a morbid, restless, and wrongly-balanced mind. In each of these, the book is written from wrong motives. The only true motive, namely, that of doing good to our kind, is not considered. Thus you see, that, in selecting a book for perusal, there are three chances to one against us, in making a proper selection. If, in crossing a river, each day, there were three chances of your being drowned, to one of your getting safely across, you would ponder well before you took the final step. Now, if you consider these as statements of facts, it is all the caution, in relation to a proper course of reading, which need be given to one as considerate and prudent as I am confident you are.

The habit of singing impure and vulgar songs, has a mischievous influence upon the morals and the heart. Those fine, pure, and holy feelings of the soul, which are our buckler and shield against temptation, become thrust out by long indulgence in trolling impure glees, catches, and songs, and a participation in their usual accompaniments. It is just so in reading. If we accustom ourselves to light and fanciful reading, and enlist our sympathies in all the imaginary trials and sickly sensibilities of the heroine of a romance, we render ourselves unfit for the stern duties of life, and cannot expect to relish those substantial and improving subjects, which are suitable to qualify us to take an active and useful part on the stage of life. Such reading requires no effort of the mind, and it consequently becomes enervated and listless for want of its appropriate aliment. The mind gradually grows weak and imbecile, and finally falls into dotage, even before the system has attained its maturity and vigor. This is the reason why there are so many young men and women, whose conversation is futile and superficial, and who find it painful to engage upon subjects connected with the arts, science, or popular literature.

In order to converse intelligently, and with interest and profit to others, the mind must, in the first place, be well supplied with materials to work upon; and then great pains must be taken to arrange our words into smooth and elegant sentences. She who has these acquirements, and a tolerable degree of fluency, may make herself agreeable in whatever company she may happen to fall. She will command attention, because she can impart information. She will win the respect of her associates, if her information springs from a pure and justly balanced mind. It seems to me, then, that your

happiness through life, may depend, in a great measure, upon a matter which may look trifling in comparison with many others. My reasoning is simply this: we cannot be happy without purity of mind. Any thing, therefore, which tends to poison the fountain, tends also to decrease our happiness. No matter whether it be books, music, plays, or coarser dissipation, the effect is the same.

For example, should you read a novel where one of the characters is a depraved, unblushing villain, although adorned with all the outward graces of a gentleman,—brave, accomplished, and intelligent,—and who, by these very accomplishments, maintained a false position in society, would you not (unconsciously perhaps at the time) imbibe ideas and feelings, which would render you less able to resist when assailed by temptation? I believe you would. I believe such a result inevitable. Happy, therefore, those young persons, who can confidently apply to some judicious friend for occasional advice in so important a matter.

Have you ever seen a course of reading laid down by Chancellor Kent? It is a small book, and might afford you many useful hints. There are now so many books upon Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Mechanics, Agriculture, and Horticulture, Voyages and Travels, and the whole scope of history, beautifully illustrated by plates, all of which are not only exceedingly interesting, but of sterling worth, that it is deeply to be regretted, the time of any young person is wasted on the trash, with which the press at present teems. You must consider that the mind at your age is ready to receive the slightest impression, and that a stricter watchfulness is required, than when that peculiar ductility is lost.

The character and habits you now form, will be likely to remain through life. How important, then, that they be correct and good. When Persico commenced the statue of Columbus, he spent whole hours, and days even, endeavoring to make every thing right as he proceeded, so that no alteration would ever be necessary. This should be our rule and study of life; and then we should be obeying that injunction of our blessed Saviour, 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.'

Washington, D. C., Jan., 1845.

Original.

NATURE'S REVEALINGS.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

THERE are scenes of beauty e'en here below,
Though clouded with earthly stain,
Reviving the heart like opening flowers
Refreshed by the kindly rain.
They speak to the soul, and raise it above
Corrodings of earthly care;
The splendors of Heaven they shadow forth,
And its hues of glory wear.

They come with an influence soft and sweet,
Like moonlight upon the main;
They are seen in the glowing clouds of eve,
And heard in the wild bird's strain;
They are seen in the morning's dewy hour,
When awakened nature sings,
As the flower re-opens its dew-gemmed eye,
And the bird re-plumes his wings.

They are seen when the lake, in the day's decline,
Is gleaming with molten gold;
Or where mellow shades so tenderly fall
As the arms of eve enfold.
It is felt when the moon, like a bark of pearl,
Glides over its azure sea;
And the glittering stars in light rejoice
With voiceless minstrelsy.

And if natural beauty tells the heart
Of a fadeless clime above,
There are other scenes that as loudly speak,
And holy emotions move;
The friend we have loved has severed his chain,
And, bursting each earthly tie,
Like a bird, unloosed from his captive cage,
Has flown to his home on high.

The mist is dispersed! Aside is withdrawn
The dense and obscuring veil,
Which has oft made the land of undying song,
Appear in the distance pale!
The world we have loved! it can charm no more, —
We sigh for the better land,
Where the crystal waters forever flow,
And our loved and our lost ones stand.

Middletown, Ct., Jan., 1845.

Seeing God will turn grace into our glory hereafter, we should turn grace into his glory here. — *Ralph Venning.*

Original.

THE ONLY ENDURING CHARMS.

BY REV. D. H. BABCOCK.

To seek for those charms which give a grace to loveliness and a perfection to virtue, should be the object of all the young. The object is noble, and the pursuit, if rightly directed, will not be made in vain. There is a way in which the approbation of the good, and the friendship of the refined can be secured. Hope need not forever feed on vanishing dreams, and perish with nought to sustain it. There are fruits upon which it may regale, and grow and flourish, till it shall give place to the fruition of heaven. Though most which mortals pursue is shadow, there is a substance; there are charms which give additional beauty to the fairest form, and wrap an angel's garb over a mortal frame-work.

Such charms were possessed and shone conspicuously in the life and death of her whose character I shall briefly delineate. The case is not fictitious, for tears still flow over the memory of the loved one, and deep are the impressions made by the scenes of her sickness.

It was not by accident that Miss S. acquired that loveliness that endeared her so much to the circle of her acquaintances. Those graces did not come unsought, and without efforts, but with a moral culture, in which not only herself, but those who watched over her infancy largely participated. And her piety can be traced back, not only to parental fidelity, but to the fidelity of those who watched over *her* parents, and gave them instruction befitting their responsible station.

The parents of Miss S. cherish a lively interest in the spiritual welfare of their children, and love the cause of the Redeemer. As the time of the father was much occupied with business, the care and training of the children were chiefly left to the mother, who was always with them, and especially with her daughter during her last sickness. Her mother was so conscientious in guiding her children, and had such a dread of insincerity and deception in whatever she said to them, that when she gave them counsel, they saw that she was earnest and believed her sincere. This affectionate regard which she manifested, strongly attached them to her, and caused them to listen to every word she said, and to every direction she gave. Her kindness was so expressive, that they did not doubt

she had their highest good at heart; and thus she was able to mould their minds as she desired. But most conspicuous of all that mother's traits, was a faith in God, which led her to acknowledge his claims as paramount to all earthly considerations. Though she loved her children with great affection, she did not, when sickness came upon them, exhibit a spirit unreconciled to the will of God. She acknowledged his right to call them away when he pleased, and only asked for them a perfect preparation. This spirit she manifested in a high degree, during all her daughter's sickness.

With such parents and grand-parents, it is not strange that the subject of this narrative was possessed of surpassing charms; that she was lovely and holy in life, and peaceful and happy in death; that she bloomed with all the freshness of a flower, too delicate for the storms of time, but fit to be transplanted to grow and flourish forever in the paradise of God. You will not wonder that she seemed like some bright being sent down for awhile to dwell in this world, and then to hasten to a congenial clime, and to kindred spirits. But though surpassingly lovely, she was sinful and mortal like others, and it was her triumph over sin, in all its forms, that made her example so worthy to be imitated. It is true, that, from early childhood, and long before she claimed to be a friend of Christ, she manifested great fidelity to her parents, affection for her friends, respect for the interests of religion, and a remarkable evenness of temper and disposition. But these things, though they should not be overlooked, since all who cherish them can increase their influence and endear themselves to others, are not the things which have most influence in forming a character adapted to pass the scrutiny of the great day. There were other qualities which gave perfection to these, and threw over them a most resplendent lustre. They were pure and undefiled religion, the friendship of Christ, the active influence of a hope of glory, and the possession of feelings and principles, kindred to those which are cherished by all the truly good.

For about a year before she died, it fell to my lot, often to converse with her about the interests of her soul, the prospects of eternity, her preparation for death, the love of Christ, the government of God, the recognition of friends in a future world, of the patriarchs, apostles, and prophets, who have gone before, and of those eternal scenes which will open in all their beauty before the

visions of the redeemed. She felt that she was a sinner, and if saved at all, it must be by grace, and that that grace would be her theme, through eternal ages. She felt that death required a most ample preparation, and such a preparation she sought as one who would not fail of an immortal crown; as one not daring to trust herself without an Advocate at the last tremendous day. She considered death a passport to glorious or awful scenes, and with this view prepared to meet and triumph over it.

As her dying hour drew near, she was calm and composed, and those who gathered around her, seemed as though they were treading near the verge of heaven; that they were still holding in their fond embrace, one whom angels were desirous to receive to their blissful circles. And thus she died; thus her soul, wafted by the prayers of pious and weeping friends, and convoyed by celestial spirits, took its eternal flight, and is now shining, as we believe, a star in the bright firmament of God.

Dear reader, seek to possess these qualities, and they will give you a loveliness and a perfection, which will continue when the stars of our firmament shall have grown dim, and a pall of darkness shall have covered this world.

Cohasset, Mass., Jan., 1845.

AFFECTION.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHAT I most prize in woman
Is her affection, not her intellect.
Compare me with the great men of the earth —
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
But if thou lovest — mark me, I say lovest —
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world —
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change or hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp
As in a palace hall.

THE TWO ANGELS.

From the German of Krummacher.

An affectionate brotherhood, the angels of Sleep and Death, wandered over the earth. It was evening, and they stretched themselves upon a hill not far from the abode of man. The evening bells of the distant village were hushed, and a melancholy stillness prevailed around.

Peaceful and silent, as their custom, embracing each other, sat the beneficent genii of mankind. Night gradually approached.

Then arose the angel of Sleep from his mossy couch, and scattered, with light hand, unseen seeds of slumber. The evening wind bore them to the dwellings of the weary husbandmen, and sweet sleep fell upon the dwellers of the rural cottages, from the aged who walketh with the staff, to the suckling in the cradle. The sick forgot their pains, the afflicted their sorrows, and the poor their cares. All eyes were shut.

After having finished his task, the benevolent angel of slumber laid himself again beside his serious brother.

'When the morning dawns,' cried he, in innocent gladness, 'mankind will praise me as their friend and benefactor. O what joy and satisfaction to do good, unseen and secretly! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the great and good Eternal! How beautiful our noiseless duty!'

Thus spoke the friendly angel of slumber.

The angel of Death answered him in deep sorrow, while a tear, such as the immortal only weep, stood in his large dark eye.

'Alas!' said he, 'I am not as thou art. No glad thanks rejoice me. They of the earth call me their foe, and the disturber of their joys.'

'O, my brother,' replied the angel of Sleep, 'will not all the good, at the great awakening, recognize in thee their friend and benefactor, and thankfully bless thee? Are we not brothers, the messengers of one common Father?'

Then the eye of the angel of Death was clear and bright again; and the brotherly genii tenderly embraced each other.

One may be an honest man, and yet not be a Christian; but one cannot be a Christian and not be an honest man.—*Ralph Venning.*

THE TEETH.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

THE prevalence of defective teeth in this country is the general subject of remark by foreigners; and whoever has travelled in Spain and Portugal is struck with the superior soundness and whiteness of teeth in those countries. Though not a cleanly people in other respects, they wash their teeth often, and, by means of tooth-picks, carefully remove all substances from between them, after meals. A little silver porcupine, with holes all over its back to insert tooth-picks in, is a common ornament on the dining-tables of Spain and Portugal. The general use of them creates so large a demand, that students at Coimbra sometimes support themselves by whittling tooth-picks, which are sold, tied in small bunches, like matches. They are made of willow, on account of its toughness and pliability. Tooth-picks of metal are too hard, and are apt to injure the gums. There is the same objection, in a less degree, to quills. But willow tooth-picks are preferable to all others; and they have the advantage of being the most cleanly; for they usually break in the using, and are thrown away. Few sights are more offensive to a person of any refinement, than a tooth-pick that has been much used; it is moreover uncleanly, and therefore not healthy for the teeth.

Food allowed to remain between the teeth, particularly animal food, is very destructive; it should be carefully removed after every meal, and the mouth thoroughly rinsed. This may seem to many like a great talk about a small matter; but these are simple precautions to take, and very slight trouble, compared with the agony of aching teeth, or a breath so offensive that your best friend does not wish to sit near you.

I can see no reason why a man's complexion should exclude him from the dining-table, but I do see a very good reason why he should be banished for not taking proper care of his teeth. A bad breath is such a detestable thing, that it might be a sufficient reason for not marrying a person with otherwise agreeable qualities. It is, moreover, perhaps inexcusable thus to transform one's self into a walking sepulchre. Nobody needs to have an offensive breath. A careful removal of substances from between the teeth, rinsing the mouth after meals, and a bit of charcoal held in the mouth will *always* cure a bad breath.

A lump of charcoal held in the mouth, two or three times a week, and slowly chewed, has a wonderful power to preserve the teeth and purify the breath. The action is purely chemical. It counteracts the acid arising from a disordered stomach, or food decaying about the gums; and it is this acid which destroys the teeth. A dear friend of ours had, when about twenty years of age, a front tooth that turned black gradually, crumbled, and broke off piecemeal. By frequently chewing charcoal, the progress of decay was not only arrested, but nature set vigorously to work to restore the breach, and the crumbled portion grew again, till the whole tooth was as sound as before! This I know to be a fact.

Every one knows that charcoal is an anti-putrescent, and is used in boxing up animal or vegetable substances, to keep them from decay. Upon the same chemical principle, it tends to preserve the teeth and sweeten the breath.

There is no danger in swallowing it; on the contrary, small quantities have a healthful effect on the inward system, particularly when the body is suffering from that class of complaints peculiarly incident to summer. It would not be wise to swallow that, or any gritty substance, in large quantities, or very frequently; but once or twice a week a little would be salutary rather than otherwise. A bit of charcoal, as big as a cherry, merely held in the mouth a few hours without chewing has a good effect. At first, most people dislike to chew it, but use soon renders it far from disagreeable. Those who are troubled with an offensive breath, might chew it very often and swallow it but seldom. It is peculiarly important to clean and rinse the mouth thoroughly before going to bed; otherwise a great deal of the destructive acid will form during the night.

If these hints induce only *one* person to take better care of the teeth, I shall be more than rewarded for the trouble of writing. I am continually pained to see young people losing their teeth merely for the want of a few simple precautions; and one cannot enter stage or steam car without finding the atmosphere polluted and rendered absolutely unhealthy for the lungs to breathe, when a proper use of water and charcoal might render it as wholesome and pleasant as a breeze of Eden.

Men are then least in their own eyes when God is most in their eyes,—*Ralph Venning.*

Original.

'REAL LIFE'—A SKETCH FROM MY JOURNAL.

DURING the winter of 1840, I frequently went to pass a day and a night with my dear friend, Mrs. W. Many an hour did I sit receiving instruction from herself and husband, as they conversed of their experience in the changes of this mortal life. Frequently we found our hearts filled almost to bursting, while the world in its different phases was passing before us; for they had already seen enough of the vanishing of time's shadows, to make the heart sicken; enough of broken schemes and groundless hopes. My own short experience I considered but initiatory to the great school before me.

Those hours of communion which were sometimes prolonged, we closed with prayer. More than once the midnight hour witnessed these petitions; and as each prayed in turn, we seemed to be signing a covenant in prayers and tears, that earth should henceforth be no resting-place for our spirits; our hearts would cleave to the immutable throne, where they would be secure from earthly sorrow. My friend, the wife, when almost overwhelmed with profuse weeping, would exclaim, 'what can this mean? To what deep waters are our feet tending?'

Upon one Saturday afternoon, after an absence of some time, I again visited my friend. All around was made to wear a dreary aspect by a late fall of snow, drifted upon all sides. The husband was afflicted with an influenza, so that he had taken his bed. The wife was waiting upon and watching over him with unwearied love. In hope of rendering assistance and imparting comfort, I chose to spend the holy Sabbath with them. The sacred day had nearly passed, and it was time for the indisposed man to take a portion of simple medicine, which his tender wife had been administering to him at periods during the day.

The medicine was given,—a few moments elapsed,—when a shriek from the wife, '*My dear husband, I have killed you!*' in an instant brought us all upon our feet. A large dose of the oil of vitriol had been given, instead of the medicine. Some mistake had been made in the arrangement of the vials. What could be done? The youngest son was away in an instant to call the physician. But there must be no waiting,—death comes on apace, if the poison is not neutralized. There was no confusion. Divine Providence directed our hands, so that the physician, who came in a few moments, pronounced all which had been done, 'done wisely.' 'Yet,

sir,' said he, addressing himself to the sick man, 'it is a doubtful case with you, after all that can be done.' The afflicted man heard it with composure.

Fatigued by uncommon exertion, about midnight I yielded to the solicitations of my friend, and retired, leaving her alone to watch the quickened pulse and hurried breath of him whose life was as her own. When morning came, the first sound I heard upon waking, was, 'mother is very ill.' I hastened to her room and found her unable to raise her head. The scene through which she had just passed, proved too much for her weak, nervous system. Nature was sinking. There lay upon the same bed, the husband and wife, who had lived in the closest union, going down to death's door, hand in hand. Week after week passed away, and here the sufferers continued; when one revived, the other revived; when one declined, the other declined also. Both took medicine from the same cup, and both partook of the same refreshment. There was reason to believe that they both would depart at once and share a grave together. Their two sons, only children, seemed already bereft. The youngest came scores of times and asked, 'is there any change?' and received the same reply. While the case with them was yet doubtful, as to life or death, the emaciated man said to me, 'Should we be raised from this sickness, our remaining days shall be given to the church of God.' 'I have some reason to believe,' continued he, 'that the poison is yet at work in my system; if so, I shall go suddenly. I wish to say to you now, that I have no apprehensions. Divine influences support my spirit.' His companion said, 'I fear not for ourselves, but O, our children! Being unconverted, they are not prepared to withstand the insinuations of this wicked world; and they are not prepared to follow us into the eternal world.' * *

But these united ones are yet in the land of the living. Surely, they have been brought back from the very entrance of the 'dark valley.' They are now devoting their lives to the promulgation of the 'glorious gospel of the blessed God.' Earthly pursuits can no longer secure their attention; and though laborers in the gospel field years before this scene was realized, they are now there as never before; and are often saying, 'we adore the hand that has led us. Let us be "separated unto the work," and free from earthly entanglements.' Hallelujah to God, who brings health out of sickness, and joy out of sorrow!

January, 1845.

Engraved by O. Pelter

Jephthah's Daughter

I went on, and about sunset found the place. I saw by the appea

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VI. MARCH, 1845. No. 3.

Original.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WOODS.

BY REV. STILLMAN MORGAN.

SOME years since I had the honor to be a Sabbath School missionary, and used to make mountain excursions in Vermont. One day, as evening drew on, I began to cast about for a place to stay over night. An old man told me, that, if I was a minister, he thought I should be well received at a house which I might find over yonder, pointing toward the woods.

'Who lives there?' said I.

'They are a family of the old *standing* order,' said he, accenting the word *standing*.

'Standing order?' said I.

'Yes,' said he; 'though they are very good neighbors, they are awful stiff in their way.'

'In what way?' I continued.

'Why, they wont work Sunday, let what *will* come. I went in there once on the Sabbath, to make a friendly call, and they all had books in their hands, and stopped reading and stared at me as if they thought I had come to do some dreadful thing. I had not been there a minute before I wished myself out of their sight. I tried to get into some conversation, but the more I tried to talk, the more embarrassed I grew. I got away as quick as I could, and I have taken care not to go there any more on Sundays. You 'll like 'em, I know, and they will be glad to see you, for ministers hardly ever find them.'

From this description, my mind was soon made up to go there. I went on, and about sunset found the place. I saw by the appear-

ance of the farm, the fences and the buildings, an indication of temperance, taste, and, I hoped, piety. I knocked, and a lady came to the door, who in a moment knew me, and gave my hand a hearty grasp. She had seen me a few days before at a children's meeting, in a neighboring town. As soon as I was well seated, three small girls came into the room and looked at me with a blush and a smile. The woman introduced them, and they came, one after another, beginning at the oldest, and gave me their hands. After talking a few minutes, their little boy came in, looking as if he had just been washing his face. 'Here, Samuel,' said the mother, 'this is the children's minister.' And he, too, walked up to me as if he had seen me before. I soon found myself at home. After a little time the mother stepped toward the kitchen, with a significant look, and all the children went gently out. I felt as if the Lord had indeed directed my way to the place. It was the more interesting, as I was assured that I was the first minister who had ever come through the woods to their house. I stepped out and found my horse unharnessed, my carriage backed under a shed, and my trunk and all nicely stowed away.

Soon the man came from his work, and night drew around us her sable curtains. As it was mid-summer, the evenings were short, and but little was said. After supper, the man took down the Bible, and immediately all the family were in their places. Said he, 'let us be composed while we read the word of God.' And, as if he had made no effort, he turned to the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah, remarking that he would read out of course *that* time. Then he read 'How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace.' I knew then that I was welcome. When he had read, they all sung most sweetly the hymn —

'The voice of free grace cries escape to the mountain.'

Then all falling on their knees, even the babe, he prayed, — and in his prayer he appeared very earnest that the visit of this messenger might prove a blessing to the family; and earnestly besought God's protecting care for all the lambs of Christ, scattered on the mountains, I retired, studying how I might most benefit this secluded family.

In the morning, after breakfast, again the family were all seated

for worship. The father brought me the Bible, while the mother gave me a catechism, saying, 'perhaps you will have something to say to the *children*.' After reading about Timothy, young Samuel, and little David, I opened the catechism and found the children as familiar with it, as if it had been their constant study.

After the dew had gone, I observed that I should like to go out and see their situation. At this, all the family started with one accord; the little boy and the girls, with father and mother. By the corner of the house there was a well, and a few rods from the door, there ran down a jolly little brook. Almost the first thing I noticed was Samuel's pond which he had raised, and his little mill-house. As soon as we had got along near enough, his mother told Samuel he might start the mill. As soon as he hoisted the gate, round went a little wheel and a trip hammer was in rapid motion. Beside the brook, the little girls also had their play houses. I examined their shelves and their rows of crockery. I saw in each of their houses a pile of leaves which they had gathered from the forest. I asked what they were for, and they said it was a bed for Dolly. One of their houses they called their school-house. In this they all sat down, every day, the Sabbath excepted, and read and spelled, and recited.

All round about the farm there was a dense forest. There was one little bird which I never saw only in the forest, who would stand on the topmost twig of the highest tree, and sing, looking upward as if he saw something beyond the stars, which drew away his whole heart. Little Ala said, 'that is *my* bird.'

'Why,' said I, 'do you call it yours?'

'Because it praises God so sweetly,' she replied.

When the father and mother noticed that I wished to see the children alone, they were informed that they might go with me. So I went wherever they led. They showed me their bird's nests, and I saw their tame rabbits, and where the partridge stood to drum.

In our ramble they took me to a high peak of a hill, and pointed out to me the 'White Hills,' and the long range of lofty mountains in New Hampshire. There we all sat down, and I talked to them of the works of God, and of the wonderful events recorded in Scripture, which transpired on a mountain. I told them of Isaac on Mount Moriah; of Mount Sinai; of Moses on Nebo; of the transfiguration on a mountain; and of the crucifixion on Calvary.

When we got home it was nearly noon. I asked the lady where her children went to school? She pointed me to a room, and I went in. The room was fitted up in good taste for a school-room. There were a black-board, a book-shelf, a table, and every thing in order. It was here she said she resorted when time would admit.

I was urged to stay until noon, when the father came in. As the door was open, I could see into the kitchen. As soon as he sat down, there were two children in his lap; while one was climbing up the back of his chair. As soon as she got high enough on his chair, she was rubbing his ears, and saying, 'do your ears burn, father?'

'Yes,' he said, 'they will do very well.'

While at dinner, I asked him how he came to choose so retired a spot as this mountain.

'Several reasons I can give you,' said he. 'I was born on high lands. I was poor and could not buy a plain. Beside, I think this is the best place for my family. We are all healthy. Our cattle and sheep are healthy. We are away from scenes of temptation. We have good wheat, good grass, plenty of wood, and enough to do. Lot chose the way of the plain and pitched his tent toward Sodom; but Abraham chose the hill country. If we want good company, we have them,' pointing to the shelf, — 'Bunyan, Baxter, Doddridge, Edwards, and others. But above all, we have prophets and apostles, and Jesus, the Son of God, to talk with us, instruct, warn, and invite. Our children are all contented at home, and are not ignorant of the things they ought to know.'

I bade them farewell, and have heard that those children are all useful. One of them died in Jesus, and their mother has gone to rest.

Topsham, Vt., Feb., 1845.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave! 'T is there beneath the trees
I love to go alone and sit, and think,
Upon that grassy mound. My cradle hours
Come back again so sweetly, when I woke,
And lifted up my head, to kiss the cheek
That bowed to meet me. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

☞ AMID the multitude of infidel writers France has given to the world, how delightful to the Christian is the recognition of one, like La Martine, highly intelligent and sensitive, and yet with a heart deeply imbued with religious sentiments. How grateful, too, to the Christian MOTHER, that he attributes so much of it to the influence of his *mother*. To the faithful mother the thought is affecting, and should be useful, that, when her voice is hushed in the silence of the tomb, her children will rise up to bless her memory and her influence.

MY MOTHER.

[Translated from the French of 'La Martine,' for the Mother's Assistant.]

BY MRS. ELIZA T. P. SMITH.

Marseilles, May 20, 1832.

MY mother had received of her mother, on her death-bed, a beautiful royal Bible, in which she taught me to read when I was but a child. This Bible had engravings of sacred subjects to each page. This was Sarah; this was Tobias and his angel; this was Joseph, or Samuel; this was one of those beautiful patriarchal scenes, where the solemn and primitive manner of the East, mingled with all the acts of the simple and wonderful lives of the first of the human family.

When I had recited my lesson well, and read correctly the half page of holy history, my mother uncovered the engraving, and, holding the book open upon her knee, allowed me to look at it, and explained it to me for my reward. She was by nature amiable, with a soul as pious as it was tender, and an imagination the most sensitive and ardent; all her thoughts were sentiments, all her sentiments were images; her beautiful, noble, and graceful figure reflected in her glowing face that which burned in her heart, that which painted itself in her thoughts; and the silvery, affectionate, solemn, and tender tones of her voice added to all that she said a force, a charm and an attraction, which are retained in my ear to this moment, alas! after six years of silence! The sight of these engravings, the explanations and poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy, with a taste and an inclination for the holy Bible. From the *things* to the *desire* to see the places where these things occurred, is but a step. I longed, therefore, from the age of eight years, to visit the mountains where God descended; the desert where the angel came to show Agar the concealed source to reanimate her poor child, banished and dying with thirst; the rivers flowing from a terrestrial paradise; the heavens where the angels were seen ascending and descending upon Jacob's ladder. I made,

even then, a voyage to the East, the great act of my interior life. I constructed in my thoughts a grand drama, of which these beautiful places should be the principal scenes. It seemed to me, also, that all spiritual doubts, all religious perplexities should there find solution and be made clear. In fine, I found there all the materials for my poem, — for to my mind a poem was as delightful as love was to my heart.

God, love, and poetry, are the three words I would have engraved on my tomb-stone, should I ever merit a stone.

Boston, Feb., 1845.

Original.

FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

No. 4.

THE ARK.

Gen. 6: 17, 18.

BY. REV. J. H. BROWN.

FOREWARNED from heaven of what shall be,
My thoughts the awful future trace;
Afar the coming flood I see,
Whose waves must whelm my guilty race.

My God! I can no longer dare,
With steady eye to trace its path;
O, spare me and my children! spare
In the approaching day of wrath!

When high the fearful flood shall foam,
When loud the billows roar and swell;
In covenant love secure the home,
Where I and mine may safely dwell.

But, hark! a voice! I hear him speak!
It is the voice that answers prayer! —
'The hand that saves thee is not weak,
The heart that hears thee loves to spare.

'With faithfulness to thee and thine,
My gracious covenant I fulfil;
Though the whole world shall perish, mine
In mercy's ark are sheltered still!'

New Hampton, N. H., Feb., 1845.

Original.

THE SILENT MINISTRY OF EXAMPLE.

BY MRS. M. A. R. SARGENT.

WHAT is said to mothers in one number of the 'Mother's Assistant,' will apply to both father and mother. Says the writer, 'Mothers, strive to exhibit, in your lives and conversation, whatever you wish your children to become. Do not send them into an unexplored country without a guide. Put yourself at their head. Lead the way, like Moses, through the wilderness to Pisgah. The most certain way for you to fix habits, is the silent ministry of example. Thus impressed on the young mind, amid the genial atmosphere of a happy fireside, they become incorporated with established trains of thought, and with the elements of being. They have their hand upon the soul, till, through the grave of death, it goes forth to judgment.'

I have always thought that *universal respect* between parents, under all circumstances, is as conducive as any one thing to produce happiness in the domestic circle. If parents treat each other with that respect which their holy relation and high station demand, it will add immensely to their own happiness, and produce the most salutary effect on the minds of their children. This cannot be accomplished without care and effort. The *mother*, amid a thousand anxious thoughts for her family, the toils of the day, the perplexities which meet her at every step, the depression resulting from ill health, or any of those things which tend to perplex the mind, or sink the spirits, must not, for one moment, lose sight of the position she holds and the object before her, namely, the good and happiness of her family. An inconsistent word, a sullen look, a contention with her husband, or her servants, petulance from an error, or an unhappy lot, will dash in pieces the lessons of months.

The mother must be all she wishes to see in her children. She must embody the whole in her own person. It must dwell on her lips, and in her heart, and radiate from her soul. She must speak it, and exhibit it, all fresh from a mother's heart, baptized in the fountain of love. It must come forth from whatever she does, as the unadulterated coin from the mint.

The mother is the child's oracle in life, language, and action. To the child she is a perfect model of all excellence. God has ordained

this; and an undeviating, respectful course of conduct to *all*, will stamp her image on the souls of her children, as deathless as the soul itself. And this is not all, — a thousand excellences follow in the train of this grace, and shed their radiance on the character. Such a mother will always be supreme in the little world which moves around her. She lives in the region of love. But this paradise becomes confusion when precept is not followed by example. The *father*, too, must aid in this work. His companion must not be left single-handed in a labor on which depends the happiness of a family. It is true, there is not so much depending on every look, word, and action of the father; yet a father's looks, words, and actions may change a paradise to a pandemonium. He is more in the world, and necessarily more from home; but if it must be so, and he must contend on the world's grand stage of political glory, literary preëminence, or wealth, let the strife cease and the contest be over, before he approaches the hearth of his family. Let him not bring the dust and rubbish of the battle-field to this sacred shrine. The father's life, from necessity, is in many cases a stormy one, and if it must be one of storm, let him put on his armor elsewhere, and throw it off before he approaches his home. Let the cloud disperse from the brow, the hands be clean, the mind calm and composed, and the sun of peace will dawn on the soul and fill the heart, the fountain of the affections, and pure streams will gush forth. Let him, then, quench the fire on the altar of mammon, wipe off the blood of the victim, — cease bowing to the altar of fame, and lay aside the rigid features of the philosopher, before he goes to worship in the temple of the heart's pure affection.

The depression of incessant toil and poverty, has an influence on the mind of many fathers, similar in its nature to the rush for wealth; it clouds the brow, makes bitter the springs of the soul, and corrodes the mind; but, for the sake of the family, a battle must be fought, and a victory won, even if it costs many an effort, many severe struggles.

Mr. A. was a man of a strong, well cultivated mind, of a good moral, religious character, and of consistent deportment. To be respectful to all was the law of his lips, and every word was the fruit of this law. He was a man of business, and had experienced the reverses of fortune, as well as its smiles; sickness and death as well as health had visited his abode. He had placed in the silent tomb

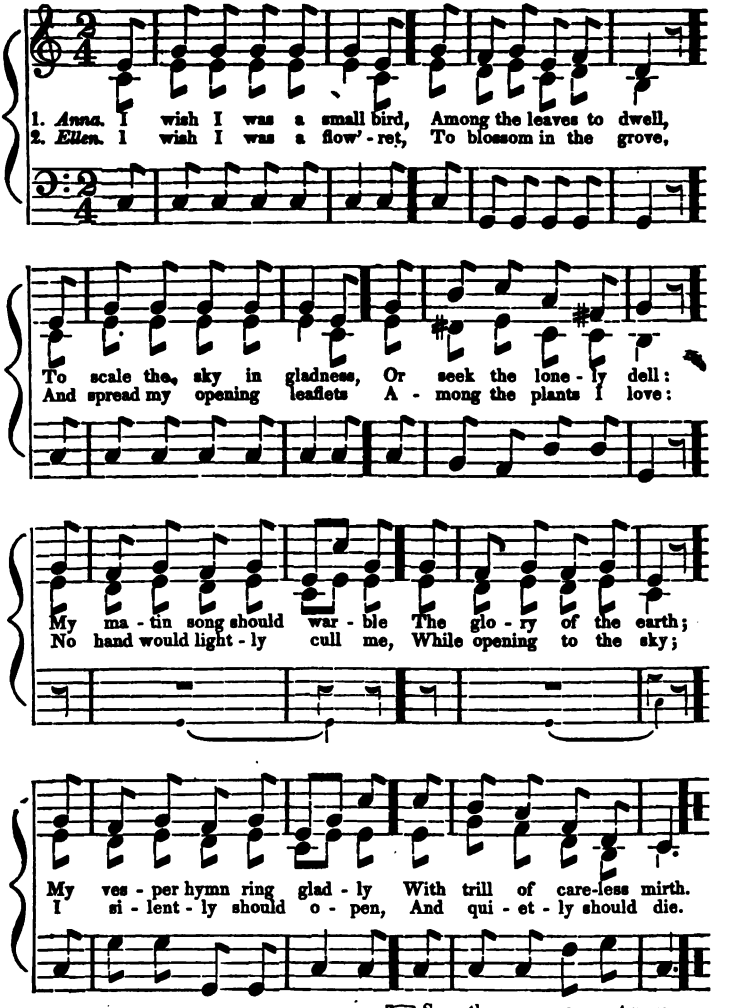
the loveliest objects of his affection; neither was he always free from the bitterness of envy and hate. But, whether in prosperity or adversity, he was the same respectful, consistent man. Of his companion it is enough to say, she was the image of himself. In this family all was kindness and respect. Among the brothers and sisters, the eldest did all in her power to instruct the younger ones. She led them out at the close of day, and pointed out to them the works of God, and the beauties of nature. She showed them the sun, after his long journey in the sky; the clouds painted with the most beautiful gold and orange, and the moon rising in the east. But the purest and best thing exhibited was the *affection* manifested to one another, and the *respect* which always flows from this.

Mr. G. was a man of strong mind, intelligent and pious, but he had a hasty and irritable disposition. When he came in from his daily avocations, his mind was filled with anxieties, and he appeared perplexed and irritated. The consequence was, the other members of the family caught the same spirit. He perhaps would speak unkindly to his companion, or to one of his children, and in return receive a petulant answer, and thus he lost that respect which would otherwise have been given him by his wife and children; for if the husband and wife cannot be respectful and affectionate, what can we expect from the children?

Belfast, Me., Feb., 1845.

An affectionate wife clings to her husband through poverty and riches; and the more the world recedes from, the more firmly will she stand by him; she will be his friend when no others come near him; — she will be his comforter when all other worldly comforts have slid from him. Her devotedness will be his rock when he has no other support; she will smile at the frowns of the world; she will not heed its censures — he is her all, and in love are all other feelings forgotten or absorbed. No sacrifice will be too great — the faintest smile will not be a reward too little; quick at feeling unkindness, we are also quick at feeling tenderness, and a very trifling circumstance is sufficient to awaken or to still the pain of our hearts, and bring us misery or happiness. — *Mrs. Sandford.*

WISHES.

FROM COMMON SCHOOL SONGSTER.

1. Anna. I wish I was a small bird, Among the leaves to dwell,
2. Ellen. I wish I was a flow'-ret, To blossom in the grove,
To scale the sky in gladness, Or seek the lone-ly dell:
And spread my opening leaflets A-mong the plants I love:
My ma-tin song should war-ble The glo-ry of the earth;
No hand would light-ly cull me, While opening to the sky;
My ves-per hymn ring glad-ly With trill of care-less mirth.
I si-lent-ly should o-pen, And qui-et-ly should die.

☞ See other verses on next page.

Mary.—I wish I was a gold-fish,
To seek the sunny wave;
To part the gentle ripple,
And 'mid its coolness lave.
I 'd glide through life delighted,
Amid the glow of day;
And when night came in softness,
Beneath the star-beam play.

Mother.—Hush! Hush! romantic prattlers!
You know not what you say;
When *mind*, the crown of mortals,
You lightly throw away;
What is the songster's warble,
The floweret's blush refined,
To thoughts of the Creator
Within your opening mind?

LITERARY NOTICES.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

In 1838, at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Reverend Doctor Jarvis, of Middletown, Ct., was appointed to prepare a faithful Ecclesiastical History from the time of the Apostles to the formation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. This volume, which is a large octavo of 218 pages, forms the beginning of his labors.

The Doctor asserts, that the exact time of the birth and death of our Saviour is the key-stone by which prophecy, as well as history, must be sustained. He has therefore performed immense labor to establish these points, and has brought together a vast amount of chronological evidence accessible to very few, even of the learned.

His conclusion is, that the birth of our Saviour took place on the day on which it is now celebrated, but that the *year* of his birth preceded the common Christian era, six years.

Published by Harper & Brothers, and for sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co., No. 1, Cornhill.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL? Testamentary Counsels and Hints to Christians on the right Distribution of their Property by Will. By a retired Solicitor. Troy, N. Y. Published by W. & H. Merriam. 1845.

We have here an interrogative title of a book, of a significant import, and involving a matter of great moment. The object of the author is to 'afford various useful hints on the right distribution of property by will. It also enforces the duty of making prompt testamentary arrangements,' while the mind is vigorous and uninfluenced by disease; and of employing always a respectable and experienced lawyer to draw the will.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE. New York City. Harper & Brothers. 1845.

This is an American edition of Dr. Guy's valuable work, entitled, 'Forensic Medicine,' edited by C. A. Lee, M. D., who has added 200 pages of original matter, adapting the work to the wants of the medical and legal professions in the United States. The work embraces, in addition to the principles of medical jurisprudence, so much of anatomy, physiology, pathology, and the practice of medicine and surgery, as are essential to be known by lawyers, coroners, magistrates, officers of the army and navy, &c. It is a comprehensive epitome of all which is known in medical jurisprudence, and is particularly fitted as a text-book for students, as well as a manual for the practitioner of medicine and law. Dr. Guy, the author, has had vast experience as physician to the 'King's College Hospital,' of London.

For sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co., No. 1, Cornhill, Boston.

PRESCOTT'S FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. — In three volumes. Tenth Edition. New York City. Harper & Brothers. 1845.

We do not bring a notice of this splendid work before our readers, for the purpose of rendering any aid in establishing its character, for that is already established; but to inquire of those who have not perused it, if they are aware of its great interest. The title is not fully indicative of the contents of the work, for, during the period of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, events of great interest transpired, all of which are faithfully treated in the work. 'In this reign, the several states into which Spain had been broken up for ages, were brought under a common rule; the kingdom of Naples was conquered; America discovered and colonized; the empire of the Spanish Arabs subverted; the dread tribunal of the modern Inquisition established, and the Jews, who contributed so sensibly to the wealth and civilization of Spain, were banished.'

The work is printed in a superior style, and on the best of paper, and is embellished with beautiful portraits of Ferdinand, Isabella, Columbus, and Cardinal Ximenes.

For sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co.

ESSAY ON OUR LORD'S DISCOURSE AT CAPERNAUM. By Samuel Turner, D. D. New York City. Harper & Brothers. 1845.

Doctor Wiseman, a priest among the Roman Catholics, delivered, and afterward published, a course of lectures, in which he maintained the doctrine of the 'real presence,' or the real eating of the body and drinking of the blood of Christ in the sacrament of the Eucharist.

This Essay, which is a medium octavo of 149 pages, is a critical examination and a triumphant refutation of the Roman Catholic dogma.

Both authors are clergymen. Dr. Turner is a minister of the Episcopal Church.

For sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co., No. 1, Cornhill.

Original.

JANE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

BY G. P. DISOSWAY.

Among the illustrious and noble ladies who early espoused the reformed faith in France, was Jane D'Albret, Queen of Navarre. She was the daughter of Henri D'Albret, king of Navarre, and of Margaret of Valois, sister to Francis I. She married Antony, of Bourbon, who had acquired the regal title of King of Navarre, with the government of Bearn. At this period, the princes of the blood were all of the Bourbon race, and generally favored the new doctrines of Calvin and the Reformation. Catharine de Medici, that intriguing and incarnate evil, was now queen-mother of France; and although her son, Charles IX., had ascended the throne, still she was now actual mistress of the kingdom. An Italian, not more in lineage than in her subtilty and cunning, she was restrained neither by religion nor humanity, and entertained the most bitter enmity toward the Protestants, who had now assumed the name of *Huguenots*.

Upon the death of her son Francis, the reigning monarch, she had managed, by her deceitfulness, to induce the king of Navarre, then a visitor at her voluptuous court, to renounce, in her favor, all his claims to the Regency. Although a professed reformer, he began to waver in his Protestant principles, and finally determined to place his son under the care of Roman Catholic governors. Jane, his queen, received this melancholy intelligence with grief and dismay, but she was obliged reluctantly to yield. Few ladies of that day possessed the advantages she did, for the proper education of a princely son. She was uncorrupted by the vices of the times, and possessed, in an eminent degree, the polished and religious attractions of private life. Her attainments were far beyond that period; and she wrote with elegance, and spoke with ease and fluency the

Latin and Greek languages. Men of letters thronged to her court, and versions of the New Testament were printed at Rochelle, that stronghold of Protestantism, by her orders and liberality. She encouraged the reformed clergy to preach in the open air, without the walls of Paris. Assemblies of thirty or forty thousand would thus gather to hear the gospel, in a manner not unlike modern field preaching. Such zeal soon attracted the notice of pope Pius IV., who then [1560] directed the Vatican, and he even dared to cite the queen of Navarre to give an account of her faith. Upon her refusal, this haughty pontiff declared her convicted of heresy — fallen from royalty — and deprived of her estates! This insult and rude attack on a crowned head, produced great indignation, and the king of France interfering, the insolent pope was compelled to withdraw his bull.

When Jane parted from her son, she most affectionately embraced him, and cried out, 'O, my son! if you renounce the religion of your mother, she will renounce and disinherit you. Keep to the faith in which you have been educated, and *God* will be your guide and support.' The crafty Catharine was present at the interview, and said to the queen, 'let me advise you to suppress this violence of emotion. *I have always found it best to appear to yield.* Assume a seeming conformity to your husband's will; even attend mass, and you will more easily get the reins into your own hands.'

'Rather than attend mass, if I had my son in one hand and my kingdom in the other, I would throw them both into the sea,' was the indignant and noble reply of the Queen of Navarre.

Her royal companion had doubtless changed his religion from political motives. Severely and fatally wounded in battle at Rouen, he died, as a writer of that period asserts, regretting that he ever embraced Romanism.

After her husband's death, Jane of Navarre established the reformed faith in her dominions. The pope again interfered, threatening excommunication, unless she returned to the church within six months; but she listened to the mandate of the proud ecclesiastic with perfect indifference.

The queen once more enjoyed the cherished desire of her heart in the presence of her son, and Margaret, her youthful and only daughter. Catharine, still intent upon mischief, determined to visit Jane, and persuade her to renounce her faith; and, if she could not succeed, her next object was to induce Prince Henry back to Paris,

where he might not be under the influence of the Huguenots. Jane smiled at those attempts, and the only promise she would make, was one to visit the royal court. This she soon fulfilled, but, finding her residence at the capital unpleasant, she soon left Paris.

Another religious persecution spread war and desolation over France again, and numbers of the reformed party sought refuge at Rochelle. The Queen of Navarre followed with her children, and an army of four thousand men. Henry, 'the beautiful and brave of his mother,' was looked to as the future leader of the Huguenots, and the brave Rochellese received him with the warmest demonstrations of affection. Scarcely beyond the age of boyhood, but full of noble ardor, he gained the confidence and love of all around him.

In March, 1569, the Roman Catholic and Protestant armies met on the banks of the Charente, and there was fought the hard battle of Jarnac, so destructive to the hopes of the Huguenots. They lost about four hundred men, with the Prince of Condé, Louis of Bourbon, their brave and distinguished leader. But the Queen of Navarre did not for a moment despond; and when she heard of the death of Condé, she immediately hastened to the field of Jarnac, with her young son. Collecting the soldiers around her, 'My friends,' said the queen, 'Condé has left his spirit with us, and a son who inherits all his virtues; and I, also, have a son, who is the *property of the cause.* Henry was welcomed with shouts, and received oaths of allegiance, while the chief command was bestowed upon the illustrious Admiral de Coligni.

Peace was concluded at St. Germain in the following year, (Aug. 1570,) by which the civil and religious principles of the Huguenots were greatly enlarged and protected. To the Queen of Navarre was granted the right of divine service, whenever she pleased, in all her dependencies.

The next important event in the history of our noble Protestant lady, was the proposal of a marriage between her son Henry, or, as he was now styled, the Prince of Bearn, and the king's sister, Margaret. Jane was evidently opposed to the proposal, but at length consented, from a hope that some advantage might arise from such a union, to that cause nearest her heart. Maréchal Byron, of Catharine's royal household, was sent to escort Jane to France with a splendid retinue. Leaving Henry behind, she proceeded to the

French court, for which, upon her arrival, as she had feared, she found no congeniality of feelings or habits.

Amid the licentiousness so characteristic of Catharine's court, she preserved her own close and simple style of dress and manners; but, disgusted with the general corruption, she freely addressed her son, expressing her regret and fears of the alliance. She spoke of his betrothed, the princess Margaret, as possessing beauty, wit, and an agreeable deportment; but, brought up in this most corrupt court, what could be expected of her? 'My son,' she added, 'you have rightly judged, from my former letters, that their great object here is to separate you from me and from God. * * * * * Pray earnestly to God, whose assistance you need at all times, but especially at the present; and I too will add my fervent prayer, that he will grant you all your just desires.'

What affectionate and holy advice from this exalted woman, amid surrounding darkness and superstition; but she had read the Scriptures, and the simple doctrines of salvation had filled her with joy and consolation in believing.

Jane reluctantly consented that the nuptials should be celebrated at Paris, and the articles were drawn up and signed. Well might this royal and pious lady indulge in melancholy forebodings. Rosny, father of the illustrious Sully, had several times declared of the marriage, '*If it take place in Paris, the wedding favors will be crimson.*' A prediction that was awfully verified in the torrents of Protestant blood which a few days afterward deluged the city, upon the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew! Invitations to the marriage had been sent to the most distinguished Huguenot lords and gentlemen throughout France, and the ceremony was celebrated at the church of Notre Dame, in the presence of a brilliant company from both religious parties. Henry wore a uniform of yellow satin, richly embroidered in relief, and studded with pearls and precious gems. Such was the gay style of the day. Margaret was singularly beautiful, and distinguished for the elegance of her costume; one of her gowns was made of black satin, covered with embroideries, and cost from four to five hundred crowns. During the performance of the Roman Catholic service, Henry for a moment relinquished the hand of his beautiful bride and retired; and when the priest asked her if she would accept Henry of Navarre for her husband, she made no sign or reply to the question. Charles, the king,

perceiving this, placed his hand behind her head, and compelled her to bow in assent. Nothing could surpass the splendor of the festivities. For four entire days all Paris was devoted to fetes, ballats, and other gayeties. Then commenced the awful drama, in which *ten thousand Huguenots* were cruelly butchered, and among the number *five hundred* lords, knights, and military officers, with *twelve hundred* gentlemen. Even the bridal chamber of the royal couple was invaded by the infuriated demons, and Margaret was awakened from her slumbers by piercing cries of 'Navarre! Navarre!' uttered by a horrid figure, covered with blood, who had rushed to her knees wounded, and beseeching protection!

The Queen of Navarre did not live to witness the sorrowful scenes of that frightful occasion. She was taken ill, and soon declared she was dying. But, undismayed, she calmly added some clauses to her will — exhorted her son to shun the vices of the court, and faithfully to abide in the reformed faith. Margaret, his sister, she intrusted to his kind and especial protection; and, in case of her marriage, she entreated that some Protestant nobleman of equal rank and virtues might be selected for her companion. Next she implored the king and the queen-mother to take her two children under their faithful care, and allow them the free exercise of their religion. She then closed her eyes, after a short, fervent prayer to God, and died in the forty-fourth year of her age. Thus suddenly called away, the cause of her death remains a mystery to this day. An opinion prevailed at the time, that she was poisoned by gloves presented to her. Nor was this suspicion at all surprising, such were the vice and depravity of that period. *Maitre Cardillac* was the well known *court poisoner* at that time, and numerous deaths were attributed to his hands. Perefixe himself, the archbishop of Paris, declared that there never was a more corrupt court. 'Impiety, atheism, necromancy, most horrible pollutions, black cowardice, perfidy, poisonings, and assassinations,' he says, reigned there.

This celebrated princess was distinguished through life by her strict morality. Uncorrupted amid the vices of the times, she kept her integrity to the end, and died blameless in her conduct, a pattern of usefulness and true piety. No lady of her day exerted so much influence over letters and religion, as she did; and the glory of her name shines with striking lustre among the earliest French Protestants.

Thus, amid the bitter persecutions which characterized the reign of Charles IX. and the dissolute court of Catharine de Medici, was wrought one of those conversions of the heart, which the word of God alone can effect in any age.

After a few short years, Charles, the royal persecutor, closed his wicked career, a spectacle of wretchedness and remorse, crying out, 'My God pardon me! be merciful! where will this end? I am lost — lost forever!' At that moment his eyes rested on his mother entering the apartment, but, refusing to look upon her, with shuddering he closed them. Catharine followed next. Remorseless she lived and died! The Parisians, whose blood she had caused to flow in torrents, declared that if her body should pass there, on its way to St. Denis, they would drag it through the streets and throw it into the Seine. She had erected a splendid mausoleum for herself and family, but, carried by torchlight to a hastily dug grave, she was buried in the corner of the church at Blois! How humble now the proud, persecuting daughter of Lorenzo de Medici, the wife of Henry II. the mother of Francis II., of Charles IX., and Henry III., all monarchs of France! Thus died Charles IX.; thus died Catharine de Medici — and THUS Jane D'Albret, Queen of Navarre.

New York City, Feb., 1845.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

[See Engraving.]

THE Ammonites had raised a large army, with a design to invade the country of Gilead; upon which the Gileadites, resolving to defend their territories, gathered as large a force as they could, and solicited Jephthah to become their general; he accepted the command, upon condition that, should he prove successful, they would establish him their governor for life. This they solemnly promised. Being invested with the command, and with full power to treat for peace, or pursue the war, as he might judge best, he sent ambassadors to the king of Ammon, to demand the reason of his invasion. The king of Ammon replied, that the land was his; that the Israelites, in their passage from Egypt, had wrested it from his ancestors, and that it was his intention to recover it.

Jephthah sent for answer, that the country belonged to the Gileadites by right of conquest, and that they had held quiet possession of it for three hundred years. The Ammonites were not to be appeased, and Jephthah prepared for war. But before he took the field, he made a vow, that, if he returned with victory, the first thing that came forth from his house to meet him, he would sacrifice to the Lord. To make a vow was not in itself culpable; the error lay in not considering before he took the vow, the consequences which might follow.

Jephthah having delivered his country from foreign enemies, and quelled a dangerous insurrection among the Ephraimites, returned home in triumph; when, as he approached his own house, his only child, a lovely and beloved daughter, at the head of a company of virgins, with garlands and musical instruments, came forth to meet him, and to congratulate him on his victories. What a sight was this! The exultation of the general and conqueror, was lost in the grief of the father. He covered his face with his mantle, and cried, 'Alas! my daughter!'

The astonishment of his daughter was soon changed into grief, when she understood the vow her father had taken; but, dutiful and submissive, she said, 'My father lament not, but if thou hast made a vow unto the Lord, perform it.'

The question whether she was sacrificed or not, has employed the pens of many learned men; many think she was not; for it appears altogether improbable that so tender a father as Jephthah is represented to be, would sacrifice an innocent dutiful child, in discharge of a rash vow; when, according to the prescription of the law, (as you may see by consulting the book of Leviticus, 27: 5,) he might have redeemed her for ten shekels of silver. It is, therefore, natural to infer, that he consecrated her to God, and devoted her to a single life, and to live in retirement all her days, secluded from all society but that of the young maidens, her companions, who went once every year to condole with her on her solitary state. For, as she never could marry, her father's family would become extinct at her death (she being his only child); and this solitary state they lamented the more, as all the Israelitish women were ambitious of becoming mothers; each one hoping that she might be the mother of the promised Messiah.

Most probably, when she was devoted to a life of austerity and

seclusion, her father bade her an eternal farewell; and surely it was a great affliction, to see a beloved child, thus cut off from all intercourse with the world; a child whom he had once, perhaps, fondly hoped to have seen wedded to some great and powerful man, endowed with wealth, and raised to honor; whose children might have perpetuated his name, and to whom his wealth might have descended for many generations. This, surely, was sorrow and disappointment sufficient to make him rend his clothes, and refuse comfort

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Original.

THE INFLUENCE OF A SISTER.

BY MRS. FANNY AVERY.

How graceful and lovely the position of an amiable and discreet daughter; the pride of a father and the support and comfort of a mother. One who seeks to return back in some measure the good she has received, 'even as the branches of a tree return their sap to the root whence it arose.'

The sister is not without an influence, direct and powerful, particularly an elder sister. If she choose that which is virtuous and good, the younger members of a family will imitate her excellences. If she is pious, the younger ones will most commonly become so too. The society of virtuous and well-informed sisters, does much in refining and perfecting the character of the brothers, in softening the roughness of their nature, and elevating the standard of moral excellence.

Female influence is intwined with every social relation, and diffuses itself through every circle where there is mind to act upon. It gives the tone to religion and morals, and forms the character of man. It has been well remarked, that 'the rank of woman determines that of the race.' All are associated in some way with children or youth, and all contribute their influence by precept or example, to form the characters of a future generation. Every young woman has her little sphere of influence, and is the centre around which others move. She may send forth beams which will enlighten and warm the heart, and nourish the seeds of virtue, or shed a baleful influence which will shroud those with whom she associates in moral darkness.

Marblehead, Mass., Feb., 1845.

Original.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY REV. GEO. W. WEEKS.

It was a beautiful morning in June, 1819, when I left my play, at the call of my mother, took my dinner from her hand, received her usual counsel, — 'be a good boy to-day, George,' — and hastened away to school. O, how those days of innocence and joy come back on memory's wing. They are green and sunny spots in this cold world. They are springs and running brooks to the parched and weary traveller over life's desert. O, the memories of early days — days gone forever, yet loved for what they were.

On my way to school, I lingered for a moment beneath a lofty elm, whose spreading branches shaded the neat little cottage of the widow W., and sat down till her son, my school-mate, would be ready to go with me. He was later than usual. While he tarried, I heard loud words, and casting my eyes toward the house, I saw Mary, the widow's only daughter, standing in the door, smoothing her long tresses, which fell in rich profusion around her neck. Her mother soon stood beside her, and it was evident that something uncommon was stirring the passions of both mother and child. Billy soon made his appearance from a back door, and I rose from my grassy seat to depart, when I heard the mother utter, in tones which even now seem to vibrate on my ear, the following solemn sentence: 'Mary, I tell you, once for all, if you follow that vile seducer, and leave your mother in her old age, you will break my heart, and ruin yourself, both soul and body.'

Mrs. W. was the widow of a kind and generous man, who had for some years been dead. She was left, however, with ample means for the support of herself and these two children.

Mary at this time was only seventeen; — young, handsome, thoughtless, and gay, — with little knowledge of the world, and less of the human heart. Billy was about twelve, a good boy, sober and thoughtful; and his love for his mother and sister was little less than adoration. Poor Billy! he died before sixteen summers had cast their light upon him.

There was in our neighborhood a gentleman dancing-master. He was just like most men of his profession, and just what such professions are well calculated to make of any man: — conceited, hol-

low, heartless, and intemperate. It was against the wiles of *such* a man, that I had heard the mother warning her lovely daughter. But with this creature, despite the fearful warnings of her mother, the gay Mary soon eloped.

Sadness and sorrow veiled the poor mother's dwelling; for the sunlight of youth and innocence which had cheered her heart so long, had set forever,—had set in shame and infamy! The childless, broken-hearted mother, soon followed her darling boy to the grave. Poor woman! The iron had entered her soul. The last we knew of the poor deluded Mary, she was in New York city.

Years rolled away,

'They never wait for mortals' care or bliss.'

Time changes all things earthly, and, ah, how sad the change we sometimes see! Time's changes had obliterated from my memory all recollection of this family, except so much of it as might still linger in its secret silent chambers.

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It was a bitter day in February, 1834. The storm of the preceding night had increased to a perfect tempest of snow and hail, and I was compelled to give over my journey, and halt for the day, six miles to the north of Providence, R. I. All day the storm had raged without abatement, and approaching night threw a sullen gloom over earth and sky. I stood by a window gazing on the scene before me. 'God help the poor traveller,' thought I, 'who has no shelter in such a night.' I was just turning away, when I beheld a poor horse endeavoring to make his way into an adjacent shed. He halted. In an old box-sleigh, from beneath snow, hay, and rags, issued a man and woman, followed by five children. I will not attempt to describe the dress or appearance of this miserable group. They were the wretched workmanship of intemperance, and its attendant vices. At first, the landlord refused them admittance, but another stranger and myself plead the cause of suffering humanity, and they entered the bar-room. The man was intoxicated, and while the woman was holding in her arms, and endeavoring to warm the stiffened limbs of her infant, the big tears ran down her pale and careworn cheeks. I gazed on the scene before me, with feelings of unmingled pity. At length she ventured to look up, and for a moment our eyes met. A thrill, like a shock of electricity, passed through

my whole frame. A spark had fallen on memory's altar, and was lighting up her slumbering fires.

'Where is your native place?' I asked.

It was not until I had repeated this question several times, that I obtained an answer. At length, with faltering voice she said, 'P., in New Hampshire, *was* my home.'

'And your mother was the widow W.' I added. With some effort she rose from her seat, cast into my face a searching glance, reeled for a moment, then sunk down on the floor. With some effort she was restored to consciousness, when I learned from her own lips, the following brief history of one, who, by the curse of disobedience and ingratitude, had been made to drink deep of the waters of misery and despair.

Soon after arriving in New York, she began to see things in their true light. In less than a year her paramour had become so degraded as to be unable to support her, and she was obliged to earn a scanty subsistence with her own hands. Step by step the guilty man descended to the lowest depths of vice, infamy, and crime. For two years he was confined in prison, while she was reduced to the most deplorable state of poverty and wretchedness. She had no home, no friends, no employment, — and was left in a land of strangers, to struggle with life, death, and misery. Sometimes she was the object of public, sometimes of private charity. She had embraced the meanest and most servile employments to keep from starvation. At length her guilty companion was released from prison. They sought and found each other. She had since endured years of shame and suffering with him, which none can know but those who feel them. She had at length prevailed on him to leave the city and go into the country; but, wherever they wandered, the wages of sin had been *his* portion, and the misery consequent upon disobedience to a kind parent, *hers*.

They were now endeavoring to make their way back to New Hampshire, in the vain hope of relieving a guilty conscience, and finding sympathy among early friends. To return and die among her native hills, seemed to be her only wish. 'To return,' said she, 'and lay me down on my mother's grave and die, is all I ask. O, for that hour!' Her heart was bursting! Sobs choked her utterance. I turned away and wept. Alas! alas! for poor human nature. My heart bleeds, while I rehearse its tales of woe. I weep

over the miseries which fall to her lot, and many of these, I feel, are the direct results of the sin of disobedience to a parent's wishes.

I have been a constant traveller for more than eight years out of my short life, and have seen misery in all its various forms, but few instances have more deeply affected my heart than the one I have related.

When shall we learn wisdom from the past, and by timely caution, save ourselves from the mournful fate of the once lovely Mary W.? Merciful Father! may thy erring children heed the command, 'Obey your parents in the Lord.'

Lunenburg, Mass., Feb., 1845.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

——I CANNOT paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,—
Their colors and their forms,—were then to me
An appetite—a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ampler power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky; and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear; both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts; the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being.

Wordsworth.

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VI. APRIL, 1845. No. 4.

Original.

FAMILY EDUCATION.

BY MRS. LAVINIA H. PILLSBURY.

NONE but a parent can conceive the grateful delight and the tender joy which a father experiences, as he receives from the hand of his Creator his first-born child. His full heart feels a new channel opened, in which may flow his purest affections. That helpless infant, all unconscious of its power, has awakened in his bosom new and thrilling emotions, to which a few hours before he was an utter stranger.

'With young affection springing in his breast,
His infant's cheek and then his wife's he prest;
While the deep flush which spread *her* features o'er,
Bespoke a joy she never felt before.'

Happy affection! Blessed love! Bestowed by our beneficent Father in heaven, in kindness both to parent and child; for this little being has entered the world in a state of such entire dependence, that, were it not for parental attachment, extreme suffering or early death would be the consequence. But with this attachment, all that tender care and unremitting watchfulness, so necessary to the infant, become a source of pleasure to the parent.

How should the heart of every parent, especially of every *mother*, glow with gratitude to God, as she watches over her sleeping, or caresses her waking infant. How should she lift her fervent petitions that the warm love which she feels for her child, may ever be directed to promote its truest happiness.

As another and another are added to the little flock, the same affection is felt, the same care required. A few years pass, and some of them can listen with attention to rational discourse; others are full of life and activity, freak and frolic; another is helpless in

the maternal arms. Is there a father or mother thus situated, who will not inquire, with the deepest solicitude, 'How may I best promote the enduring happiness of those committed to my care?' For, unconscious as they now are of their high destiny, each of these children has an immortal spirit, on the right training of which its happiness in a future and eternal state may depend.

> 'To train the infant mind to goodness, and
> To plant the seeds of virtue, e'er deforming vice
> Has sown her noxious tares, be now our care.'

Attention to the bodily comfort of your infant is all you can bestow, for the first few weeks of its existence; but not long does it remain an unconscious spectator of the world into which it is introduced. The first smile reciprocated, indicates a dawning of intellect, which from that moment is capable of cultivation. Little, indeed, can be done at first; but *something* may be, by the ever watchful and observant mother. Every one who attends it should be required to wear a mild and pleasant aspect; and it should never be spoken to but in a mild and gentle tone of voice. It need scarcely be said that every thing should be done to promote its personal comfort; not only for its own sake, but because bodily suffering may very early produce irritability of temper. Its mind should be kept calm and tranquil. No expression of anger, fear, or surprise, should be allowed in its presence; all around it should preserve that serenity of temper and countenance, which you would wish to see in your child. A very young child will sympathize with the feelings of those who have the care of it, and not many months will elapse before it will catch much of their spirit.

A gentleman once amused himself by exciting the feelings of his child merely by varying the expressions of his own countenance. Whatever feeling he wished to produce in his child, he found it perfectly easy to produce by assuming the expression of countenance which indicated that feeling. A lady, with a child I think not more than six or eight months old, was once living in a very lonely place. Her husband was necessarily absent much of the time. Her only companion was a sister. Both these ladies suffered much from fear; and so frequently did they start and look wildly around, that the babe would also look fearful and timid, and was apparently as much distressed by *apprehension* as either of them.

A mother cannot be too careful that nothing meets the eye or ear of her babe, which would have a tendency to wound or irritate its tender mind. It is to be feared that the reverse of this is frequently the case. Babes are committed to the care of persons whose passionate behaviour, and corresponding tones of voice, necessarily produce bad tempers in those committed to their care. I know it is not possible for a mother always to prevent this, but let her do the utmost in her power, watching at the same time her own feelings, lest harsher ones than those of pity be excited toward those persons whose neglected education has left them the *slaves* and not the *sovereigns* of their passions.

As the capacities of your child enlarge much more may be done for its improvement. Teach him love, kindness, generosity. He will easily learn to return the affectionate caresses of his mother or sister; to impart a portion of the little presents he receives to his brother, or lend his rattle to a little companion. Much difference will doubtless be observed in the dispositions of children; but those who are naturally amiable will easily be taught these lessons, and the smile of approbation from the parents will be a sufficient reward.

To subdue self-will, in its daring stubbornness, is quite another and far more difficult task. There, too, dispositions widely differ. While some may be governed by a word, or a look, (though I think comparatively few,) others require rigorous punishment. But *obedience must be enforced*, or all your exertions to improve the *heart* of your child will be thrown away. If, when with firmness and deliberation, you have spoken to your child and he does not obey you, if time be given him to reflect, for it should not be done hastily, *you must punish.* But first retire, and in deep humility lift your heart to Him who is able to give wisdom and strength, and bless your endeavors with success. While looking with confidence to your heavenly Father, you will be preserved in calmness during a conflict, painfully trying to your parental feelings. But God will bless your conscientious performance of duty, and you will succeed in procuring submission. The moment this is obtained, you will gladly resume your usual kindness; but let an air of seriousness and decision convince your child that you have not yet relinquished your authority. If careful to maintain what you have now gained, you may not perhaps be again obliged to correct your child for stubbornness; but should you have another and another struggle, be not

discouraged. Let perseverance and firmness mark your course, and ultimately submission will be obtained.

No Christian parents can have had the care of a family for any considerable time, without feeling that their success must depend on Him who has the hearts of all men in his hand; yet here, as in all other things, he generally blesses those means best calculated to produce the desired end. An amiable disposition is certainly the gift of God, and such a gift as should call forth the lively gratitude of every parent. Shall fathers and mothers, who feel so lively an interest in all that affects the happiness of their offspring, fail to render grateful praise for every gentle and endearing quality bestowed on their children? And should they have the pain to see some of them passionate, selfish, or tyrannical, let them summon all their energies, and with steady aim go forward in the path of duty, assured that our Father in heaven sees, approves, and will assist them.

'That eye, which watches o'er the universe,
And views with kind regard the sparrow race,
Sees every aching head and throbbing heart,
And knows the pain of deep solicitude.
Doth He not look on parents, in whose breasts
Himself has planted love unsearchable;
And in their being woven it so strong,
That nought but death can tear its tissue out?'

Londonderry, N. H., March, 1845.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice;
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
Now within the gates rejoice,
Safe and sealed, and bought and blest!
Safe from all the lures of vice,
Sealed — by signs the chosen know,
Bought — by love, and life the price!
Blest — the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame and doubt and pain.
Fear — the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame — from glory's view retire,
Doubt — in certain rapture die,
Pain — in endless bliss expire.

Crabbe.

From the Church of England Magazine.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. H. W. RICHTER.

'His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth.'
Psalm 72: 8.

O WORD of truth, to cheer
The waiting pilgrim's ear;
A light to trusting faith forever given;
Stretching from sea to sea,
That kingdom yet shall be,
Tinging the clouds of earth with rays from heaven.

Lo! to each distant shore,
With darkness brooding o'er,
The message of eternal life is borne;
O'er India's idol fanes,
Where darkness ever reigns,
Soon shall be ushered in the glorious morn.

Where sculptured fragments lie,
Beneath the glowing sky,
Where dark oblivion spreads a murky pall,
O'er mastering time holds sway,
And slowly to decay
The heathen temples each to ruin fall!

Tribes of the desert far,
Behold the morning star,
With beams of ever-living truth shall shine;
And every mountain dell,
The chorus glad shall swell,
And spread the tidings of that peace divine.

For He shall ever reign,
And death and sin and pain
Shall cease; his promise ever sure shall be.
Hasten, O Lord, the hour,
When all shall own thy power,
And humbly waiting souls may thy salvation see.

GOD, THE CHIEF GOOD.

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest — Eternal Word!
From Thee departing, we are lost, and rove
At random, without honor, hope, or end.
From Thee is all which soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor and his glad success;
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve;
Thou art of all thy gifts, thyself the crown! — *Cowper.*

Original.

THE MORALITY OF PICTURES.

BY WM. A. ALCOTT.

PICTURES in books and papers — especially in those which are designed for the young — are very fashionable among us, of late, and the fashion seems to be advancing. I rejoice that it is so. There may be limits which, in this particular, ought not to be passed, but I believe they are, as yet, very far distant.

By means of pictures, the impression made on the mind through the eye is much more vivid, and consequently much more permanent. Beside, we can, with these aids, teach *faster* than without them; and our progress is rendered more pleasant.

There is one thing, however, which should be carefully watched, which is the morality of pictures. They are as efficient for evil as for good, and perhaps more so. I have no hesitation in saying, that for want of a proper supervision of this matter — by somebody — a flood of evil, more terrible in its consequences than any of the 'seven vials' of the Revelator, is at this time about to rush upon our unhappy country.

And yet I do not believe we ought to yield ourselves to despondency, in this matter. If those who hold the reigns of power in press and pulpit, will exert the power they possess, we may yet be saved. More than even this, as has been already intimated, an agent so potent to curse, may yet be made to bless still more widely.

Let a stern but honest and impartial criticism be applied to every new production of the kind alluded to, as it emerges into being. Let the religious periodicals of the land in particular, send forth, in thunder tones, if necessary, their anathemas against every attempt to put forward, in impudence, pictures of an immoral and injurious tendency. In general, however, a war will not be necessary. The still small voice, will, it is believed, prove quite sufficient.

Most of the public errors, in this particular, are the result of ignorance, or at least of thoughtlessness. Ignorance, I know, may be criminal, and thoughtlessness usually is so, more or less; still I cannot but think that for the far greater part, both these require the hand and tongue of a criticism which is mild and gentle.

Let me give an example of what I mean by a gentle criticism of this sort. If it should not instruct, it will at the least inform of my meaning.

One of the best books for children and families with which I am acquainted — a book which I use daily, or almost daily, among my own children — has, for its first picture, a scene whose morality is slightly questionable. I allude to the representation of a venerable old gentleman with a pipe in his mouth, smoking.

Now no intelligent friend of temperance, at the present day, would be likely to go so far as to portray a scene which would extend the very evils his heart deplores. In picturing a venerable friend, who, despite all the light shed on this subject, still used the decanter or the demijohn, the latter would, in all probability, be omitted.

Yet here, in the foreground of the first picture of one of the best books of one of our first writers for families and schools, we find this vulgar presentation of a tobacco-pipe. Should it be so? Will the writer himself, upon reflection, justify it? Is he not bound to inculcate, by all sorts of teaching, especially this most efficient sort, whatsoever is in its tendency 'pure, lovely, and of good report,' and to discourage every thing which is of a contrary tendency?

I grant, most cheerfully, that such a picture as this in a newspaper, (for adults,) or an almanac, or a novel, might not deserve notice, or at least a notice which should border at all upon severity. First, because these writings are not expected — at least, not yet required — by the public sentiment, to guard the avenues to immorality. Secondly, because most of them are ignorant, or at least purblind to moral beauty; and not a few of them have their moral perception dimmed by their vices. But when we find the wisest and best of men giving countenance even to a slight departure from the loveliness of virtue and purity, a word of remonstrance should be given.

If these hints should lead the author and publishers to make a slight change in the little work alluded to, and prove the precursor of abler criticisms in a department where criticism is so much needed, at the same time that they aid the maternal readers of this journal, they will fully accomplish the purpose of the writer.

Hartford, Ct., March, 1845.

'Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I bow in age, as erst I bowed in youth.
Still let me bow, till this weak form decay;
And my last hour be brightened by thy ray.'

Sir Wm. Jones.

Original.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. C. C. COXE.

THE world ever has, and always will, 'till time and nature die,' feel woman's powerful influence. It has decided the destiny of nations; has been felt in the halls of legislation, on the battle-field, in the forum, and in every department of literature and science; but especially, in the sphere allotted to her by an all-wise Providence. Here her influence, though silent, is omnipotent in infusing into the mind of the young, the principles of liberty, equality, virtue, and religion, or their opposites.

How important, then, that among the numerous efforts and institutions which are designed for the world's reformation, female education should hold a prominent place. * * * *

In vain we attempt to reduce young men to habits of sobriety, order, economy, and virtue, if their *fair* associates are extravagant, vain, and irreligious in their lives and manners. During the season of youth, the weaker govern the stronger. To fit them for this command, they should, from the first dawnings of reason, be favored with the inculcation of principles and sentiments of truth, purity, virtue, justice, and chastity. They should, also, be made acquainted with human nature, in all its varieties and developments; and, *especially*, should they understand and feel the *true* dignity of female character.

Unwearied pains should be taken to lead females, when young, to desire the ornaments of the mind rather than those of the body, and to stimulate their efforts for solid and useful acquirements, and, if possible, create a taste which '*despises a vain show.*' They should be kept from novel reading, and from the light and senseless trash with which any country is flooded; and also, from the vain though fashionable amusements forbidden by our holy religion; all of which form the direct pathway, by gradual and easy descent to the grosser vices. I know that these are called '*innocent amusements*' But why? Is their tendency moral? No. But they all tend to dissipate the mind, and make it impatient of the restraints of the necessary, useful, and honorable duties of life. Then how can they be innocent? How can they be consistent with true female dignity?

How, then, can mothers indulge their daughters in such things, and hope to see them become virtuous, useful ornaments to society?

O, ye mothers! a fearful responsibility rests upon you! To your charge, and into your forming and guiding hands are these daughters committed. Teach them to understand, and duly appreciate, their commanding influence in society. Restrain their feet from the paths of pride, vanity and folly. In one word, — 'Train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' and then, and only then, may you hope that 'your daughters will be as *corner stones*, polished after the similitude of a palace.'

St. Stephens, N. B., March, 1845.

'I CANNOT STAND THAT.' — And what could not the sailor 'stand?' He had stood the beatings of many a storm. Often had he mounted up to heaven, and gone down again into the depths. Many a time had his soul been melted because of trouble. Yet he has rode out the storm; trod the billowy deep boldly, and given his troubles to the winds. But now he meets something which he 'cannot stand.' What is it? He can stand the perils of a lee-shore. He can bear being a night and a day in the deep. He can buffet the hardest gale that ever blew off the 'Horn.' He can do and endure more severe labor and hardship than any other man; but now he knocks under. It is the picture, on the cover of a tract, of a woman teaching a child. 'O,' said he, 'I cannot stand that; it reminds me of my poor dear mother; it is just the way she used to teach me; but she is gone;' and he burst into tears.

Mother! there are no human teachings like your own. Call your boy to your side, and give him instructions warm from a mother's heart. And should that boy break away from his home, and become a rover on the deep, some little incident may recall the scenes of his early years. He, too, may be reminded of his 'poor dear mother,' who used to call him to her side, and tell him about Jesus Christ and the way to eternal life. —*Sailor's Magazine.*

Original.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

BY REV. H. M. EATON.

DAVID was a lovely child. Being the oldest he was the idol of the family. He received every possible attention from his parents, and other relatives interested in his welfare. He was denied nothing — every wish was gratified. When young, he was allowed to contend for his rights, until at length he had a high sense of honor. If he demanded a favor of his parents, or any member of the family, and it was not granted, he had but to *cry*, and his object was secured. His impatience was never checked; his will never subdued. Being allowed to associate with vicious boys, and remain in their company as long as he pleased, he consequently contracted many of their habits, especially that of profane swearing.

His parents would often threaten to punish him, but he feared not their threats. They would make false statements to terrify him, but all to no purpose; and before he arrived to the age of six years, the prevailing opinion was, that 'David was a spoiled child.' All lamented it, and none more deeply than the afflicted but guilty parents. Before two years more had passed, his parents decided that they could not control him, that he must take his own course and abide the consequences. He was given up, being but eight years of age. But what was the result? As might be expected, he played and associated with wicked boys, until he became a leader among them. His statements could not be relied upon. Even when he spoke the truth, it required the testimony of others to substantiate the correctness of his statement. He strolled from place to place, being constantly idle, and excessively wicked, to the great mortification and grief of his parents. He was rarely seen in the house of God on the Sabbath, or at school during the week. I saw him last, in the winter of 1844. He had then arrived to years of manhood. But what was his condition? Without education, without moral and religious principle, without property, destitute of kind and affectionate friends, and above all, without love for God, or his cause. Truly, 'the child was spoiled.' 'As the twig *was* bent the tree *is* inclined.' But upon whom will the guilt rest? Will it not fall heavily upon those parents who were intrusted with his dis-

cipline and education? If they neglected to 'train him up in the way he should go,' will they not have a dread account to settle at the judgment?

Few parents consider that, if their child conquers when two years of age, he will most assuredly rule when a boy of twelve or fifteen. Many children are spoiled before they are six years of age. '*Spoiled,*' did I say? Yes, actually ruined; it may be both for time and eternity. If parents *do not* control their children when young, they *cannot* when old.

I would advise every parent, and especially mothers, to discipline and govern their children while young, or 'they will bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

Many are opposed to 'using the rod' in the government of their children. 'How can I inflict punishment upon my darling child?' says the parent; 'when he is older he will do better.' You are not certain of that. The chances against you are as nine to ten. But what I would urge upon every parent is, to secure obedience in some way. If one measure is not effectual, try another; but do not fail of accomplishing the object. *One* failure, may prove the *child's ruin.* You should reason with disobedient children. The rod should not be used until argument and persuasion fail. Make the government and discipline of your children a study; for it is of more consequence to you and them, than silver and gold; the latter may prove their ruin — the former, with the blessing of God, will give you honor, and your children happiness.

Alfred, Maine, March, 1845.

CONTENTMENT.

Has not the little bee a draught as sweet
From the bright flower which springs beneath our feet,
As the tall stag, through acres free to stray,
From the broad river rushing on its way?

Canst thou not slake thy burning thirst as well
From a full cup, as where clear waters swell
O'er marble basins, at whose sculptured brink,
With golden chalice, wealth may stoop to drink?

Be thou contented, only, and thou 'lt be,
With but thine herbs and brook, more rich than he
Who pineth, mid his luxury and pride,
For some poor trifle to his grasp denied.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. — Out of what materials may not a woman's love, and especially that of a mother's, find sustenance? Other loves may pine away upon the sterile wilderness of life, where there are no flowers to cull, no fruit to gather, and no harvest to be reaped; but the love of a mother can subsist on the bitter roots of unkindness and neglect, and maintain its freshness and vigor by drinking the waters of affliction. — *Mrs. Ellis in Home, or The Iron Rule.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT: or Hymns for the Sick and Suffering. Boston: Benjamin Perkins.

This publication is a commendable effort on the part of the compiler, to furnish something of a consolatory and tranquillizing character for the sick.

The hymns are 217 in number, and are judiciously selected. To each is prefixed a passage of Scripture. It is a serious defect that the authors of the hymns, as far as known, were not given.

Sympathy, kindness, and unwearied attention are never better bestowed than upon the sick, whether appreciated by them or not; nothing, therefore, should be omitted to make them as comfortable, in body and mind, as their situation will possibly admit.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE has reached the twenty-first number, carrying the text forward to the 7th chapter of Esther. The work is to be embellished with *sixteen hundred* historical engravings, exclusive of an initial letter to each chapter; more than *fourteen hundred* of the engravings are from original designs.

VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD. New York City. Harper & Brothers: 1845.

'This volume may be considered a continuation of No. 21, of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, in which is given a history of the various voyages round the world, prior to the death of the celebrated Capt. Cook.'

The work includes remarks on the social condition of the inhabitants in the recently discovered countries; their progress in the arts, and more especially their advancement in religious knowledge.

For sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co.

MARGARET, THE MARTYR OF THE SEA.

A TALE OF SCOTLAND'S COVENANT.

BY REV. SAMUEL I. PRIME.

THE blood of Scotland's noblest sons and fairest daughters was now shed freely for the truth, dearer than life to all the good and brave.

Claverhouse and his troop, like bloodhounds, were tracking to their mountain hiding-places the pious Covenanters, dragging them to the fiery stake, or, more mercifully, blowing out their brains as they kneeled in prayer for their persecutors and murderers. John Brown, of Priesthill, had just been slain: a man of whom the world was not worthy, and whose wife was worthy of such a man. As he took leave of her, with one infant in her arms and another clinging to her knee, he said,

'Now, ISABEL, the day is come that I told you would come when I first asked you to be my wedded wife. Are you willing that I should die?'

'Indeed, JOHN,' said she, with a clear voice, 'I am ready; be thou faithful unto death.'

'That is all I desire,' said he, and he had scarcely kissed his Isabel and her six children, when Claverhouse shot him through the head. As he sunk down the widow caught her dead husband, and holding his shattered head in her lap, wound it up with a handkerchief; and, as the sobbing orphans gathered around the warm corpse in their agony of grief, the monster Claverhouse tauntingly said to her,

'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?'

'I aye thought much of him,' said the heroic Isabel, 'and now MORE THAN EVER!'

Those were the times of which we are writing, and we have mentioned the story of John Brown and his Isabel as another example of the spirit that triumphed in the bosom of Margaret, the Martyr of the Sea.

Gilbert Wilson was a farmer in the parish of Penningham, under the Laird of Castlestewart. Wilson and his wife had both broken away from the Covenant, and, yielding to the love of life and of their three children, had conformed to the laws of the prelacy, which their brethren were resisting unto blood. But the craven parents could not prevail with their children to follow them in the apostasy. Their eldest daughter, Margaret, now in the bloom of eighteen, had drank deep of the spirit of the times, and firm in her adherence to the supremacy of the Saviour, she had instilled the same holy principles into the hearts of her brother Thomas, but two years younger, and Agnes, a sweet sister, now of thirteen. These tender youth were compelled to fly for their lives, and hide like hunted birds, in the wild moors of Galloway. The same cruel laws that made their adherence to the Covenant a crime punishable with death, forbade the parents, under the same penalty, to give them food or shelter; but the God whose ministers are the ravens, and who has said 'when thy father and mother forsake thee, I will take thee up,' supplied their wants in the wilderness and shielded them in the hour of danger. Margaret had a heart that never quailed, and for years she had calmly waited for such times as these. She was not to falter now. Her brother and the fair Agnes clung to her and drew strength from the quiet cheerfulness with which she met the trials of those days and nights of gloom, and their voices mingled sweetly as they sang the songs of Zion in their drear hiding-place.

At last the two sisters ventured to quit their desert solitude, and for a short time they found a home in the house of an aged and pious widow, Mrs. M'Laughlan. Here they were discovered, and Margaret and Agnes, with their kind protector, the widow, were dragged to prison. When they were brought out to trial, nothing could be urged against them, and the thirst of the persecutors for virgin blood would have been disappointed, had they not been asked to take the oath of abjuration, which they steadfastly refused, and so they were condemned to die. According to Hetherington, who refers to Woodrow as his authority, and in whose words we give the remainder of this tale, the specific terms of the sentence were, that they should be tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark in the water of Blednock, where it meets the sea, and there be drowned by the tide. From this dreadful doom the entreaties of the distracted father prevailed so far as to rescue the innocent girl of thirteen, yet only

by the payment of one hundred pounds sterling to the merciless and mercenary murderers. But nothing could avail to save the lives of the young woman and her widowed friend.

The day of execution came, the 11th of May, 1685, bright it may be with fresh smiles of the reviving year, but dark and terrible to many a sympathizing heart. Windram and his troop guarded the victims to the place of doom, accompanied by a crowd of people, filled with fear and wonder, and still doubting whether the horrid deed would be done. The stakes were driven deep into the oozy sand. That to which the aged widow was tied was placed farthest in, that she might perish first. The tide began to flow, — the water rose around them, — the hoarse rough billows came advancing on, swelling and mounting inch by inch, over limb, and breast, and neck, and lip of the pious and venerable matron, while her young companion in martyrdom, still in shallow water, gazed on the awful scene, and knew that in a few minutes more her sufferings would be the same. At this dreadful moment some heartless ruffian asked Margaret Wilson what she thought now of her fellow-martyr, in her dying agonies? Calmly she answered,

'What do I see but Christ, in one of his members, wrestling there! Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us; for he sends none a warfare on their own charges.'

But the water now began to swell cold and deadly round and over her own bosom; and that her last breath might be expended in the worship of God, she sung the twenty-fifth psalm, repeated a portion of the eighth chapter of the epistle to the Romans, and prayed till her voice was lost amid the rising waves. Before life was quite extinct, the torturers cut the cords that bound her to the stake, dragged her out, waited till she was restored to consciousness, and then asked her if she would pray for the king. She answered,

'I wish the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none.'

'Dear Margaret,' exclaimed one of the spectators, in accents of love and sorrow, 'say God save the king! say God save the king!'

With the steady composure of one for whom life had few attractions and death no terrors, she replied, 'God save him, if he will, for it is his salvation I desire.' Her relatives and friends immediately cried aloud to the officer, 'O, sir, she has said it, she has said it!' The ruthless monster, reluctant thus to lose his victim, re-

Original.

DOING GOOD.

BY REV. DANIEL D. TAPPAN.

To do good is a most blessed work, compared with which every other sinks into insignificance. But it will be evident, on a moment's thought, that in order *essentially* to benefit others, we must begin with ourselves. Our own hearts must glow with the benevolence of heaven.

We may do good *by the culture of a right spirit.* This is a spirit humble and lowly, yet bold and zealous for God; generous and liberal, but not time-serving; hating and denouncing sin, but pitying and loving the sinner; a spirit which forgives injuries, prays for enemies, and returns good for evil. The exhibition of such a temper cannot fail to do good. It is a principal desideratum in many a benevolent enterprise. If this disposition is ours it will be seen and known, notwithstanding any infelicities of natural character. And it will make upon beholders a strong impression. It will arouse the Christian to activity, and induce the sinner to respect, if not to love, the religion of Christ.

We may do good *by prayer*, for ourselves and for others. For ourselves that we may cherish the spirit just described; that we may retain the disposition to be useful, when others grow weary; and that we may never forget, however engrossed, the paramount claims of God, and the mighty end of our existence. And no pen can portray, for no finite mind can estimate, the good we may obtain for *others* by our intercessions. We may thus reach multitudes whom our eyes will never behold, and convey to them the richest blessings in the gift of God. We can enfranchise the bondman, break the yoke of intemperance, freight ships with Bibles and missionaries for heathen lands, affect, healthfully, our own national councils, and diffuse a saving influence through the world.

We may do good by *beneficent actions.* We can feed the hungry and clothe the naked. We can extend to the afflicted our condolence, making their burdens ours, and, by words of kindness and personal attentions, alleviate their sufferings. We may encourage honest industry, struggling with adversity, and, by a little timely aid, restore courage to the fainting. And it is not so much the

amount bestowed, which promotes happiness, as the sweet influence of sympathy. We may purchase tracts and scatter them, and thus be the happy instrument of checking vice, giving a right turn to a youthful mind, or rescuing a soul from death. We can make a beneficial impression upon our associates, as lovers of peace and order, defending the wrongfully accused, and firmly advocating sound principles. We can give our names and efforts to tried philanthropic enterprises, and, through their agency, impart to destitute nations our own invaluable privileges.

Without enumerating other methods of doing good, let me invite you, my dear young friends, to reflect upon some of the great motives which summon you to this appropriate and heavenly work.

You are called to it by the express command of God. His language is, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' 'Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.' 'To do good, and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' The Scriptures abound with such teachings. Their author is a God, whose name is Love; who so loved the world that he gave for it his well-beloved son; a God, whose goodness pervades heaven and earth, in forms without number. *He* knows, infinitely well, the blessedness of benevolence, and he wishes us to partake of the identical joy which dwells in his own bosom. If the injunctions of a *father* should have weight, *God* is 'the *kindest and best of fathers.*' If the heart's wish of a dear friend deserves regard, who else is such a friend? If benefactors rightfully claim some deference, what are all other benefactors to him? He calls you to this work — his own work, — by his own high authority, — by his gifts of mercy, his surpassing, illimitable goodness.

The example of the blessed Saviour invites you to the work. He dwelt in primeval, uncreated light, the glory of his own attributes, when, as yet, suns and stars were unmade. And when the morning stars began their ceaseless hymn, it was *He* whom they sang. Angels peerlessly bright, and as holy as beautiful, adored him. Throughout their shining orders, one impulse moved, one song employed them. And could the '*Son of the Blessed,*' turn away his ear from music like this? He could, and did. The story has been sung to you in your cradle, lisped by you in the Sabbath-school, chanted in the choir, echoed from the pulpit, prayed over, wept

over in your presence, and you know it by heart. O, that you all knew it *in* your heart. He took upon himself the work of saving the lost. You have read the epitome of his deeds. But there were many other things which Jesus did, not found in the inspired records. What is written you know. He carried light and joy wherever he went. Healing mercies he scattered like the dew. Lepers recovered, sight restored, demons expelled, and sins forgiven, marked his wonderful course. He has left 'us an example, that we should follow his steps.' By all the persuasives issuing from it, he bids us, also, 'do good unto all men.' Though we cannot work miracles, we can, by the grace of God, as to our spirit and aim in life, and general character, 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ.' Every incident in his life reiterates his precepts and exhortations, bidding us do good. And, added to these, as recorded by the evangelists, is that memorable declaration, rescued from oblivion by the care of an apostle, himself a paragon of goodness, or, rather, by the care and love of the Holy Spirit, moving and guiding his pen, — '*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*' The glorious Redeemer holds up before you his own illustrious example. Who of you, beloved friends, will not haste to tread in his steps?

Your own well-being summons you to the work. To do good produces contentment and happiness, yea, creates a heaven in the heart. It subdues unholy passions and strengthens virtuous principles. It gives to life an object, placing us beyond the control of varying circumstances. No outward change can despoil us of the pure joys of benevolence. To do good will conform our character to the sweet and lovely character of Christ. If we have mourned over our lack of his spirit, if we have deplored our broken resolutions for virtuous living, our scanty proficiency in the knowledge and practice of things lovely, pure, and of good report, let us, in this blessed work, do 'with all our might what our hand findeth to do,' and it will stir to vigorous action every heavenly principle. And if any here addressed are not the happy daughters of the Lord, let me in all affection assure them, that the best way to please God, and to be accepted of him, is to begin immediately to live for his cause. There is nothing else worth living for. Nothing else is, comparatively, worthy a thought. These remarks are penned with a most deliberate and settled conviction of their truth and immeasurable importance. They urgently solicit your consideration. Do

any fear that *want* would be their companion in the path pointed out? God has anticipated all such fears. 'Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.'

But this life, what is it? A stepping-stone to the next. If we do good, from holy motives, we shall thus secure *friends in heaven.* 'Make to yourselves friends,' said Jesus, 'of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.' Do the utmost good with the property intrusted to you, and all the blessed in glory will become your friends, and at your death will receive your spirits to their everlasting habitations. Yes, he that giveth for Jesus' sake, to the thirsty but a cup of cold water, 'shall in no wise lose his reward.' The merciful Saviour will accept it as done to himself. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

My dear young friends, will you not admit to your hearts these impressive considerations? Where, on earth, is benevolence more beautiful, than in the female character? You exert, for good or ill, a wide and endless influence. O, let it win to virtue, Christ, and heaven, those whom sterner persuasives have no power to win. Live not, I beseech you, for yourselves. Live not a life of thoughtless pleasure. It is unworthy of you. Propose it to yourselves, I pray you, as the one great object of your being, to obey God, and accomplish all the good possible. Language cannot exhibit, nor can imagination conceive, its unutterable importance. But the years of eternity will reveal it, as they perpetually wax and wane.

North Marshfield, Mass., March, 1845.

PLEASURES OF TEACHING.

Delightful task, to rear the tender thought;
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

Thomson.

Original.

A SORROWFUL PICTURE.

THOUGH years have since passed, that death-bed scene has all the freshness of yesterday. Two weeks before, I saw her in all the hilarity of early, but thoughtless womanhood, the portraiture of health. Now, as I approached, I remarked with astonishment the change. Her forehead, broad and expansive, was the only feature which had defied the withering blight of disease. Her eyes had assumed the glassiness of death, and her cheeks, once so full, were deeply sunken, though still retaining something of their native hue. In a word, I beheld the very image of 'gaunt death.' As I drew near she turned her eyes full upon me, and, as if conscious that

'Nature's tide was ebbing fast,'

she said, 'Can't you pray for me? Nobody has prayed with me during my sickness.'

Never shall I forget her look, her tone of voice. They seemed to say, 'none careth for my soul!' 'Nobody has prayed with me'! O, how those words thrilled through my heart. It was not, however, because there were not many who would most gladly have commended her to Him who forgiveth iniquity and healeth all our diseases. There were but few who knew her critical situation. There was a reason for this secrecy, which may not be fully known till the secrets of men are disclosed and judged.

I bowed before the throne of the Eternal, but could not resist the conviction, that it was not *then* a throne of grace. The heavens were as brass. During this time she was evidently the victim of the most distressing mental agony; but it was the sorrow which worketh death. At times she appeared as though she would disclose something, but her pride of heart, and the perpetuation of a good name as the solace of afflicted friends, would rise and stifle her deep relentings, about to break forth in confession before God. What must have been the certain, *physical* effect of such a state of mind, we leave for the reader to imagine. There is, however, no doubt but what her premature death was hastened by this vacillation between a sense of duty and her selfish emotions. These last triumphed. She was heard to say when in death's chilly tide,

to one to whom she had made some *confidential* disclosure, 'be sure that you never mention what I have told you.' Thus she died. 'Deeply mysterious!' perhaps the reader exclaims. So thought her friends. Call it not the providence of God, unless the inevitable penalty attached to the violation of a physical law, be such.

Of a large family of children she was the youngest, and was most tenderly loved by an aged mother. But this child of her old age was the occasion of bringing her down to the grave in sorrow. From the time she became apprized of her daughter's death, and the *cause*, (to the discovery of which the above dying expression tended,) she went rapidly to the grave — dying broken-hearted. An extensive domestic circle was also thrown into great affliction, enhanced as it was by the reflection, that one within their own fold was the guilty cause of their sorrow. He was capable of deeds which dare not seek the light. It was in attempts to hide his own guilt and hers, by an act of deepest crime, that she fell a victim. If physical and mental suffering, if even the agonies of death, *could* atone for her crime, then would she have been absolved; but, alas, unpardoned,

'Sin kills beyond the tomb!'

Many things might be said of him, who,

'On her womanish nature won,
And age suspicionless;'

but as they would not meet his eye I pass them over. That he is black at heart, whatever may be his external accomplishments, in which villains sometimes excel, the history of this revolting death is proof.

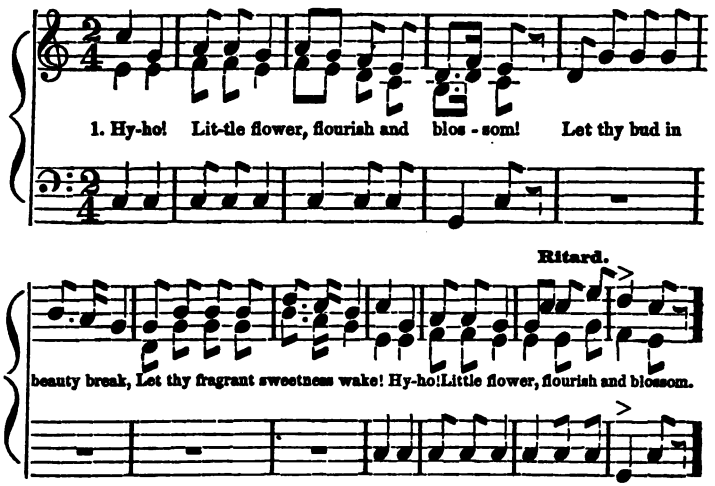
We would not shock the modesty of the gentle reader, but few seemed more secure in virtue than she whose tragic end is here described. Avoid the accomplished libertine. Till the virtuous manifest more decision here, virtue is insecure. Let it be understood that you associate with none who are not '*above suspicion.*' Then would the designing stand back, abashed. Then would innocence, chaste and lovely, be regarded as too sacred for unholy hands.

A YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

Hampden Co., Ms., March, 1845.

SPRING TIME.

FR. SILCHER.

FROM THE VOCALIST. BY PERMISSION.

1. Hy-ho! Lit-tle flower, flourish and blos - som! Let thy bud in
Ritard.
beauty break, Let thy fragrant sweetness wake! Hy-ho! Little flower, flourish and blossom.

2 Hy-ho! Gentle breeze, kindly regale us!
Mild the sky that smiles above,
Earth beneath is filled with love;
Hy-ho! Gentle breeze, breezes regale us!

3 Hy-ho! Meadow streams, welcome your flowing!
Hie along mid hills and dells,
Bright your silvery rippling swells;
Hy-ho! Meadow streams, sweet is your flowing!

4 Hy-ho! Birds of Spring, sing forth your pleasures!
While ye pass on nimble wing,
Let your gladdening music ring;
Hy-ho! Birds of Spring, sing forth your pleasures!

5 Hy-ho! Heart of man, join the rejoicing!
Wilt thou let thyself be sad,
When all else around thee's glad?
Hy-ho! Heart of man, join the rejoicing!

West View of the Wheaton Female Seminary, Norton, Mass.tts

plete moral agent, choosing freely between good and evil, a
times preferring the latter.

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VI. MAY, 1845. No. 5.

Original.

PREVENTION OF FALSEHOOD IN CHILDREN.

BY MR. CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

[Obtained a Prize of $30.]

MANY writers have sketched, in imperfect outlines, what no one can ever adequately describe, the mingled emotions of love, joy, hope, fear, complete satisfaction and anxious solicitude, which crowd upon the heart of the Christian mother, who finds herself, for the first time, the guardian and guide of a young immortal, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, whose temporal and eternal destiny is mainly to depend (as far as human agency is concerned) upon her guidance. Her delight is chastened by a sense of solemn responsibility, which sometimes almost causes her to shrink under the thought, 'Who is sufficient for these things'? Then, the remembrance of the many promises of divine assistance, and the many encouragements to persevere in the faithful discharge of parental duty, animates her spirits and strengthens her to surmount every difficulty.

The young child has been compared to a fair sheet of blank paper, upon which the writer may inscribe what he pleases; to a plant newly evolved from the seed; which, if the gardener uses sufficient care, and coöperates with, instead of opposing, the fixed laws of vegetation, he may train to be the pride and ornament of his garden. But analogies drawn from passive to active beings must always fail. The infant is early found to have a will of its own; and a few months' or years' progress plainly shows it to be a complete moral agent, choosing freely between good and evil, and oftimes preferring the latter.

As the human blossom blows, and discloses daily new beauties to the mother's admiring gaze, even her partial judgment must allow that faults and blemishes are likewise developed. Impatience and passion first appear; these are succeeded by offences of a graver cast; and, sooner or later, according to circumstances, it is found that the beloved child, whose spiritual welfare is far dearer to the anxious mother than its bodily health, has become regardless of truth; has deliberately told a falsehood.

Why is it that perfect truth is so very rare a virtue? Why is it that children, almost without exception, violate it?

Even without considering the depravity of human nature, a sufficient cause for the prevalence of falsehood among children is found in the slight regard for truth which manifests itself in so many ways among men and women throughout the community. Our individual commercial transactions, our repudiation of State debts, our infraction of national treaties, the usages of our courts of justice, the practice of our three learned professions, the intercourse of our social life, and our very laws themselves, afford proof of my assertion.

Is this a sweeping and unreasonable charge? Alas, all the specifications of it may be proved.

Our laws themselves do not recognize falsehood as a crime. I was spending the evening with the family of an eminent lawyer, when the bell rang, and the master of the house was called out. Do clients come so late? said I, for it was past ten o'clock. We were yet talking of the labors incident to the legal profession, when the lawyer returned, and told us that a man had called to inquire if he could obtain redress from one who had grossly insulted his wife. 'What was the insult?' 'He called her a liar, in the open street.' 'Did he strike her? Did he lay hands on her?' 'No, but he called her a liar! What could be a greater insult?' 'My friend,' said the lawyer, 'that man may stand in the market and call you and your wife liars all day long, and yet you can have no legal redress, because the law does not regard lying as a crime, and therefore such a charge does not injure your character, or hers, in the eye of the law.'

Look at the ordinary proceedings of the courts. The criminal is expressly instructed by his counsel and the judge to plead *not guilty*, though he knows, and they know, that he *is* guilty. It is said that this is merely a form, meaning that the accused will not confess, but

requires them to bring proof of his guilt before they punish him. If this is the real meaning, why do they not use these words, or some equivalent expression? The reason is, they do not regard the difference between truth and falsehood sufficiently to alter the form. The deliberate statement of an untruth is regarded by them as of no consequence whatever.

Observe the disregard of truth in our common business transactions. The warranty of imperfect articles; the assurance of fast colors and firm texture in cloths; of certain and speedy cure in medicines; of strict punctuality in the manufacture and delivery of clothing and furniture; and of absolute faultlessness in whatever is the subject of auction sale, have become proverbial for their falsehood.

Look at our habits in domestic and social life. How often do we assure indifferent and intrusive visitors that we are very glad to see them, that we wish they could stay longer, and that we hope they will call again soon! How often do we falsely ascribe to ill health, or to want of time, our neglect to pay a visit, or to write a letter! How often do we plead an obstacle merely imaginary, to evade the performance of a disagreeable duty! How often do we threaten children or servants with a punishment which never is inflicted!

I have said that deception is practised by the three learned professions. All know, or may know if they will use their eyes, that the doctor flatters his patient with hopes that he knows to be ill-founded; that the lawyer deliberately conceals and distorts the truth which would injure his client; and that many clergymen teach, as religious truth, what is most plainly opposed to the declarations of Christ.

But, allowing these violations of truth to exist, is it to be supposed that children notice and imitate them?

Children actually see and imitate more of the faults and follies of their elders, and at a much earlier age, than we are accustomed to suppose. But, in the case before us, the evil should not be mainly ascribed to any direct imitation on the part of children. It springs rather from that want of allegiance to the principle of truth; that failure to appreciate its importance, that doubt of its universal obligation, which, pervading the whole community, poisons the very fountain from which the child is to draw its mental, moral, and spiritual nourishment.

As God made man in his own image, so society forms teachers in her own image. In other words, the teachers likely to arise in any given state of society are such as represent and embody the habits, opinions, and principles of that place and time. The supply is regulated by the demand. The rules which are thought good enough for the parents to live by, are thought good enough for the children to learn. Thus there comes to be a lax and imperfect instruction on this subject in the schools.

But direct instruction has comparatively little to do with the matter. It is commonly said that a boy received his education at such a school, or at such a college; but his true education has come more from the life of the teacher than from his rules, and far more from the other influences to which he is subjected than from either. Education is the result of all the influences, good, bad, and indifferent, with which the child or the man has come in contact. His father, his mother, his brothers and sisters, his playmates, the friends of the family whom he sees, the books and newspapers which he reads, the customs of his native town, his own sickness or health, activity or indolence, predominance or subordination in his little circle of companions, the restraint or the license under which his childhood and youth have been passed, the use of love or fear as the chief motive to secure his obedience, the care or the neglect to develope his good and repress his evil tendencies — these are the true educators; though it is true that the will upon which these circumstances act, may, and sometimes does, successfully resist all their influence; still, it is generally these and other like circumstances which mould the character and make the man; and therefore it is to the judicious regulation of these circumstances, as well as to the selection of proper teachers for their children, that parents should direct their most earnest and vigilant attention.

These truths will guide us to a satisfactory reply to the inquiry, How may we labor with the most reasonable hope of success in counteracting the tendency of children to falsehood?

1st. Children should find in their parents the example of a life thoroughly imbued with the love of truth.

This is the most important instrumentality in the work of which we speak. If fancied expediency, or fashion, or fear, or an erroneous estimate of civility, hospitality, and benevolence, induce parents to violate the truth in the sight and hearing of their children, what

can be expected but that these will imitate the vicious example? But abstinence from falsehood is not all which is required. The *love* of truth should be kindled in the heart, and thence shine out visibly in the life of every parent. The principle of truth should be made the guiding, governing principle of every family. If children must have examples of mean equivocation and cowardly falsehood elsewhere, let them still be able to point with proud satisfaction to their home as the nursery of truth; to their father as a man of undeviating integrity; to their mother as the teacher and pattern of perfect sincerity. Let them feel the excellence of this principle in its practical operation. Let them grow up amid the developments of that frank, manly, straight-forward character, which a love of truth never fails to produce; and thus they will at once feel the strongest incitements to adopt this principle as their own, and be fortified in the most effectual manner against those temptations to swerve from the truth, which will meet them in advancing years.

We say it deliberately and confidently, — there can be no greater recommendation of a character, than the assurance that it possesses strict, undeviating integrity. We may know much in other respects *about* a man; his business talent, his cheerful disposition, his kind heart, his open hand, his punctual fulfilment of the common duties of husband, father, citizen, tradesman, &c., but when we find him to be unquestionably a man of truth, we know *the man himself.* We can tell, in every exigency, where to find him. In the evil day, when trouble comes, and with trouble, temptation, (for say what we will of the trials of prosperity and luxury, the true danger to the character and the soul is, when want points to our starving wife and children, and whispers that a small portion of our neighbor's property, so small that it would never be missed, would relieve them,) in a trying exigency like this, the man of integrity stands firmly, for his foundation is a rock. He can suffer; he can die, if need be; and when he finds that his life can be preserved only by the sacrifice of truth, he knows that his business on earth is ended, that this is the very place and time which God has appointed for his death, and that the very example of his death in such a cause will be more advantageous to the interests of truth and righteousness than a hundred years spent in the vain attempt to reconcile the service of God and mammon.

Writers on morals have gravely raised the inquiry whether a lie

is not sometimes justifiable, and as gravely answered it in the affirmative. Dr. Paley, whose work on Moral Philosophy has been, and perhaps still is, the most approved text-book on that subject for our seminaries of learning, takes this ground, and deliberately points out several classes of violations of the truth which he represents as justifiable. Language is hardly adequate to express the pernicious effect of such instructions upon the morals of the community which receives them and practices upon them. To poison the wells of a town is an excess of atrocity too great even for those who approve and justify the common barbarities of war; what then shall be said of him who deliberately poisons the fountain of truth, and sends forth its contaminated waters to do their destructive work among the youth of a whole community?

We cannot alter the fact that teachers of such lax principles and vicious practice, are abroad. Our children, as they advance in education, become familiar with standard literature, and gain a knowledge of the business of life, must meet not only the effects of this instruction diffused through the community, but the instruction itself. How are we to guard them from these influences? Where is the armor of proof which will enable them to walk safely amid dangers like these? It can be found only in such a diffusion of the element of truth through the whole early life of the child, and in such assiduous inculcation and invariable practice of perfect integrity by the parents, as shall form in that child, from the earliest years of moral agency, a habit of expecting truth from others, of being surprised and indignant at its failure in them, and of speaking it, as a matter of course, in all his own concerns. A child thus educated will be able to distinguish between good and evil. He will see, successively, the meanness of falsehood in the petty transactions of boyhood, its disgraceful character in the maturer business of life, its direct interference with the joys of social intercourse, friendship, and love, and its inherent criminality and sinfulness under each and every form. He will then not be deceived even by the authoritative aspect of a teacher, who shall tell him, with Dr. Paley, that falsehoods are sometimes venial, and sometimes innocent; but with a noble independence he will renounce such authorities, and dare to stand alone, relying on the suggestions of the monitor within, and assured that his vindication of truth will receive the approbation of the God of truth.

But how are children to be thus thoroughly imbued with these principles, and thus forewarned and forearmed for their encounter with the moral perils of life? How, but by a preparation of the parents for their work, as conscientiously faithful as that of the minister of the gospel for his? Rarely will this great end be attained by any elaborateness of external care, the care of teachers and pastors, if a defective instruction and a vicious example are allowed to pollute the sanctuary of home. To parents, then, and especially to mothers, the earliest and most influential of the educators of youth, our warning and entreaty first and most imperatively address themselves. Your most anxious care, from the moment when you are intrusted with the guidance of a rational and immortal being, should be to cherish and confirm in yourselves the principle of veneration for truth, so that not only your ordinary example and instructions may be what they should be, but so that no unexpected contingency, no awkward concurrence of circumstances may ever, by any possibility, suggest to your minds the serious design of taking refuge in falsehood. Regard not the false shame which would alarm you by the charge of singularity; or the false benevolence which insinuates that a trivial departure from the truth might often prevent mortification and heal wounded feeling; or the false modesty which questions the soundness of your judgment in opposition to numerous and respectable authorities; regard nothing, in a matter so momentous, but the dictates of conscience and of God; give your children, from the commencement, the advantage of a sound and healthy home influence, a perfect parental example, upon this important subject, and in future years they shall rise up and call you blessed.

2d. Direct instruction should be given as to the obligations, excellences, and practical advantages of an invariable adherence to truth; and these precepts should be illustrated and enforced by examples from history, and by facts within the child's own knowledge.

An obvious advantage of thorough truthfulness of character is the confidence it inspires in our fellow-men. We know that we may rely upon the word of some persons more implicitly than upon the oath, or the bond of others. The advantage such persons enjoy over others in their business transactions, and in the intercourse of social life, should be presented to the minds of children; and, contrasted with this, we should show them the certainty with which a single act of meanness or falsehood taints the whole character, ex-

poses the deceiver to the contempt of all, and causes his subsequent assertions, even though true, to be regarded with suspicion.

It is important, however, to guard against an error which we sometimes find in the tales written for children on this subject, namely, the representation that temporal prosperity will certainly follow honesty in one's words and actions. This is the *tendency*, but not always the actual *result* of such conduct. It is undeniable, that wickedness sometimes prospers in this world, as far as the accumulation of wealth and honors can be called prosperity; and equally undeniable that an act of integrity is sometimes the very means by which an honest man loses those advantages. The love of truth has caused many a man to lose his property, the favor of those on whom his temporal interests depended, and even his life. These facts must not be concealed; truth must not be recommended by equivocation; incidents like these may even aid us, by showing how precious must be the gem for which lands and life have been cheerfully relinquished. They may teach us also two other important lessons; that God does not value riches and outward prosperity so highly as to make them the rewards of goodness; and that since full justice is not executed in the allotment of prosperity and adversity in this world, there must be a future life in which men shall receive a destiny corresponding to the deeds done in the body.

There are authentic facts enough, which, without exposing us to the danger above hinted at, will enable us to give children an exact idea of the kind of practical advantage to be expected from strict adherence to truth. History, ancient and modern, amid more numerous examples of falsehood and profligacy, gives us many instances of truly noble men, who, under the pressure of fiery trials, have recognized and performed the duties which truth imposes, and have received not only the approbation of their own consciences, but the respect and reverence of their fellow-men. And not only the pages of history, but the details of common life, will show us many illustrations of the advantage of an established character for integrity.

But the *great* reason why truth should govern all our dealings, the *chief* motive by which it should be urged upon children and youth, is its inherent justice, rectitude, and excellence. It is right! It is the will of God! One of the expressions by which Christ describes to us his essential character is, 'I AM THE TRUTH;' and he

further says, 'for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth; every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.' One of the characteristics of the infinite God is, that he 'cannot lie.' And this same love of truth and abhorrence of falsehood is one of the most marked characteristics of his children. Our consciences testify to their own existence, and to their office of rebuking sin, perhaps more emphatically upon this point than upon any other. The very first mental consent to the idea of deliberate deception, calls up the accusing blood into our cheeks, and makes us feel guilty, disgraced, and inexcusable; condemned, not less by our own souls than by the sentence of eternal justice. The liar, like the unbeliever, is 'condemned already,' and knows his sentence, and feels his punishment, before a single other human being is aware of his guilt. He cannot conceal it from *himself*. He is an ever wakeful, ever present witness against himself. The very commission of the crime opens his eyes, and shows him that the fruits he thought so fair are the apples of Sodom, full of bitter dust and ashes; that the advantage which it seemed worth while to barter his conscience for, is nothing, and less than nothing, compared with peace of mind, self-respect, conscious innocence, and the approval of the all-seeing eye. He sees too late that he has made a fatal mistake; while the man who has suffered any pecuniary loss or temporal injury from his allegiance to truth, feels happy, notwithstanding, in the witness of a good conscience, and the approbation of his Father in heaven.

3d. Every parent who cannot himself superintend the education of his children, should use the utmost care and discrimination in selecting a teacher for them.

It surely needs no lengthened argument to show that fixed principles of integrity and an invincible attachment to truth, are, at least, as necessary qualifications of a teacher, as proficiency in geography and arithmetic. It is important that he should know how to inculcate truth, but far more important that his life should show its excellence, and attract his pupils to admire and practise it. If his course of school discipline displays stratagem, artifice, a suspicious temper, and a readiness to suppose falsehood in those under his charge, he will not effectually recommend truth, however much its precepts may be upon his tongue. Since practical honesty, frankness, and candor are the qualities most to be desired in pupils, they

should shine forth conspicuously in the teacher; and he who overlooks these qualities in his selection of a teacher, should not be surprised if his child fails to display them.

4th. Those who would prevent their children from contracting a habit of falsehood, must see that they are not needlessly exposed to the ordinary causes of this vice, and the chief temptations to it.

The first of these is bad company, a danger which cannot always be avoided, but which is usually submitted to with very little care or effort for its removal.

Many a parent who would shudder to expose his beloved child to the infection of the plague, will deliberately expose him to the worse infection of open vice, by leaving him in the society of those who practise it. The presence of good and the freedom from bad companions for one's children, should be one of the chief considerations in selecting a residence; but how often is this important point decided by inferior motives, and how seldom do we pay any regard whatever to the consideration referred to. We seek anxiously for good air, but neglect the spiritual atmosphere. We provide those things that are needful for the body, but disregard that for which the body itself exists.

It is bad to let a child run freely abroad among strangers, and worse to suffer him habitually to associate with companions whose vicious character we know; but a more pernicious error than either would be to allow corrupt influences to meet him in his own home. There is evil abroad in the world, from which we cannot escape but by that worse evil, a life of seclusion; but home should be a sanctuary of peace, purity, and truth, in which the child may dwell safely, and from which he may carry forth armor to shield him from enemies abroad. Even parents who have not understood the value of truth to themselves, should practise it for their children's sake, and beware lest through their carelessness or indolence, those children grow up in the practice of falsehood.

One of the chief sources of falsehood is fear. A child often tells a lie for no other cause than that he dares not tell the truth. If there were no other reason than this for making love instead of fear the governing principle in one's family, this alone would make it the sacred duty of every parent to do so. It is not enough that the father and mother are really the child's best friends; the child must be made to know and feel that they are so. Their treatment of him

should be such that he may as readily and as spontaneously go to them for advice when he has *done* wrong as when he has suffered wrong; such that he should no more *fear* to confess a fault to them than to God. The confession of sin must necessarily cause shame; but when it causes fear also, there must be something wrong, or something not understood, in the party to whom the confession is made. However guilty we may have become, in whatever complication of difficulties we may have involved ourselves, there is always one right course, which may be taken without fear. God is always ready kindly to receive the repentant sinner, and we are commanded to forgive as he does. If confessions of offences against our fellow mortals were received in this spirit, they might not only be made without fear, but they *would* be made, and accompanied with reparation, much more frequently than they are. How sad then is the mistake, and how great must be the future self-reproach of a parent, whose sternness of character repels from him the penitent child, and makes the confession of his fault more to be dreaded than its perpetration.

Parents should also respect the child's own sense of justice and truth. Children have an acute and justly discriminating moral sense, and an inward impulse, more or less active, to follow its dictates. 'Of such,' said Christ, 'is the kingdom of heaven.' We must beware of wantonly violating this feeling. Even in cases in which our matured judgment differs from theirs, their sense of right should be indulged, unless positive wrong or injury would result from its indulgence. No better lesson can be given to our children than to govern all their actions by a principle of right and truth; and if we find them truly disposed to act upon this principle, we may safely trust to time to correct their errors of judgment.

Something should also be allowed to the child's own individuality. He too is conscious of that which his elders feel and value so much, a property in his own thoughts, words, and actions; a right to his own secrets; a right to refuse betrayal of the confidence that has been reposed in him. We should not interfere with this feeling, save for really important ends; and when we deem it necessary so to interfere, our reasons should be made clear to the child, who feels injured by this exercise of authority. A wise father will not always exact blind submission to his will. To require this is to tempt the child to evade it by falsehood. We know how many questions might

be asked, which would sorely tempt even *our* integrity, if we were not at liberty to refuse or evade an answer. Is it not better to allow a child this liberty, than to expose him to such temptation? Is it not better to save him from the horribly corrupting influence of balancing in his mind between truth and falsehood, even by the concession of his right sometimes to decline answering? *We* escape from the utterance of an unpleasant truth by evasion, by turning the conversation, by a thousand arts which the child has not skill to practise; he can avoid saying what he *will not* say, and what we cannot make him say, only by a lie. We should beware of corrupting and crushing that noble spirit of honesty which in such a case resolutely keeps silence; by refusing this liberty, we offer a direct temptation to falsehood; by granting it we acquire that respect and gratitude from the youthful heart, which is the strongest pledge of our future influence over it.

Perfect sincerity, in youth or mature age, is an inestimable jewel. We can hardly spend too much thought or effort upon the means of securing it. It is the pledge of respect for one's self, and of justice to others. No single virtue draws so many others in its train as truth, and none else is fatal to so many vices. In our examination of ourselves, in our dealings with our fellow-men, and in our relations to God, truth is the indispensable requisite, which failing, leaves all else of little value. Let us leave this, if we can leave nothing else, as a heritage to our children.

Newburyport, Mass.

EVENING.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With livid sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. — *Milton.*

THE

Young Lady's Friend.

Original.

MENTAL CULTURE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH H. M'COLLOM.

MANY, who in general terms admit the importance of knowledge, seem to have, after all, only vague, loose, and unworthy ideas upon the subject. They have received, without examination, the current opinion, that some degree of intelligence is essential, but are alike unable and unconcerned to give the reasons which render it so. They have not that vivid impression of its importance, which leads to self-denial and effort for its attainment; and, provided they have knowledge enough to appear well in the circle of their acquaintance, they rest entirely satisfied. They do not once imagine that duty requires of them farther and still farther advancement; indeed, they would think themselves censurable to attempt any thing beyond the acquirement of a respectable education.

Others still, consider mental culture quite useless, except as it is in some way connected with pecuniary advantage. They think especially, that, for the peculiar duties of woman, much intelligence is not only needless, but really injurious; that it has a tendency to unfit her for the cares and responsibilities which rest upon her; that it throws a cheerless and disordered air over her home; that she who adorns the library and drawing-room, becomes a most unfit inmate of the nursery, or the kitchen; that the taste, which enables her to examine judiciously the contents of a literary volume, equally unfits her for examining the contents of her store-room; that, while she may combine beautifully and harmoniously the images of loveliness which poetry and nature supply, and thus furnish a rich mental repast, she has no skill for the combination of those grosser materials, which are necessary for spreading her table with that which will promote the health and strength of the body.

Before urging the importance of intelligence and mental culture, I would, if possible, meet and disarm this prejudice. I would show it to spring from narrow and contracted views, not only of the sphere and duties of one half the intelligent creation God has placed upon this earth, but of the mind itself.

The duties of woman as a house-keeper are undoubtedly important; and she who is unable to commence these duties with some degree of ease and credit, may be said to be badly educated. On her part, or on the part of those to whose training she was intrusted, there is resting positive neglect. One important qualification for the happiness and respectability of herself and family, has been overlooked. She and they, at least for awhile, must suffer by the injudicious arrangement of her domestic system; and discomfort and disorder may throw a shadow over that spot, which should concentrate as much as possible the beauty and sunshine of earth. A well regulated household is indispensable to the highest degree of domestic enjoyment. There may be intelligence, there may be piety, there may be deep and pure affection, but if decorum and judicious management are wanting in the family circle, none will come within its influence, without feeling a destitution of that which gave to these higher qualifications a still greater charm.

But to suppose that a knowledge of domestic affairs is the most important knowledge a woman can possess, is entirely overlooking the fact that she has something else in her family to perform, beyond a mere provision for its physical wants. It is her duty to provide things comfortable for the body, but those who share her daily attentions, in this respect, are not mere animals. Immortal beings are within the sphere of her influence. Young affections are given her to train, and young minds to imbue with lofty and generous sentiments. She must make her home, not only the abode of cleanliness and order, but of peace; of sweet charity, of beaming intelligence, of glad and elevated piety. She must, indeed, look well to the ways of her household, but narrow and contracted will her spirit be, if it look not also beyond. She must be a sympathizing friend, an improving member of society, an active disciple of Christ. She must give consolation in distress, must stand by the bed of sickness, must whisper of hope and heaven to the departing soul. Is there not something which she needs for all this beyond the mere qualifications of a good housekeeper?

'Madam,' said a sensible young man to a discreet lady, who objected to his matrimonial choice, because the object of it was feared to be quite deficient in a knowledge of domestic duties, 'Madam, a dollar or so a week will procure me some one to make my bed, and cook my dinner, but I wish for a companion; one who will sympathize with me in my pursuits, will aid me when perplexed, will kindly and wisely advise, will strengthen the principles of virtue in my soul, and be to me, intellectually and morally, a helper and a friend. Much as I should regret a defect in her domestic qualifications, I know that this deficiency can, by time and effort, be remedied. The other qualifications, if she does not at first possess, I should despair of her ever afterward acquiring.'

But to leave the objection and return to our subject. The high importance of mental culture is proved, I think, by the nature of the mind itself. Was it to provide merely for our physical existence, that God has given us this mind with its glorious and ever expanding capabilities? Has he, for this, given it the power of glancing

'From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven?'

of tracing the hidden and mysterious laws of matter; of tracking the complicated movement of the stars; of understanding, in some humble degree, his own transcendent perfections; of reasoning concerning his universal government and far-reaching Providence? Mere instinct would have answered just as well for a supply of our bodily wants, as all this array of splendid abilities. When then we limit the acquirement of knowledge simply to this, we defeat the intention of our Creator; we employ, for inadequate purposes, one of the brightest elements in our original creation; we, in fact, are permitting some of the noblest powers of the mind to lie dormant. Have we a right to do this? As well might we neglect the body; cramp, by sloth, its active members, waste its strength and energy by sinful indulgence, and hope to escape blameless, as we can neglect the mind, and thus shut up in darkness that light which was given us to guide and bless our own steps, and throw its friendly beams over the pathway of others. To be content to live in ignorance, making no effort to strengthen and adorn the intellect, is doing violence to our very constitution as intelligent beings; it is effacing still more the image of divinity stamped upon the soul; it is descending in the

scale of creation, and placing ourselves upon a level with inferior natures.

But if, from the very nature of the mind, we may learn in what light God regards its expansion and culture, we can read the same great truth in the glory of the external world. How fitted to excite our attention, to awaken thought and fill us with admiration, is the silent ministry of nature every where exerted. Has such beauty, such regularity, such exquisite finish, been lavished upon the works of God for nought? Why spring unnumbered flowers in our common path? Why is our daily and nightly canopy radiant with celestial glory? Why tower on one hand the everlasting hills,

'With unshorn forests crowned'?

Why spreads upon the other the magnificent ocean, in its vastness and sublimity? It is to furnish the mind with sources of knowledge as boundless as they are captivating.

O, to live in such a world as this, with minds fitted to enjoy, and able, in some degree, to comprehend, the beauties and wonders which are every where visible, imposes upon us, if any thing can, the obligation of thought, study, and deep research; of that watchful eagerness *to know*, which shall most gladly avail itself of every species of valuable information. The universe itself is one great school-room; upon its walls are stamped many a rich and varied lesson. How vast is its laboratory! How extensive its cabinet of curiosities! How grand its array! Here is the handiwork of God! Specimens of the wonder-working power of Him in whose image we were formed. These are the materials from which the mind must select and then combine and arrange for itself. In this school, as pupils, we are all placed. Have we, then, nothing to do? Shall we slumber over our task? Shall we amuse ourselves with toys and trifles, leave every lesson unlearned, and our minds as uninterested and uninformed, as though such incitements and opportunities had not been ours? Then shall we, by our actions, at least, pronounce as unworthy of our regard those things which God himself declared were very good. We shall intimate that nature is dull and unmeaning; or that we have nothing more to do with its beauty and grandeur, than the ox which grazes the pasture, or the sheep which cover the hills.

But of this we may be assured, God has not designed by the con-

stitution of our minds, and the infinite sources of knowledge which surround us, that we should live in thoughtlessness and ignorance. He has given us powers to act, and materials with which to work; and every rising sun should find us ready to commence our task, and every setting one find some portion of that task completed. We have no right to close the ear and shut the eye, when ravishing sounds are on every breeze, and images of loveliness beam from every point.

It is not possible, that all our time, or the greater portion of it, situated as we are, can be devoted exclusively to intellectual pursuits. But we may at all times cherish the *desire* to know; we may love truth, and be ever interested to obtain it. We may avail ourselves of those favored moments, when, by intercourse with some superior and gifted mind, either through their conversation, or their written thoughts, we can catch some new inspiration, possess ourselves of some rich fact, or glance at some hitherto unperceived view of truth.

But in addition to the nature of the mind and the constitution of the external world, we may adduce as another proof of the importance of mental culture, the high enjoyment it affords. It is true, that, when sin entered the bosom of man, his intellect became obscured. The development of the mind and the acquisition of knowledge are not attended with that degree of pleasure, which, in a state of perfect innocence, they would have been. This pleasure, like every other of which the human soul in its present state is susceptible, has been marred. We have now to contend against thorns and briers, where before would have sprung spontaneous fruits and flowers. By the sweat of our brow we must earn that, which, before, moderate and delightful labor would have yielded in rich profusion. But the acquisition of knowledge and intellectual research is still followed by enjoyment, which ranks second only to religious joy and hope. This enjoyment is pure and elevating, and, unlike sensual gratification, leaves no satiety behind. It is ours in common with angelic natures. It spreads a serene and gladdening influence over the hours of life; it affords society in the midst of solitude; soothes many a season of anxiety and sorrow, and gilds, with greater brilliancy, moments of ease and happiness.

When this rich source of pleasure is within our reach, is it not our duty to avail ourselves of it? Are the springs of happiness so plen-

tiful and common that this can easily be spared? Duty requires us to seek our proper enjoyment as rational and intelligent beings; and it no less requires us to seek mental culture, as one most efficient means of that enjoyment.

The greater usefulness of which it renders us capable is another powerful argument for the attainment of knowledge. Go where we will; placed in whatever circumstances we may be, we shall always find error to correct, weakness to assist, and ignorance to instruct. Knowledge is power of a far more enduring nature than great wealth or high station. It gives us influence over the whole world of mind, which these can never do. It plants our memory deep in the soul of man. It causes our name to be a familiar word at the fireside, from which the wide ocean separates us, or our sleeping ashes. The inspiration, which was kindled in our soul and urged us on and still on, has lighted a hundred flames in the soul of another. He starts where we rested in weariness; and, as he pursues his brilliant course, a shower of blessings descends upon mankind. How many an individual has arisen from obscurity, forced his way by the power of intellect through unnumbered difficulties, and became the benefactor of his race.

But do we despair of such wide-spread influence? We have the narrower sphere of our own community, our own neighborhood, our own family, in which to employ most beneficially our intellectual resources. Even here we may give impulse to the mind of a child which shall not stop, until the wide world has felt its power. That benevolent lady, who received to her heart and her home the sorrowful young musician, as, in a petty town in Germany, he sung from door to door to earn a morsel of bread, will have her name descend to posterity, with that of the great Reformer, as not without some influence in effecting one of the most momentous revolutions our world has seen. The father of his country — our own immortal Washington — could trace to maternal instruction, that firm integrity of character, that dignified simplicity, that sound patriotism, which led him uncorrupted to the highest summit of power, and brought to him on every breeze the echo of a nation's gratitude.

But the time is coming, it is even here, in the history of our world, when energies will be demanded more mighty than have ever before been employed. After all the efforts of the past, merely a fraction of our world is redeemed from ignorance, superstition, and

tyranny. Meanwhile science is fast annihilating distance and space, and bringing nations the most degraded to our very doors. What have we to withstand this fearful encounter? What shall prevent our being dragged to a level with those whom we ought to raise to a pure invigorating atmosphere? Knowledge must spread among the people. All classes and conditions must taste this bread of life. Woman, rising above the vanities and frivolities, of which she has been perhaps but too justly accused, must prepare herself to move in her peculiar sphere, with that commanding influence, which a strong and well disciplined mind can alone exert. Let her never forget that the future champions in the great moral warfare the world is yet to witness, will be carried in her arms, soothed by her lullaby, and trained at her fireside. Bound to her by filial or fraternal ties, she will give the earliest impress to minds which must yet grapple with error in a thousand forms. While we have said, then, that the attainment of knowledge will increase our usefulness, it might have been said, that without sound knowledge, we cannot be useful at all. We shall belong to the class which receives, not to that which confers benefits. We shall propagate *two* errors where we seek to do away *one;* or, powers which might have blest a whole community, will lie dormant or languishing in the soul.

But mental culture is chiefly valuable for the aid it affords to piety.

There are those who suppose that high intellectual acquisitions are incompatible with deep spirituality. This is an impression as erroneous in fact as it is insulting to religion. Piety may look coldly upon a *proud* and *false* philosophy; she may refuse to sully her purity by communion with an *unsanctified* literature; but she ever casts a most benignant glance upon all that is sound in the one, and truly ennobling in the other. What is piety? It has been defined as the knowledge of God, love of truth, harmony with nature, and obedience to the divine law in all its manifestations. Is there any thing in this inconsistent with the highest degree of mental culture?

Since by increasing our knowledge and strengthening our intellectual powers, we are enabled to obtain clearer and wider views of truth, so in the same way are we also rendered more alive to the claims of duty, to the appeals of conscience, and to the varied motives to a holy life which are presented in the world of nature and of grace. It is true, that we find among the ignorant, instances of

rare piety; but that piety would have shone with far brighter lustre, had it been joined with a refined and cultivated intellect. On the other hand, splendid talents, and rich mental acquisitions have been united with corrupt principles and a vicious life; but who has not felt that in this union there was a gross violation of nature? Who has not contrasted the dismay attendant upon this erratic meteor, with the mild glory of that star which sheds its benignant light upon the world and runs gladly on in its prescribed orbit?

When we enlarge our minds, we enlarge our capability of religious emotion. Shall we with any the less rapture exclaim, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' when we know what science has discovered concerning those vast and wondrous worlds which move on associated, and yet inconceivably solitary? Shall we not rather have loftier conceptions of that power, who thus pours upon our bewildered gaze, suns and systems infinite, the more we know of those laws which give to their harmonious movements such astonishing regularity.

Will the flowers of the field yield us any the less sweet instruction when we are acquainted with the fact that the different races of animals, and the different tribes of men, are not more distinctly marked than are these families of a fragile but beautiful creation? Will their more than kingly attire inspire us with any the less confidence in him, who has declared us much more worthy than they of his love and care, the more minutely we examine their exquisite construction, and the wonderful adaptation of every part to some specific result? We may be assured the more we study the works of God, the more vigor will such study impart to our piety.

We need to have our reasoning powers strengthened and accustomed to deep and laborious investigation, that we may comprehend, as fully as man can do, the high revelations of the Supreme Mind. We need a well-controlled, but powerful imagination, that our devotion may be quickened and assisted, as on seraph wing she soars to God. We need an extensive knowledge of the past, that we may plan in present action for the highest good of the future. We need enlarged and liberal views, that we may grasp the sublime conceptions of benevolence, and go hand in hand with her to the rescue of fallen humanity.

Such are some of the motives which urge upon us a vigorous cultivation of our mental powers. Let them be fully weighed by every

youthful heart. Now is the season for them to lay broad and deep the foundation of future excellence. What they now *do* or *neglect to do* will be felt throughout all their future life. It is this circumstance which gives to youth, with its clear brow, light heart, and bounding pulse, an interest far deeper than any graces or beauty attendant upon this favored period. It is this which has sent the teacher abroad in our land, has erected seminaries of learning as numerous as the temples of God, and has employed the best minds in the work of instruction. But all these external means will avail nothing, if there are not with the young, a deep sense of the worth of knowledge, and a determination to seek for it with ardor and perseverance.

What are the highest personal attractions in comparison with a cultivated and richly stored intellect? The former may secure to us, for a day, the homage of the votaries of folly and of fashion; and to-morrow they will sing a requiem of mingled pity and scorn over our faded charms. But true intellectual worth will insure to us respect and friendship from the really excellent; will be a well-spring of delight in our own soul, and enable us to refresh with cooling waters many a thirsty spirit. Let us, then, deeply engrave upon our hearts these words of wisdom. 'Lay fast hold of instruction, let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life.'

Pittston, Me., May, 1845.

Original

WHEATON FEMALE SEMINARY.

[See Engraving.]

THIS Seminary is in Norton, Mass., a town favorably situated for an institution of this character. It is a healthy, agricultural town, with a pleasant little village, sufficiently remote from the distractions and diversions of the city, and yet it is brought, by means of a railroad, which passes through it, within an hour and a half of Boston, and an hour of Providence.

This Seminary was founded ten years since, by the liberality of Hon. Laban Wheaton, whose name it bears, and whose generous anxiety for its welfare continues. It has a library of select works,

and apparatus for illustrating the natural sciences, both of which are occasionally enlarged, but which, even now, meet to a very satisfactory extent the demands of such an institution. The conveniences of the edifice in which the school is kept, the facilities for suitable and healthy exercise, the accommodations of the boarding-house, and the kind and confiding supervision which is extended to the young ladies, at all hours, by the teachers, are excellences which commend it highly to the approbation of those who know what is needed in such a Seminary, or have availed themselves of its advantages.

It was originally intended by the munificent founder and his advisers and coadjutors, that two prominent objects should be kept steadily in view in the whole establishment and progress of this institution. In the first place, a sound and thorough, rather than showy, training of the intellect was to be secured; and in the next place, especial regard was to be paid to the morals and to the religious principles and improvement of the pupils. For the accomplishment of these two ends, it may, perhaps, be said, that no Seminary has been more happily successful. It has not neglected the ornamental branches, nor has it by any means suppressed the buoyant and social impulses of youth; but has aimed at securing that enlarged and correct education of both the mind and the heart, which is the safest guaranty of usefulness and happiness in after life.

This Seminary has enjoyed a uniform prosperity from year to year. Sometimes, however, the applications for admission have exceeded the arrangements for accommodation. Like all other literary institutions, it must, of course, be affected by the fluctuations of other interests in the community; but such are the principles upon which it is sustained, that it will not be seriously affected.

While it seeks assiduously to promote the true interests of its pupils, it will deserve and will receive the approbation and patronage of the good and wise, and will continue to be, as it is, an institution of the highest order of the class to which it belongs.

Norton, Mass., May 1, 1845.

The tongue blessing God without the heart, is but tinkling cymbal; the heart blessing God without the tongue, is sweet but still music; both in concert make the harmony which fills and delights heaven and earth. — *Ralph Venning.*

TO A STAR.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

WONDERFUL, yet familiar! fadeless gem,
Set by the hand of angels, in the arch
Of the eternal heaven! how beautiful
Thy soft light resteth on the unquiet sea,
That gathereth up its waves, as if the winds
Of yesterday were prisoned in its depths,
And struggling to be free!

The hazy clouds,
Pale relics of the recent storm, have drawn
Their thin, gray shadows out upon the sky,
And curtained it in beauty. Thou alone
Lookest upon the darkness. The great wave
That cometh upward to the guarded shore,
With its eternal thunder, hath received
Thy solitary beam, yet paused not
In its mad turbulence. So have I seen
The light of woman's love, poured out upon
The darkness of man's soul, yet hushing not
The tempest of its passions — a blessed beam,
Crossing the troubled surges of the mind,
Like moonlight glimpsing on a sky of storm.

Sole watcher of the heavens! I have not learned
Chaldea's mystic faith, yet thou dost seem
The emblem of a solitary heart,
Companionless, like mine. No kindred star
Hath gladness in thy presence; and thy light
Falleth upon the waters, like the love
Of a young heart upon the hollow world,
Unanswered, unregarded.

NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange which crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thy awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him,
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and thy flood
Had bidden chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
Who hear this awful questioning? O what
Are all the stirring notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave,
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might. — *Brainerd.*

HINTS TO YOUNG FEMALES ON ORDER AND NEATNESS.

'NEVER keep a professed receptacle for litter, which often degenerates into absolute rubbish, and trust to a day of setting to rights; what is kept in its proper place never needs that trouble.

'Do not imagine that neatness and care demand any unnecessary sacrifice of time, for no time is so completely lost as in hunting for lost things; but that is so much saved which has been employed in providing a place for every article, and by that means enabled you to find it readily even in the dark. The necessity of a neat arrangement of letters, papers, and accounts, to insure our safety, as well as to spare trouble, need not be insisted upon.

'Acquire a habit of folding or rolling up articles. Many a fine print or drawing has been ruined, many a cloak crumpled, and many a shawl trailed on the floor, for want of this timely neatness.'

Original.

A RIDDLE FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

IT is a *bird*, whose tireless wings
Fresh strength doth gain by lofty flight;
When nearest heaven the sweetest sings,
And then her plumage shines most bright.

It nestles in the rudest cell,
Which shuts from man a brother's woes,
And where the burning seraphs dwell,
It folds its wing in blest repose.

It is a *breath*, as zephyr light,
And yet a *burden* angels bear;
It is a *gem*, — all sparkling bright,
And brightest moistened with a tear.

Whene'er a king this jewel bears,
More royal seems his diadem;
And yet the beggar oftener wears,
Beneath his rags, the precious gem.

My gentle reader, canst thou tell,
What mean this bird and gem so rare?
Thy suffering heart doth know it well,
For thou hast felt the 'worth of *prayer*.'

Springfield, Vt., May, 1845.

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VI. JUNE, 1845. No. 6.

Original.

THE STEP-MOTHER.—FEAR AND LOVE.

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

[Obtained a Prize of $10.]

BEYOND the enclosure of a large garden, with gravel walks, fruit trees and flower borders, gurgled a little brook, winding its way between green meadow banks, to a river near by. A summer's sun is making long shadows on the grass, and shining through an alder grove, upon three children, happily playing. Fred, the second, a curly-headed fellow of six, has a tiny boat, his own rude workmanship, with bowsprit and mast. Hope, the eldest, of eight years, is plucking up handsful of grass, which she sells to Fred; he freights his ship with this cargo of hay, and sends it to Fanny, who buys it and piles it on her wharf, a large, flat rock, and thus, these mimic merchants of the brook buy and sell with all the reality of actual life. Rosy-cheeked, earnest, buoyant, childhood! How soon it begins to think, to plan, to achieve. Its plays and pastimes, which, to some seem only the *waste* produce of high health and unchecked glee, are in truth, that important process of self-training, by which it becomes fitted for action in mature life.

At length little Fanny emerges from her interesting character, of hay merchant, by the discovery of several ominous spots upon her pantalettes.

'Oh! what shall I do! see, Freddy! what will aunt Sarah say?' cries Fanny, running with anxious haste toward her brother.

'What! are you not going to buy some more hay?' asks the boy, too busy, loading his ship, to observe the cause of his sister's disquietude.

'Why, Freddy, there are some spots of mud on my pantalettes; what shall I do? I did not mean to,' — and she stood holding up her dress with rueful face.

'It's no matter, only a little mud,' said Fred.

'Aunt Sarah will whip me, she will be angry, she told me not for the whole world to get mud on my clothes. What shall I do?' cried Fanny, running toward Hope.

'Perhaps we can wash it off, Fanny,' said Hope, examining it, with her ever ready sympathy; 'we can, I know, and then aunt Sarah will never know it.'

'So we can,' said Fanny, and a smile chased away the tear-drop which trickled on her long lashes; she sat down upon the grass, while Hope drew off the pantalettes.

'Oh, are you not going to play any more?' shouted Fred, looking up.

'Why, Fred, see Fanny's pantalettes! Aunt Sarah will punish her; I am going to try to wash them,' declared Hope, and she went away to a deeper and clearer part of the brook; there she rubbed and rinsed, as busy as a little washerwoman, and then wringing them out and displaying them before her brother and sister, she asked, anxiously, if 'they could see the spots.'

'They are not so clean as they were before; what shall I do?' moaned Fanny.

'Let's dry them and see; oh, I guess they will be,' said Fred, encouragingly, 'and we'll play until they are dry.'

The children returned to their play, but their zest was gone. Fanny had no heart for her merchandize, and Hope anxiously awaited the result of the drying. Every now and then they all skipped to the bush, on which hung the unfortunate garments.

'The spots can be seen after all,' cried Fanny, 'and aunt Sarah will find out they are not ironed; what shall I do?' and she began to cry, as she stood there, with her short clothes and bare legs, rubbing her eyes with her little fat hand. Fred and Hope felt very much like crying too.

'Well, I don't think it is any thing to scold about — only a little mud,' declared Fred.

'Aunt Sarah is so nice, and we can never seem to explain how any thing happened, to make her understand it,' said Hope, with a great sinking of heart.

'I wish aunt Sarah would not come home to tea,' whimpered Fanny.

There stood the three, in sorrowful dilemma.

'Now, I'll tell you what, Fanny dear,' said Fred, brightening up, and putting his sun-burnt arm tenderly about his sister's neck; 'I'll ask Hulda to iron them when she gets tea; she'll do it for me, I know; and I'll ask her not to tell.' Fanny and Hope looked up.

'I'll go now; give me the pantalettes;' and Fred looked as if he had an important trust to execute.

'But if aunt Sarah should find it out,' suggested Hope, hesitating.

'I'll manage it,' said Fred, and thrusting them into his pocket, he ran toward the house. Entering the kitchen, he looked cautiously about. 'Hulda, are you going to make a fire to get tea now?' asked Fred.

'I don't know but I shall,' answered Hulda, whose tone somewhat resembled aunt Sarah's.

'Hulda,' at length ventured Fred, placing himself quite under her elbow and lowering his voice into a confidential whisper, 'will you just heat a flat-iron and smooth over these pantalettes, before aunt Sarah comes home? that's a good Hulda;' and he stealthily drew them from his pocket.

'Whose are they?' asked Hulda. Fred related the accident, and then added coaxingly, 'if you will just iron them and not tell aunt Sarah, I will give you a fourpence, I will; its up in my strong box.' After demurring and cross-questioning, Hulda consented, and back he sped to quiet the apprehensions of his sisters. 'She'll do it for me; I knew she would;' concluded Fred, with a knowing nod; 'we shall get off well enough; never mind;' and it was not his first introduction into that great labyrinth of deception, into which little children are often thrust, by the indiscriminating government of their elders.

Aunt Sarah did not come home to tea, the pantalettes were ironed, and the children retired spiritless to an early rest.

Two days after, a portentous silence prevailed at the breakfast table. As the last mouthful was eaten, they were commanded to retire to aunt Sarah's chamber. Looking at each other with sad apprehension, they obeyed, and in a few moments aunt Sarah and the culprits were alone.

'I am very sorry, Master Frederick,' commenced aunt Sarah, 'to

find you guilty of attempting to screen the faults of your sister from being properly punished, and of hiring people to deceive me; a fine return this, for all the care I have taken of you!' she said, with sarcastic severity.

'I did not mean to mud my pantalettes,' sobbed Fanny.

'That is what you always say, and yet you are constantly doing wrong, constantly in mischief of some kind; now I forbid you, Fanny, and you, Hope, and you, Frederick, from going near the brook, or looking at it for a month,'—a sad prohibition this, for these little brook lovers;—'and you, Master Frederick, I shall inform your father of your conduct, sir.'

'I—I—' began Fred.

'Not a word, sir,' said aunt Sarah, sternly; 'I want no excuses, no explanations; go up into your room, and stay until I give you permission to come down.'

'May n't I stay with Freddy?' timidly asked Fanny.

'No, Fanny, take your seat in that chair by the closet and sit there all this forenoon; and you, Hope, go to school.'

'I don't think it is any great crime to get a little mud on pantalettes,' muttered Fred, red with anger; 'it's no sin, it's only careless.'

'Not a word more,' said aunt Sarah; 'not a word; go up into your room and repent of *your* sin—if you do not, you will not be a very fit companion for your sisters; teaching them to deceive!' Aunt Sarah sighed; and it was a sigh of honest sorrow, over what seemed the unwarrantable perversity of her nephew. Fred and Hope departed with heavy hearts. Poor Hope tried to whisper a word of comfort into her brother's ear; 'Be a good boy, Freddy, and I will keep thinking of you;' and then in choking accents, she said to herself, 'Oh, if we only had our mother to tell how it was, then she could explain to aunt Sarah.' Fred scarcely heeded, while as the door closed, he doubled up his fist, exclaiming, 'I am not sorry; I sha' n't repent; I'll do just so again;'—the indignant threat of a mind, laboring under a keen sense of that injustice, which results from not making a proper distinction between the sins and accidents of life. Lonely, indeed, was Fred in his chamber, through that livelong summer's day; but he continued in an attitude of stern defiance. They called him a stubborn boy, and severest measures were often enforced to break his obstinacy and bring him into

proper subjection. No, Fred was a boy with fine elements of character; his errors and faults were the result of generous, but misguided impulses; his sins, like the sins of childhood, were the result of mixed motives, which should be separated, examined, and appreciated by those who would learn the true secret of right moral training; nothing can be worse for a child, than to punish it without a hearing, with a wholesale discipline; the child then throws itself upon the best side of its case; it feels aggrieved and insulted; it justifies and pities itself; there springs up in its heart a provoked or revengeful feeling toward its elder, be it parent or guardian, which utterly unfits it to perceive the true distinction between right and wrong; thus begins a process of moral blindness, at which we are often appalled, among youth apparently under excellent management; ah, there are radical errors in that management, which might appal us more, were we near enough to detect them.

'Freddy,' whispered Fanny, many days after all this, her sweet blue eyes sparkling with unusual lustre; 'Oh, Freddy, there is a dear little black kitten in the woodhouse; I wish we could keep it and hide it away from aunt Sarah, she hates kittens so.'

'Let 's,' cried Fred, joyfully; 'Oh, we will make it a little bed in the barn, and a little pen, may be, to keep it in, and Oh, we will take such care of it!' Who does not know the exuberant tenderness of little children for every living thing?

For days, but one care occupied the hearts of Fred and Fanny; it was for kitty's welfare and kitty's comfort. Fred subtracted meat from the pantry, and Fanny milk from the pan, to supply its wants. Time from duties and plays were stolen to caress and behold its frolics, for which sundry excuses were invented by the children to lull the suspicions or inquiries of their aunt.

A day came of Fanny's favorite dinner. 'I wish kitty had a piece of this,' thought Fanny, with every mouthful; watching the direction of aunt Sarah's eye, she silently and suddenly filled her little hand with a slice of meat. After dinner, in spite of all attempts to hide her treasure, aunt Sarah by chance discovered it.

'Why Fanny, what a strange child you are! What are you going to do with that meat, soiling your hands so?' exclaimed aunt Sarah.

'Give it to the hens,' was the child's trembling reply.

'Ah, Fanny! Fanny! the hens won't eat meat; put it down;

what strange fancies you have;' and the meat was returned to the plate.

'Fanny, did you tell aunt Sarah a lie about the meat?' asked Hope, very seriously, when they were alone.

'It was for kitty, Hope; but aunt Sarah would have killed kitty.' Fanny looked anxious.

'But, sister, you must not tell a lie. Mother always used to say, we must not, because God will be sorry and he will not love us.' Hope had not forgotten her mother's words.

'I was afraid to tell,' said Fanny.

'I do not believe that is excuse enough,' answered the sister, thoughtfully.

'Well, I think it is, when there is such a fuss made about little things,' declared Fred; 'I think so;' and he gave two or three quick nods of his head, as if he was determined to think so.

'Oh, Fred, Fred,' cried Hope, sorrowfully, 'don't you remember what our dear mother used to say? She said we must be good children and try never to do wrong.'

'Did she?' said Fred, looking out of the window; 'well, I wont, Hopey;' and he felt a sudden regret, more from love to his sister, and the faint memory he had of his mother, than any very clear and strong sense of the sin in question.

Time passed on; the children were well fed, well clothed, most carefully cared for, and most tenderly loved by their aunt. She was a woman of good sense and excellent principles, and every body said how admirably calculated she was to bring up these little motherless children. She devoted her time to them. She watched faithfully over them. She made them beautiful gifts. But aunt Sarah had forgotten her childhood, and she could not understand them. She could talk well about discipline, but in putting that discipline into action, she stood aloof from their confidence and sympathy, and saw in every departure from her own views, a moral turpitude that must be strictly dealt with; she beheld none of the strugglings of infant principle, none of the yearnings of infant tenderness, none of the fears and disquietudes of infant action. She forgot that *smiles* as well as frowns are as important to the moral growth of the youthful heart, as the summer sunshine to expand the blossoms on the tree.

By and by, report came that a new mother was anticipated; a young mother, too, only twenty-three or so; and the children's father received all the secret criticism and condemnation which so important a step seldom fails to elicit.

'So young and inexperienced to take such a charge!' sighed one.

'How ill-judged!' echoed another.

'Poor children, they are to be pitied, going from under such excellent management,' declared a third; 'they could not be better taken care of than they now are.'

'How they will miss Sarah's experience,' agreed a fourth; 'it needs a woman of age and experience to know how to manage such children, especially a boy like Fred.'

The news reached their ears; Hope had but one thought — '*mother!* she was going to have a mother again;' and a great joy brightened her heart.

'I shall be almost afraid to see her,' whispered Fanny.

'Afraid! Oh, not afraid; why she is going to be our *mother*,' cried Hope, cheerily.

The day of expected arrival at length came. At an early hour of the afternoon, the children were carefully dressed and amply supplied with all necessary injunctions how to behave, what to say, and how to receive the new mother. Meanwhile, a stage-coach is winding its way round a hill not far from the town. 'These are altar spires, Emma,' exclaimed a gentleman within, as they made a bend in the road.

'Will they love me?' asked the lady.

'Altar spires!' cried the gentleman, laughing.

'The children, I was thinking of the children,' answered the lady, deeply blushing.

In good time, the coach stopped before a pretty white house, in the precincts of the town. 'Where are they?' said Emma, looking earnestly around; 'I expected to see them jumping to meet us.' The door opened and aunt Sarah appeared; a sisterly embrace and a welcome to the parlor.

'Where are the children?' asked Mr. Curtis.

The door opened and Hope came shrinkingly forward; she willingly suffered herself to receive a kind caress from the new mother, while Fred rushed into his father's arms.

'That is your mother, Fred; I expect you will love her very

much,' said Mr. Curtis, surveying his boy with proud affection. Fred only condescended to eye her.

'But Fanny, little Fanny, where is Fanny?' cried Mr. Curtis, with an almost impatient yearning.

'Come in,' beckoned Hope to the door.

'Come in,' shouted Fred.

'Come in, my child,' cried aunt Sarah.

Behold, Fanny walked in from the front entry, hugging the kitten in her arms.

'Oh! your clean apron! down with her!' Aunt Sarah began and would have ended as she reddened with the thought of what seemed to her an impropriety in the child, so woful and unaccountable; but Fanny was already sheltered in the arms of her new mamma.

'I love kittens, and this is a nice little kitty,' said the new mother, kindly stroking the back of the terrified kitten, that was placed in her lap, and putting her arm around Fanny's neck. Instantly all distance vanished between the mother and her future charge. Fanny looked up into her face, with one of her own radiant smiles and nestled close by her side. Hope instinctively laid her hand upon her shoulder, while Fred broke away from his father and came kneeling down by her side. Beautiful and happy group! already foreshadowing that mutual helpfulness and love, with which each was destined to bless each other.

'I shall love my new mother, I know,' cried Fred, as the happy three retired to their pillows.

'I *do* love her,' said Fanny, with unusual emphasis.

'We've got a mother, oh!' and Hope could have clapped her hands in her deep sense of joy.

Behold the children dwelling in a new home; genial were the influences which the new mother threw around it; under the magic power of her sympathy and presence, their minds expanded, their hearts warmed, their principles grew intelligent and healthy. The new mother had been transferred from a home, full of young brothers and sisters, where she had long borne a part in the child-world, and well she knew its accidents and incidents, its joys and sorrows, its capabilities and requirements. Mr. Curtis loved his children, but to his business he gave his best thoughts and his chief concern; returning to his family, he came home, to be relieved of care and to

be made happy; he then wished to see his children bright and joyful around him; he did *not* wish, and too many fathers follow his example, to hear tales of grievous delinquencies and disobedient out-breakings, which he must settle and dispose of, with all needful severity; and so it happened, that the burden and heat of child-training fell upon the young wife; she felt no duties devolved upon her so arduous and important; she knew she must bestow far more upon them, than chance attention, or stray thoughts, or just the leisure she might steal from society and friends; they were duties to be studied, thought upon, prayed over, when she came in and when she went out, by the fireside and in the night watches; wisely, skillfully, and earnestly did she pursue her work.

A year or more passed away.

Two or three guests were at the family dinner; conversation was merged into an animated and interesting debate. Fred had eaten his dinner and had been excused from the table; he returns on tip-toe toward his mother's chair and whispers, 'Mother, may I go a nutting with the boys, this afternoon? a good many of the boys are going, and I want to go.'

She made reply, 'No, my child, not this afternoon,' and then turned toward the gentleman who was talking to her.

'Oh, why not?' fretfully whined Fred;' 'do let me, mother; I want to so; I do n't see why not.'

His mother turned round and looking full in his face with her serious, loving eyes, 'Cannot you trust me, my son, that I have good reasons for it?' she said. Fred looked down, and then went away, angrily muttering as he went, 'I do n't see why not. I want to go.'

Away he scampered to a group of boys, who were waiting for him at a corner of the street, all ready for the afternoon's excursion.

'It 's too bad! she won't let me go;' cried Fred, in any thing but a pleasant tone.

'Won't let you! just as ugly as all mother's-in-law!' exclaimed a rough boy. 'I'd go, yes, I'd go just to plague her.'

'She 's no right to say you shan't; your *father* would let you go, I know; so come and we will have a first rate time,' said one.

'Yes, Fred, and you shall have half of my basket to get your nuts in; I would not mind her, she is not your mother,' said another.

'Come, Fred, your father won't say anything, I know,' urged a

third; all this chimed with Fred's own feelings, as he began to follow them. 'I will go — there 's an end of it,' he said half aloud with two or three nods of the head, peculiar to him when he was determined to abide by his resolutions, good or bad.

It was a warm, sunny autumn afternoon, lambs were frolicking in the pastures, reapers were among the corn; the boys joked and laughed about the crusty old man, owning the nut-grove, who was sometimes known to watch his grove, in order to preserve it from the depredations of the boys. The grove reached, what a climbing of trees, and shaking of boughs, and scrambling for nuts! What shouting and talking! Amid all this, Fred was far from being quite at ease; he sat down upon the stone wall. The words of his mother, 'Can you not trust me, my son?' and her serious, loving, look forced themselves upon him.

'She 's not my mother, and she ought not to refuse me,' he declared to himself.

'Has she not a mother's care and a mother's *love* for you?' whispered conscience.

'Yes, I am sure she loves me, and tries to make me a good boy. I am sure she does;' — it was the first repentant thought, and once admitted, others came thick and fast upon his mind.

By and by the boys looked around. 'Where 's Fred?' asked one and another; they espied away off in the little cow-path of a distant pasture, the solitary boy, bending his way homeward.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, he reached home, and entered the house; no one was in the parlor or sitting room; 'Mother!' — no answer came from her chamber. 'Hope!' 'Fanny!' — no answer. He proceeded to the kitchen; nothing but the sad chirping of a cricket in the chimney answered his call. 'They 've all left me,' he thought, sadly. He went to the garden. 'I wish I could see mother,' and a tear found its way to his eye, while he took up his little hoe and began to hoe in his own garden patch. He had no heart for work; then he betook himself to a bench under the old cherry-tree, the burden of disobedience bearing heavily upon him. 'She is my mother, the boys *shan't* call her ugly; she loves me, she wants me to be good; I will mind her, I will; I hope she won't die like my other mother; O, I wish I had minded her, she *is* my mother;' and the tear rolled over his sun-burnt cheek. While he sat under the cherry tree, his straw hat half thrown back, wiping

away the tears that *would* come, conscience was doing its great work; it was operating under the influence of *love*. Are parents fully aware, that the conscience of children acts with far greater power and authority in a government of love, than of fear? Fear freezes and hardens; love awakens and makes tender.

'I will never, *never* do so again,' said Fred aloud, throwing himself upon the seat; 'I don't care about the boys, only they shall *not* talk against my mother, they *shan't*. I will mind her;' and there he lay, a long, long while, pondering these things in his heart.

A noise within the house of walking and talking. 'Freddy,' cried Fanny, spying him from the window and speeding out the garden door. 'Freddy, we've had such a good time, taking a walk with mother! and she wanted you to go too, but we called every where and we could not find you.' Fanny was almost out of breath. Fred bent the rim of his hat over his face.

'What's the matter?' wonderingly asked the little sister.

A sob. 'Have you hurt yourself, Freddy?' asked Fanny, with great tenderness.

'Ask mother to come down here, and you stay in the house,' Fred at last made out to say. She saw something was not right, and ran away to do his bidding. It was not many minutes before the gentle step of the mother drew near, and she sat down by his side and took his hand within hers. He spoke not; then she said, for well she guessed the truth, 'My son, you have been doing wrong, I fear.'

'Yes, mother, yes,' cried Fred, with a voice husky and rapid. 'I have been to the nutting grove. I have disobeyed you. I am sorry. I shall never do so again; I never shall;' and he covered his face with his little blue soiled handkerchief.

'I am sorry too,' said his mother mournfully; 'I could not stop, when you asked me to give you my reasons for a refusal; but did you not know me enough to trust me, my child? In the first place, I think it is wrong to go to the nutting grove without the permission of the owner, which I believe the boys have not asked. It is in truth, *stealing;* you are taking, secretly, what does not belong to you; using another man's property. In the second place, I wanted to take you all to that beautiful walk by the Great Bend, where Hope has so long wanted to go. I should have enjoyed it much more with my little son by my side;' and the mother spake sadly.

There was a long pause. Fred was digesting his mother's words.

'I am sorry, mother, I feel very sorry;' at length he said tenderly. 'Mother, will you forgive me, and can you kiss me again? I do n't believe I shall *ever* do so again — I shan't — I won't.' He was prone to be vehement.

His mother kissed him, but she kissed him sorrowfully; and did he not feel that his disobedience had made a great wound in her heart? Yes, and a great wound in his own heart, too? 'My mother knows best; I will mind her, I *will*,' was the last clear resolve as he went to sleep that night, and it awoke with him, and abode with him, like the sweet visit of a guardian angel.

Let fathers and mothers aim to secure over their children a personal influence sufficiently strong, that Fred's last resolve may be to them, as it was to him — a settled principle of action; it will gradually mould the young heart into that obedience and trust, which must ever form its fitting preparation to receive the law and the grace of its God.

Portsmouth, N. H.

LITERARY NOTICE.

MASSILLON'S SERMONS. Waite, Peirce & Co. of this city, have conferred a great favor on the community by the publication of the first American edition of Massillon's Sermons.

Massillon was born in 1663, and died in 1742, at the age of 79. In his personal character and life, he was a model of benevolence, kindness, charity, love and Christian courage and activity. As a preacher he was deeply earnest, pathetic and serious, yet simple and natural. His aim was chiefly at the heart. He endeavored to 'rouse the slumbering conscience, to remove the blindness which sin has spread over the mind, and to lead his hearers to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall I do to be saved?"' Nothing could swerve him from his fidelity to God and his fellow-men; not even the presence of the 'monarch and his splendid train of nobility.'

The Sermons are thirty-two in number, and chiefly of a practical character.

The introduction, by Professor Willett, of Newbury (Vt.) Seminary, is a comprehensive and well-digested analysis of Massillon's powers and abilities as a preacher of the gospel.

THE

Young Lady's Friend.

Original.

GARDENING, AS A FINE ART.

BY MRS. M. T. RICHARDS.

BEAUTIFUL is our dwelling place on earth. Various and lovely are the objects with which it charms its passing inhabitant, and prodigal the munificence with which its blessings are scattered around his path. Beautiful is its music of woods, winds, and waters; beautiful the breath of its fragrance, wafted on the breezes of morn; beautiful the blue canopy above, and the green carpet below. Truly nature is bright, glorious, and queenly. She needeth not that man should offer sacrifice at her shrine; for the flowers daily burn incense at her altar; and, though he were silent in her praises, the strings of her harp would waken rich melody, while the thunder uttered his voice, or the nightingale carolled her song.

And beautiful, too, is art, though she attends as a handmaiden; though nature sits sovereign while she may but imitate her glories. She forgets not her subordinate station. She assumes not supremacy or equality. She witnesses the works of her perfect model, she studies her operations, and seeks inspiration from her glory. She performs her own works in humble imitation, and triumphs when they breathe forth nature's spirit. The perfection of the creature's work is to shadow forth the glory of the work of the Creator.

Gardening is a combination of the charms of art and of nature. It was originally, merely a useful art, but when it was discovered that it might gratify the principles of taste, as well as subserve the purposes of utility, it became a fine art. In our own country it still retains, in a great degree, its primitive character, owing to our formative state as a people, and to the utilitarian spirit which prevails among us. Gardening, as a fine art, is almost entirely neglected, and yet we think we may say with justice, that no art can so easily be brought to perfection; that none can be more universally appreciated, and that none can confer more varied and exhilarating

pleasure. We do not include poetry in this remark, which, in its mighty sway over every emotion of the soul, is an all-pervading spirit, from whose presence every art derives its holiest charm.

We have alluded to the principle of imitation, as that in which the fine arts have their origin. They are copies of nature. It is true, music and poetry are deemed inventive rather than imitative arts, but we think it will be conceded that music's softest strains are but the echoes of nature's harmonies, and that the poet who has most faithfully and vividly transcribed the unwritten poetry of life, has achieved the proudest triumphs of his art. Sculpture closely imitates her model in figure, attitude, and expression. Painting advances one step farther, as she attempts nature's exquisite coloring. But gardening is not strictly an imitative art. It may copy nature in regularity, variety, and proportion; but the materials on which its skill is exercised, are the very works of nature. It is nature herself, ornamented; a combination of the graces which she widely distributes in a small compass. Nature here seems to resign in some degree, the sovereignty which she exercises over art, and to join it with herself in the closest relation. She raises her aspiring subject to the dignity of a companion, and deigns to owe many of her graces to art's nice arrangement, and most graceful execution.

While the garden shows, in the succession of its different views, in the arrangement of its groves and plains, in its cooling fountains, and dashing cascades, in its polished parterres and winding walks, that busy art has exercised her transforming power; there are other qualities which bear witness that she alone has not wrought the spell of beauty. The boundless variety of plants which bloom on its bosom, and the perfect resemblance of each to every other of its own species, the exquisite skill displayed in their construction, and above all, the beauty and fragrance of every flower, the brilliant lustre, yet inimitable delicacy, the infinite variety, yet perfect harmony of their coloring, compared with which painting's finest touches fade — these prove that Nature has gone hand in hand with Art, and has bestowed upon her favorite, gardening, what she has denied to many of her fair sisterhood.

The rules which govern the Art of Gardening, are, simplicity, as opposed to unnatural and prolix ornament, uniformity, if a garden be so small as to be comprehended in one view, variety and contrast

if so large as to admit a succession of scenes. In an extensive garden, there should prevail a bold irregularity in the distribution of objects, rather than a uniform arrangement, which appears stiff and unnatural. In fine, the artist who would excel in gardening, must study nature, and follow her in every mood. He must not only dispose her in her most graceful attitudes, and adorn her with her brightest gems, but must humor her wildest freak, and give play to her boldest departures from the trammels of order and regularity. Lord Kames, in describing the gardens of China, where gardening is brought to greater perfection than in any other country, says: 'It is an indispensable law there, never to deviate from nature, though in order to produce variety, every method consistent with nature is put in practice. Their artificial rivers are generally serpentine, sometimes noisy and rapid, sometimes deep, broad, and slow. In their lakes are interspersed islands; some barren, surrounded with rocks and shoals, others enriched with every thing which art and nature can furnish. Nothing is more studied than to raise wonder and surprise. In scenes calculated for that end, every thing seems like fairy land. Sometimes one is led insensibly into a dark cavern, terminating unexpectedly in a landscape, enriched with all which nature affords the most delicious. In order to give play to the imagination, the Chinese artists hide the termination of their lakes, and interrupt the view of a cascade by trees, through which are seen, obscurely, the waters as they fall.' Thus by a natural adjustment of the different scenes, the means are supplied of new, varied, and ever-increasing gratification.

Gardening, like every other fine art, communicates pleasure to man by gratifying his desire for knowledge. We mean not by this that it will communicate to the mind abstract truth, or mathematical axioms; but, as its principles are unfolded, they will excite a spirit of inquiry concerning the human mind, and will greatly improve our knowledge of its principles, its operations, and its susceptibility to be affected by whatever is beautiful in nature or art. Man's reasoning powers are rendered more acute, and his judgment better matured, as he is led on, step by step, in a course of induction and inference which derives its agreeableness from that of the objects on which it is employed. As painting, sculpture, and architecture are exhibited to us, we are led to consider what the qualities are which render them so agreeable to man, and as we trace the

principles in nature which are affected by these qualities, the beauty of the coincidence affords as lively a pleasure to the judgment, as does the inherent excellence of the performance to the perception of beauty. Gardening opens a wide range for the attainment of this knowledge. Painting and sculpture are confined to a single and constant expression, while Gardening possesses materials for raising a great variety of scenes, affecting the beholder with as many different impressions, gay or gloomy, sweet or melancholy, grand or wild. The thinking mind cannot fail to inquire what are the susceptibilities in its constitution, which are affected by these various qualities of wildness, sweetness, or grandeur, and in what succession they must be introduced, in order to produce the greatest effect. The intimate connection of gardening with nature, increases the interest which is felt in ascertaining these principles. By such speculations, man cannot fail to become intimately acquainted with the sensitive part of human nature, and this will add a zest to his enjoyment of the fine arts, which cannot be experienced when they are pursued for mere pastime.

The desire of action is also inherent in man. Gardening has the power of gratifying this desire in a high degree. After a requisite knowledge has been acquired of the materials of gardening, and the order of their succession, much ingenuity is requisite to arrange these various objects, that they may produce the greatest effect. Skill is needed to combine nature's boundless variety in order and proportion. In short, the power of execution must be attained by him who aspires to eminence in this art. And how much more varied and exhilarating is the physical labor connected with gardening, than that of sculpture or architecture. Man is not a tame, indolent being. His desires are enthusiastic and active. And so refined and beautiful an occasion of calling them into exercise cannot fail to be agreeable.

But, although gardening may conduce to the gratification of the desires of knowledge and of action, this is not its direct object. It is beautiful. There is in the mind, a susceptibility to be affected by the beautiful, and hence it derives its power to please. There is a principle within us which delights to drink in joy from nature's loveliness, or art's wonders, which relinquishes cold utility for beauty's glowing treasures, deserts laborious reason for the refined pleasures of taste, and drops stern reality for fancy's fairy scenes; a

principle which expands and rejoices in the perception of beauty. It forms no indifferent item in man's wondrous constitution; for queenly nature ministers to it, and human power is subservient to its gratification. Gardening and her sister arts, are the appropriate objects of its exercise, for we find that like every other desire of the mind, it has its external object. In this view the pleasures of gardening become extended and elevated.

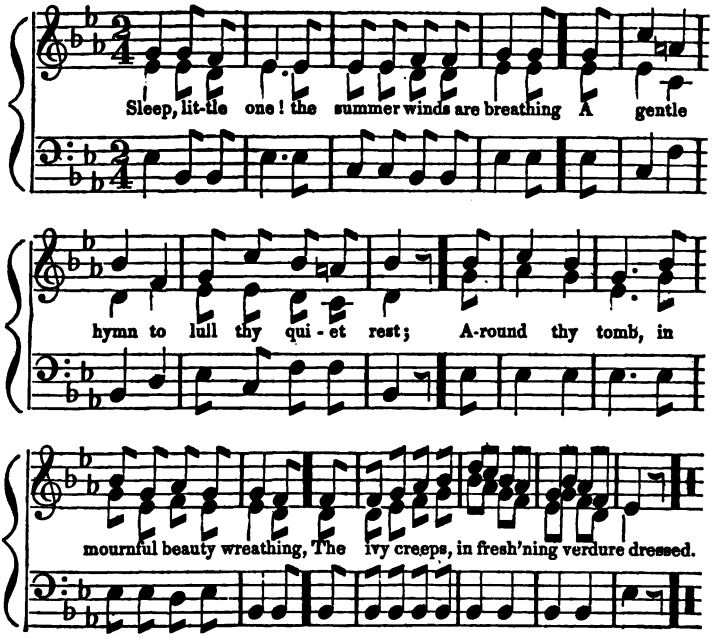
But man is capable of higher joys. And though we would not ascribe to gardening, or to any other fine art, the power of awakening his most exalted pleasures, yet we would claim for her this distinction, that she possesses most eminently the power of raising the mind to that frame in which it may experience the sublime joys of morality and religion. The pure and refined pleasures she inspires, produce harmony of mind. This is accompanied by a spirit of benevolence, a desire to communicate the happiness we enjoy to those around us. And this desire forms the ground-work of the habit of humanity and benevolence, which is ever attended by the high pleasures of morality.

And how easy the transition to religious joys. As gardening spreads before us the treasures of art and the glories of nature, as she affords us opportunity to discover the beautiful adaptation which exists between the soul of man, and the external world about him, how do we rejoice not only in the dignity of our race, but in the wisdom and benevolence of God. As we study the nature and operations of mind, how quickly do we recognize in the living principle which wills and rejoices, that 'spark of fire divine which must burn on for ages.' When the soul, thus communing with herself, discovers her immortality, how startling the sublimity of her existence; as she perceives her powers and her destiny, holy and lofty is her joy; and as she realizes the might and majesty of her Originator, bright and constant will burn the incense of her adoration upon his altar.

Edgartown, Mass., June, 1845.

Natural men think God beholden to them for their service; but spiritual men look on themselves as beholden to God, that they may, but especially that they can serve him.

"SLEEP, LITTLE ONE!"

ORIGINAL. BY LOWELL MASON.

Sleep, lit-tle one! the summer winds are breathing A gentle
hymn to lull thy qui-et rest; A-round thy tomb, in
mournful beauty wreathing, The ivy creeps, in fresh'ning verdure dressed.

2 Sleep on, my love! the summer flowers are springing
In holy peace above thy mouldering head,
To guard thy dust, and from thy bosoms flinging
A mingled sweetness o'er thy silent bed.

3 We miss thee, love! thy joyous face once blushing
With rosy light, death-shades have overcast;
But ah! how oft these heart-felt tears are gushing,
To think our eyes on thee have looked their last.

4 We miss those hours, when through our hearts was stealing
The merry music of thy fairy feet;
We miss those hours, when every pulse of feeling
Thrilled quick and warm thy trusting eyes to greet.

5 We miss our babe, when evening gathers round us;
Thy place is vacant on thy mother's breast!
We wake no more, to feel the spell that bound us,
When once to ours thy infant lips were pressed!

6 Where art thou now! the soul which once was pouring,
Through this cold dust, a warm and thrilling glow,
Lives *somewhere* yet; it vanished, heaven-ward soaring,
Far from all pain, or blight, or earthly wo!

7 Where dost thou dwell? It *must* be thou art wearing
A radiant light on thy enfranchised soul;
In some bright world thy part with angels bearing,
Where hymns of holy joy forever roll.

8 To that deep life, God's love hath surely borne thee,
Dear cherished babe! — nor seek we to reclaim;
How much we love, how much we miss and mourn thee,
He knows alone, and blessed be his name!

The following beautiful song, from the New York Knickerbocker Magazine, is from the pen of the late Willis Gaylord Clarke. In the last stanzas, the allusion to the death of his young and lovely wife, is an expression of the deepest feeling of heart-desolation.

The most of our readers, perhaps, are already well acquainted with the reminiscences of this gifted poet, which we published in the number for November, and also, with the fine poems in the December, January, and February numbers. — Ed.

A SONG OF MAY.

The Spring's scented buds all around me are smiling;
There are songs in the stream — there is health in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of old winter is broken —
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival a charm — and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty, to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness, and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers;
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion,
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pours, on the west wind's fragrant sigh:
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure,
The woodlands are singing — the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wildwood — the sheen in the blossom,
The fresh-swelling fountain — their magic is o'er!
When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past, with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long banished hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream:
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth;
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years have descended —
'T is not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the newness and sweetness of being are ended —
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping —
There are those who have loved me, debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance, my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence —
It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again;
Where no mildew the soft damask rose shall nourish —
Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre shall flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant Spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven —
I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn:
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM C. BROWN, EDITOR.

'Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life; who, rising up in honor, called
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear, reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.' — POLLOK.

7

JUNE, 1845, TO JANUARY, 1846.

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CONTENTS.

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOLUME VII.

[Half Yearly.]

A Happy Childhood. *Home Education*,.. 4
A Mother's Love. *Rev. E. H. Chapin*, 9
A Duty Neglected by Mothers. *W. J. Bosworth*,..... 121
Confinement of Children at School. *Dr. James Jackson*,..... 7
Connubial Happiness. *Mrs. N. Stroat*,.. 131
Early Influences. *Mrs. Sarah A. Campbell*, 49
Fretting and Scolding. *Cong. Journal*,.. 128
How to Begin with your Children. *Mrs. L. Pillsbury*,..... 80
Home,..... 33
Health, as affected by the Mind. *Dr. Metcalfe*,..... 131
My Mother. *La Martine*,..... 12
Parents Must be United. *Mrs. L. Pillsbury*, 10
Prevalence of a Mother's Prayers. *Pastor's Journal*,..... 34
Sacredness of Tears. *Dr. Johnson*,..... 77
The Convalescent. *Mrs. H. C. Knight*,.. 1
The Praying Child. *Episcopal Recorder*,. 6
The Unwise Birds. *Rev. James Mudge*, 53
The Mother's Aim. *Mrs. M. S. West*,... 55
The Ruined Son. *Rev. H. Clark*,..... 73
Treatment of Children at School. *Dr. S. B. Woodward*,..... 78
Town Amusements in Germany. *Mary Howitt*,..... 82
The Two Visits, or Home Influence. *Mrs. Ann Willis*,..... 97
The Pious Death of a Youth. *Original*, 130
Yes and No. *Wm. A. Wolcott*,..... 25

POETRY.

Domestic Love. *Park Benjamin*,..... 83
Hagar and Ishmael. *Agnes Strickland*,... 107
If thou wert by my side.' *Bishop Heber*, 59
My Child. *Rev. John Pierpont*,..... 5
'O sing the merry song with me,'..... 14
Ruth. *Mrs. E. C. Gavitt*,..... 54
Rest in Heaven,..... 60
Sacred Song. *Miss H. J. Woodman*,.... 85
The Widow's Charge. *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*,..... 36
The Sunshine of the Heart,..... 58
To a Family Bible. *Mrs. Hemans*,..... 59
To my Wife. *Dr. Bethune*,..... 79
The Wasp and the Bee,..... 84
The Step-Mother. *Dr. John B. McCabe*, - 127

LITERARY NOTICES.

Abercrombie's Essays,..... 108
Christian's Annual,..... 108
Domestic Economy,..... 108
Elements of Musical Articulation,..... 108
Protestantism in Italy,..... 13
The Doer of the Word, a Missionary,.... 13
The New Reformation,..... 13
The Psaltery,..... 83
The Duty of American Women,..... 83
The Manual of Peace,..... 108
MUSIC,..... 14, 60, 84, 132

ENGRAVINGS.

The Convalescent,..... 1
Ruth and Boaz,..... 49
Hagar,..... 97

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

A Queenly Example. *Bishop Eylert*, ... 47
Address to a new Married Couple. *Old Humphrey*, ... 20
'Be kindly affectioned one to another.' *Rev. James Porter*, ... 118
Grace Robinson. *Mrs. Eunice C. Cowles*, 85
How to get a good Husband. *Rev. Stillman Morgan*, ... 15
Influence of Female Literature on Female Character. *Rev. Andrew A. Lipscomb*, 61
James Winfield. *Rev. Daniel H. Babcock*, ... 37
Mutual Forbearance, ... 44
Mutual Assistance. *Dr. Franklin*, ... 46
Mental and Moral Discipline. *Rev. G. London*, ... 129
This World is not our Home. *Miss Susan M. Hathaway*, ... 45
The King's Daughter. *Elizabeth T. Bronson*, ... 109
The German Peasantry. *Mary Howitt*, ... 71

POETRY.

'Come away,' ... 119
Early Seek and Early Find. *Willis G. Clarke*, ... 24
Lament of the Widowed Inebriate. *Duganne*, ... 69
My Mother. *Robert Josselyn*, ... 72
Sorrow. *Aubery De Vere*, ... 96
The Hoary Pilgrim. *Rev. Ralph Hoyt*, ... 115
The Voice of Music, ... 48
Virginia's Rebekah, ... 41

LITERARY NOTICES.

Blair's Sermons, ... 128
Complete Method of Singing, ... 114
Cosmos, ... 127
Dictionary of Practical Medicine, ... 72
Dr. Wolff's Mission to Bokhara, ... 128
Encyclopœdia of Domestic Economy, ... 72
Harper's Illuminated Bible, ... 127
Harper's New Miscellany, ... 128
Littell's Living Age, ... 128
Morse's Cerographic Maps, ... 127
The Opal, ... 114
The Light-Hearted Girl, ... 114
The Mourner Comforted, ... 127
The Choral, ... 128
Whewell's Elements of Morality, ... 128
MUSIC, ... 48, 120, 121

THE CONVALESCENT.

'I knew the country air would work wonders for you;' and we all beheld the rose-tint upon her cheek. She never looked more beautiful, a pale, young mother, as she was.

Behold us in our new home, a cottage-home, at the extremity of a green plain, which ran through the village. Aunt Fanny had many old friends there, and our father, when he left us, felt we were not among strangers. What goats were Ned and myself! Through the livelong day we frisked here and there, sometimes scampering

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VII. JULY, 1845. No. 1.

Original.

[See Engraving.]

THE CONVALESCENT.

BY M. C. KNIGHT.

It was at length decided to exchange the close, smoky, pent-up city for the free, pure, royal atmosphere of the country; and this change was for the benefit of my mother's health. A small dwelling was engaged, at the distance of ten miles; and one sunshiny day, the last of May, we departed thither. A new existence seemed to dawn upon us as we emerged from the paved streets and high brick rows of houses to the open spaces of the suburbs; then, as the horses sped along, the city lay far behind us, like a great cloud of smoke, while green fields and blossoming trees began to open all around us. The singing-birds, too! How we looked, and how we listened, and how joyful were our exclamations!

'Is not God good, to give us the country?' cried Neddy, with a religious reverence quite peculiar to him. Alas! I was upon the point of praising the speed of the horses. 'They brought us here,' I very practically argued.

'You look better, already,' declared aunt Fanny to my mother, 'I knew the country air would work wonders for you;' and we all beheld the rose-tint upon her cheek. She never looked more beautiful, a pale, young mother, as she was.

Behold us in our new home, a cottage-home, at the extremity of a green plain, which ran through the village. Aunt Fanny had many old friends there, and our father, when he left us, felt we were not among strangers. What goats were Ned and myself! Through the livelong day we frisked here and there, sometimes scampering

Painted by Stothard. Engraved by O.Pelton.

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to the pond, sometimes chasing cows, now climbing trees and fences, to the great detriment of our city clothes. There was something so new and delightful in having *room enough;* we could run for miles, without disagreeably encroaching upon any one's premises, or hearing the clatter of our shoes upon the pavements. We careered here and there, like snow-flakes in a gale of wind, Edward and I. Then there was a little west window of the cottage, partly shaded by a large button-wood, where our mother always sat, following us in all our gambols, with her meek, loving eye. And then she seemed so much better, as she gratefully breathed the fresh, scented air. We laid honeysuckles, dandelions, and buttercups, on the window-sill beside her, and how delighted were we with her gentle 'Thank you, my little son.' If we grew rough or passionate, a glance at the west window subdued us into gentleness. If I encroached upon Ned's half of the luncheon, there came a soft rebuke, 'Are you minding the golden rule, Howard?' I looked up to the west window, and was just again. Had I been a brave or good boy upon the green, did I not turn to the pale face at the west window for the sweetest approval? Her eye seemed almost omnipresent, following us ever. In its love we were happy; in its reproof we sorrowed; at all times we revered its authority.

On a sudden, I was sent, about twilight, one evening, to bring some herbs from a friend's house. A bandanna was given me to wrap them in. 'Quick, Howard, run; they are for your mother,' bade aunt Fanny. I was at the door in a minute.

'Come and see our lambs,' shouted a neighbor's boy, 'two lambs; they've lost their mother, and we are going to pet them.' 'I must carry some herbs first,' said I. 'O never mind just a minute,' he urged, and again urged successfully. I followed him to his barn-yard and barn, and house, lost my bandanna, and forgot my errand, until I beheld aunt Fanny at the door, awaiting in anxious haste for my return. 'Give them to me, Howard; your poor mother is very sick.' Give her what? Ah, then did my unfaithfulness flash upon me. No herbs had I gotten, and self-rebuked I stood there, while aunt Fanny ran in haste to do my errand. My mother was worse; for days did the white curtain hang like a shroud over the west window. A long, long week it was! We played, but heavily and without joy! A weight hung upon me, leaden and dull. I feared how close the connection might be between the forgotten herb-errand and her increas-

ing illness. 'How could I?' was the ever-inward reproach. 'Let me go, O let me do something,' perpetually I asked, as if to repair the negligence of the past. 'Dear mother! and would she have forgotten *me* so? No, indeed;' was the uppermost questioning. 'And suppose it was her last errand!' Oh, I could bring cartloads of herbs.' As a dozen times a-day I flung myself down under the buttonwood, how anxiously, with what intense longing, did I turn my eyes toward the west window, in the vain hope of beholding my mother's face! The curtain, pale and mournful, only seemed to mock my desires.

The good news began to be spoken, that our mother was better. We were permitted to go into her room and take her hand. There was sunshine in the house again. 'Mother, what shall I do for you?' I whispered, the first time I laid my head upon her pillow. She was again able to walk about; and, one delightful afternoon, such as June alone can furnish us, her arm-chair was taken out upon the green. Ned and I were as happy as two happy boys could be.

'How is your sister?' asked a friendly neighbor, stepping in, of aunt Fanny, who was pouring out some tea for me to take to her.

'I think she is decidedly convalescent,' answered aunt Fanny cheerfully.

'Convalescent!' repeated I to myself, 'mother is convalescent, then; O, I am so glad!' And I well remember a strange delight at the word, a word of whose real meaning I had not the slightest idea, only I knew it must mean something good and pleasant. I was sure it did, for aunt Fanny looked so.

'My mother is convalescent,' I continued, as I took the cup of tea, and walked step by step, steadying it between my two hands; 'she is convalescent,' and I looked wonderingly up into her face, to see exactly what it meant. She sweetly smiled upon me.

'Yes, I *know* she is,' I thought, nestling lovingly by her side as she sipped her tea.

'Mother,' I said at last, placing my hand upon her knee, and in my earnestness putting my brown nose close up to hers, 'mother, I am as glad as can be that you are convalescent.' How I audibly got through such a big word, I do not know, for, even to this day, I make sorry work of pronouncing. I call it a defect in the ear; but no matter.

A laugh from aunt Fanny, just behind me. How I blushed, and hid my face! 'I want to be, for the sake of my little boys,' she said, 'and I am glad to see Howard is improving so;' and then she patted my head, as it lay plunged in her lap. 'Oh! I want most of all that my sons should be *good* children. I want to behold a daily improvement in their little hearts. I want to have them strive to be obedient, honest and kind. I desire nothing so much as to see their souls *convalescent* under the blessed sunshine of Divine Truth,' and she looked with serious love at the still blushing one.

Then aunt Fanny said the long shadows warned my mother to enter the house, promising another pleasant sitting upon the green, when a day like this came round again.

Long did I ponder her words on my little bed. 'I mean to be convalescent in my soul; I will,' said I to myself, more and more confirmed by all that was said, it meant something very excellent. Yes, and then I fancied, too, it would make me more like my mother, 'for that was just what aunt Fanny said mother was.' So argues childhood.

That night I dreamed of playing a long while under the button-wood tree, while she sat, more beautiful than ever, at the little west window gazing upon us. Then I seemed to be growing convalescent very fast; O very, indeed.

That night she died. It was consumption.

Visions of the west window, enshrining that hallowed face, often burst upon me, amid the hurry and strong excitements of business, and O, how beautifully and tenderly, when I retire away into the nooks and by-paths of a weary life, with her last words, as it were, still lingering upon the faded lips, and the soft and serious language of approval or rebuke in the rich blue eye. Then I struggle, and resolve, and defy temptation, and pray for the inward strength which supported her in the sufferings of the dying hour. Ah, do I not know that they are not always *morally* convalescent, whose friends regard them so?

June, 1845.

A Happy Childhood. — The recollection of a thoroughly happy childhood, — other advantages not being wanting, — is the very best preparation, moral and intellectual, with which to encounter the cares and duties of life. — *Home Education.*

MY CHILD.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes,—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall,
To give my child a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he 's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!
When passing by his bed,
So long watched over with parental care;
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, gray break
Of day from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! — Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked; — *he* is not there!

He lives! — in all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair:
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, 'Thou shalt see me *there!*'

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that — he is *there!*

THE PRAYING CHILD.

A LITTLE girl, six years of age, was a scholar in the Rev. H. Stowell's Infant School, at Salford, near Manchester, England. Her father was an infidel, and despised the holy Scriptures. The child would take him by the hand, and press him to go with her to hear the minister preach, but he always refused. He returned home one evening, and inquired where his child was? The mother said, 'she is in bed.' 'I'll go and give her one kiss,' said the father; but, as he approached the chamber, he heard the voice of prayer. It was little Jane; he heard her say, '*O Lord, do lead my dear father to hear Mr. Stowell preach.*' This artless prayer touched the father's feelings; but he was still unwilling to go with his child. Her perseverance at last succeeded. He went with her, and heard a striking and an alarming sermon from Mr. Stowell. On leaving the place of worship, the penitent, but now believing father, said, '*Jane, thy God shall be my God, and thy minister shall be my minister.*' This man has become a true disciple. He is usefully employed as an infant school master, and has been the means of guiding many children to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. — *Episcopal Recorder.*

CONFINEMENT OF CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.

BY DR. JAMES JACKSON, OF BOSTON.

What is a suitable length of time to confine children under six or eight years of age in school, during the day; and what is the suitable length for one session, without a recess?

I reply that I think four hours in the short days, and five hours in the long days, may safely be devoted to school, even at this early age, especially in those over five years. I do not say, confined in school, but devoted to school. Perhaps in the country, where children go some distance from home, and do not go all the year, six hours are not too much even for young children, in days not shorter than ten hours; that is, ten hours of sunshine.

But I do not think it wise to *confine* children *in school*, so many hours in a day as I have mentioned. On the other hand, I regard it as essential that they should not remain in school more than one hour at a time, on an average; that, during that hour, they should not be confined in one position, but, if possible, be engaged in short lessons, and short recitations, so as to have a diversity of employments; or in other ways have some variety; and that an hour's confinement should be followed by a recess of fifteen minutes. In very young children (three to five), the period of confinement should be shorter, and the recess longer. I take it to be easy to occupy young children usefully in school, without books and without perfect quiet, a part of the time, and that this is done at the present day to some extent. It is to this notion I refer, when I speak of other variety than is afforded by book study and recitation.

These opinions are derived from the settled principles of physiology, in part, but not wholly. This science (the science of man, if we mean human physiology,) gives no such definite rules. In general, it teaches that young children, much like young colts, calves, and lambs, are disposed to short, active gambols, and then to lie down, or otherwise to take short rests, and that this exercise is most suitable to them. I never see a child marched, in a moderate, regular step, through a long walk, without regretting it. It is much easier to them to run ahead, and then stop awhile. Young children cannot maintain a purpose a long time, nor an effort a long time, without fatigue. In their training or education, they should be alternated in these respects; for it is not the part of training to let every shoot grow wild; but it must be done gradually, for this reason,

if no other, that we cannot proceed in any other way to attain our purposes. We may stop all growth, or we may produce deformity, but we cannot make a good growth in any other way.

In children, restraint in one position, except lying down, soon produces fatigue; not because they want to be at play, but because they are obliged to keep in constant action those muscles by which the head and trunk are supported. This, at least, is one reason, an important one, and perhaps the principal one. I feel assured, that the lateral flexure of the spine in young girls, so much noticed the last thirty or forty years, is to be attributed much more to the effort to sit upright too long, than to tight lacing, &c. You will not suspect me of being an advocate of this vile practice; but I cannot charge to it an evil which has commonly occurred before that practice is begun. Unhappily, the evil is hereditary in a vast many families.

Children should not, then, be confined long to one position; when sitting or standing, they should not be required to maintain constantly an erect position of the body; for their muscles require more frequent alternations, (each one by itself,) than those of adults. So much physiology teaches. But physiology does not point out just how many minutes a particular muscle may be kept contracted. In other words, there are not any general rules, precise in this respect, which are deduced from observation or experience. Nor can it well be otherwise. We differ so much in temperament, and each one differs so much at different times, according to the state of his health, and from various accidental causes, that such precise estimates cannot be made. An average might be obtained from long-continued and accurate observations of large numbers of children; but this would require much labor and time, unless done in a loose way. This last, the loose way, is exactly what is done by those who observe the experiments constantly going on in our houses and schools. It is from estimates made in this way, that we make up our opinions. These are more to be relied on than any rules which can be derived from scientific physiology, though this may furnish an explanation of the mode in which evils are produced by too long confinement. I should therefore submit my opinion to that of an experienced teacher, who had been instructed in the general principles applicable to the subject, and who had observed carefully the effects of confinement, for different lengths of time, to school exercises. Only, in such a case, I should require that teacher to tell me exactly how his pupils were employed, from one ten minutes to another.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Nobody but a parent can realize what these affections are, can tell what a fountain of emotion the new-born child unseals, what chords of strange love are drawn out from the heart, that lay there concealed before. One may have all powers of intellect, a refined moral culture, a noble and wide-reaching philanthropy, and yet a child born to him shall awaken within him a depth of tenderness, a sentiment of love, a yearning affection, that shall surprise him as to the capacity and the mystery of his nature.

And the relation of a mother to her child, what other is like it? Without it, how undeveloped is the great element of affection, how small a horn of its orb is filled and lighted! What was she until that new love woke up within her, and her heart and soul thrilled with it, and first truly lived in it? Of all the degrees of human love, how amply is this the highest! In all the depths of human love, how surely is this the nethermost! When illustrations fail us, how confidently do we seize upon this! The mother, nurturing her child in tenderness, watching over it with untiring love! O, there is affection stronger than any of this earth. It has a power, a beauty, a holiness, like no other human sentiment. When that child has grown to maturity, and has gone out from her in profligacy and in scorn, when the world has denounced him, and justice sets its price upon his head, and lovers and companions fall off from him in utter loathing, — we do not ask, we *know*, there is one heart that cannot reject him. No sin of his can paralyze the chord that vibrates there for him. No alienation can cancel the affection that was born at his birth, that pillowed him in his infancy, centred in him its life, clasped him with its strength, and shed upon him its blessings, its hopes, and its prayers.

And no one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even the father cannot realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Her's has been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature has

developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She heard the first utterance of every new word. She has been the refuge of his fears; the supply of his wants. And every task of affection has woven a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when he dies a portion of her own life, as it were, dies. How can she give him up with all these memories, these associations? The timid hands that have so often taken her's in trust and love, how can she fold them on his breast, and give them up to the cold clasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and her bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and in peaceful slumber, a hair of which she could not see harmed, O, how can she consign it to the chamber of the grave? The form that not for one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it here no more? Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts and employ them; she sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all these suggestions crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? She could not, were it not that her faith is as her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man, the other is more simple and spontaneous, and takes confidently hold of the hand of God.

Original.

PARENTS MUST BE UNITED.

BY MRS. L. PILLSBURY.

It is exceedingly important for parents to be united in their plan, both of government and instruction. Success cannot reasonably be expected without it. 'An indifferent plan, in which parents are agreed, will be better than a superior one pursued by one, while the other dissents from it.'

A wide difference of opinion need not arise between parents who feel their responsibility, and who make the Bible their rule. They will together ask help of God; together study the Scriptures, and endeavor to gain perfect unanimity of sentiment; but should any difference exist, they will be sure, if possible, to have it obviated

before an occasion arises, of displaying that difference before their children. Could fathers and mothers who are young in experience see the blasted hopes, the ruin of character, and the wreck of happiness, caused by disagreement between parents, they would endeavor, with the utmost care, to shun a rock so fatal.

I have seen a child, a *first-born son*, placed in the care of parents, who, though respectable in the eye of the world, differed widely in their ideas of family government. When the father reproved or punished, the mother took the part of her child, and that, too, in his presence. And what was the consequence? Let years of misery in that unhappy family, tell. Let the scalding tears of agony, which fell from the eyes of that mother, tell. Let the premature death of that young man, who early learned to cast off parental authority and rush into scenes of dissipation, tell. Not unfrequent are the instances of mothers granting their children indulgences in the absence of their father, which he disallows. Little do such mothers realize the injury done to them, or the bitterness they are preparing for themselves. This cannot be practised to any considerable extent, without artifice and deceit, if not direct falsehood. Now, what the effect of deceit in a mother will be on the minds of her children, may be easily imagined. Beside, it is a breach of that confidence which a husband ought ever to be able to repose in his wife; and much to her cost will that mother feel that she has weakened the strength of that arm on which she would gladly rely, when the turbulence of unruly sons will no longer be checked by her own feeble influence.

But the reverse of this is *possible*. A father, in the easy indifference of his feelings, may not be alive to those dangers from evil companions, of which a watchful mother is ever apprehensive. That liberty to roam abroad, which she could by no means give, he may obtain from his father, and thus set her and her authority alike at defiance. We can scarcely imagine an error more fraught with distressing consequences than this. Beside the dangers of bad company, to which he is exposed, the allowance to disobey and treat his mother with contempt, is nourishing in him that pride and scorn of restraint, which will, ere-long, rise to such a height as will rend with the keenest agony the heart even of the misguided father. I cannot conclude without entreating fathers and mothers, with feelings more deep than words can express, to *be agreed*, in leading in the paths of virtue, the steps of their beloved children.

Londonderry, N. H., June, 1845.

MY MOTHER.

BY MRS ELIZA T. P. SMITH.

I have often heard the idea expressed, that a mother may live after she is dead, *in her children;* but I never saw the idea more beautifully illustrated than in the following translation from La Martine's 'Travels in the East.'

'Yes, it is thou, O my angel guardian,
Whose heart dost sympathise ever with mine.'

Whenever a strong impression affects me, I feel the need of some one to whom I could tell or write that which moves me; one who could find joy in that which rejoices me; an echo of that which has affected me; the sentiment isolated is not complete. Man was created a social being. Alas! when I thus look for another self, I find a void. Julia and Marianne * are occupied with themselves, and Julia is yet so young, that I only say to her what is appropriate to childhood. What is future, will soon be the present, but the past,—where is it?

The person who would the most enjoy my happiness at this moment, is *my mother.* In all which happens to me, happy or sad, my thoughts turn involuntarily to her. I think I see her; I hear her; I talk with her; I write to her. Those of whom one thinks so often are not absent; one whose remembrance lives so completely, so powerfully in our hearts, is not dead to us. She is always connected, as during her life, with all my impressions, which seem to me thus completely and entirely her own; which embellish, color, and warm in her brilliant imagination, even now, after a separation of six years!

I often seek her, in imagination, in the quiet and sacred retirement of Milly, where she educated us, and where she remained to think of me, when the vicissitudes of my youth separated me from her. I see her there, anxiously waiting for, receiving, reading, and commenting upon my letters, and enjoying even more than myself the impressions made upon me! Vain dream! She is not there. She

* Julia, the daughter, Marianne, Mdme Lamartine, probably, like most French women, volatile and gay, lived in the *present*, and were interested mostly in the seen and temporal, while *he* found enjoyment in the unseen and eternal.

inhabits the world of spirits. Our fugitive joys can no longer add to her happiness. Yet her spirit is with us, it visits us, it follows us, it protects us. She communes with us now from the eternal regions.

Woodville, (Roxbury), Mass., June, 1845.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE DOER OF THE WORD, A MISSIONARY.—Here is a small book, written by a clergyman of Massachusetts, humble in its pretensions, yet noble, sublime, Christlike in its sentiments and spirit, which, could it have the influence upon the hearts of men it should have, the effect would soon be the conversion of the world. O, how great is our delinquency as Christians in our devotion to the missionary cause! We recommend to those who love this cause and rejoice in its prosperity, to read this book and lend it to others. Much good may be done in this way. Published by Crocker & Brewster, Boston.

THE NEW REFORMATION.—New York City. Harper & Brothers. 1845.

A new reformation has sprung up in Germany. Its history, in brief, is as follows: It is maintained by the Roman Catholics, that the coat of our Lord was brought by Helena, the mother of Constantine, from the Holy Land, in the fourth century, and deposited in the cathedral of Treves. After having been concealed for centuries, the first public exhibition took place in 1196. In August, 1844, it was again publicly exhibited for the space of six weeks; during which time, 1,200,000 persons visited the city. In October, 1844, it was again exhibited. This last exhibition aroused the indignation of the best portion of the population, and among the rest a man of obscure reputation, but intelligent, and of indomitable courage, by name *John Ronge*. He boldly denounced the superstitious adoration of a relic, the real motive for exhibiting which was to extract money from the visitors. Ronge has been excommunicated by his bishop. Numerous persons, some of distinction and influence, have joined him, and the movement is termed '*The New Reformation.*'

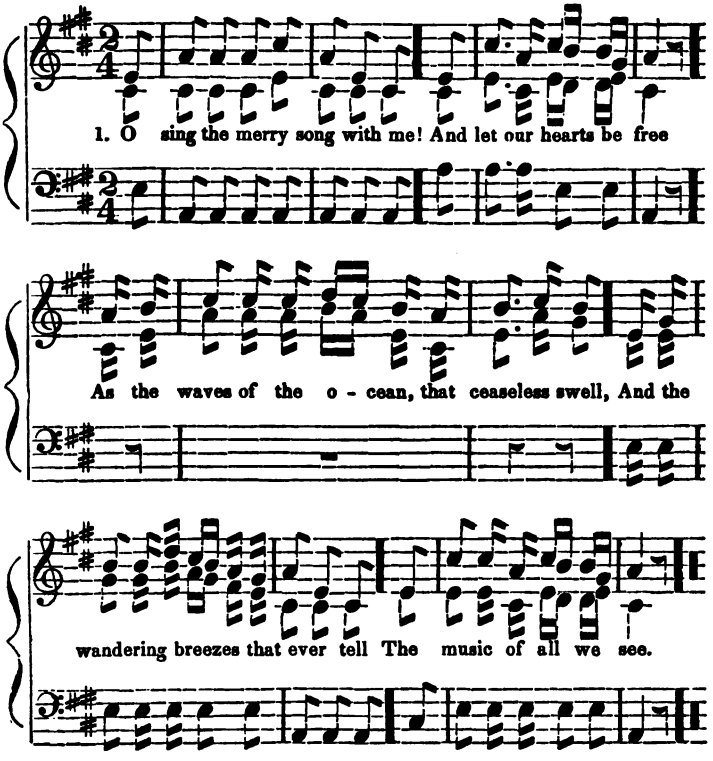
PROTESTANTISM IN ITALY.—Boston: Benjamin Perkins & Co. 1845.

The writer of this highly interesting work is Rev. Robert Baird, a gentleman who has travelled extensively through Europe, for the promotion of the temperance enterprise.

The book contains 418 pages, and is one of the neatest specimens of the art ever issued from the Boston press. It contains three parts; the subject of the first of which, is, the Reformation in Italy; of the second, Italy since the Reformation; and of the third, the history, present state and prospects of the Waldenses. These people inhabit the valleys of Piedmont, and have, since the days of the apostles, having never had any connection with the Roman Catholics.

The book is ornamented with a handsome map of the valleys of Piedmont, and with a portrait of the Duchess of Ferrara. We heartily commend this book to the religious community, as one of rare interest and importance.

"O sing the merry song with me."

FROM COMMON SCHOOL SONGSTER.

1. O sing the merry song with me! And let our hearts be free
As the waves of the o - cean, that ceaseless swell, And the
wandering breezes that ever tell The music of all we see.

2

O, sing the merry song, so bold!
And sing of days of old,
When the stars of the night sparkled bright as now,
And we pledged to continue forever true
As when our chorus rolled.

3

O sing the merry song to-night;
And sing the hour's swift flight!
Sing of Him who has made our life calm and clear:
Sing of Him who has brought us together here;
O, sing the glad song to-night.

Original.

[Obtained a Prize of $5.]

HOW TO GET A GOOD HUSBAND.

BY REV. STILLMAN MORGAN.

Rebekah, a beautiful and an accomplished young lady, lived in a city, called Nahor. Not far from the city, there was a well, owned in common by the people. One fine evening, Rebekah, as her manner was, took her pitcher in her hand and proceeded toward the well to get some water for the family. When she came within sight of the well, her attention was attracted by a herd of camels, ten in number, on their knees, asking for water. By their side sat a stranger, of sedate countenance, apparently at prayer. As Rebekah drew near the well, the stranger lifted his eyes and saw a young lady with a pitcher on her shoulder. The moment he saw her, he was deeply impressed with her beauty, modesty, and gentleness. Rebekah did not stop to make any conversation with the stranger, but went directly down to the well, filled her pitcher and came up. The stranger saw that now was his time to address her. We may well imagine that his heart beat high, for the great question was soon to be decided. As she was about to leave the well, he ran to meet her; but when he came up to her, he thought it not prudent abruptly to address her on the topic which filled his heart, as it might shock her modesty and defeat the whole enterprise. Addressing her, therefore, respectfully, but timidly, he informed her that he was very thirsty and would like to drink a little water from her pitcher. She gracefully complied with his request, and, as the pitcher was quite heavy, assisted him in holding it while he drank. I cannot say how long it took him to drink, and praise the coolness and freshness of the water, to speak of the heat of the day, and to express his thanks for her kindness and courtesy to a stranger; but it was sufficiently long for the young lady to take a survey of him,

his camels, and his burthens. Impressed with the simplicity and gentle behavior of the stranger, and seeing that he was very weary with his journey, Rebekah politely offered to draw water for his camels, also. So she ran back and forth with her pitcher, from the trough to the well, and from the well to the trough, until ten thirsty camels had satisfied themselves with water. All the while she was doing this, the man remained silent, wondering at her generosity and hospitality to a stranger. He might have been thinking that there was a Providence in all this, or he might have been contriving in his mind how he should ascertain where the maiden lived, and how he could get an invitation to remain with her father's family over night, for it was then growing dark, and he must soon have a place for himself and camels.

When the camels, therefore, had done drinking, he took from his pocket a gold ring, and, stepping toward Rebekah, gave it to her. He also gave her two bracelets for her hands. Upon the presentation of these, Rebekah probably mistrusted what the good man was thinking about. He then said, 'Tell me whose daughter art thou? And is there room for us all to come to your father's and lodge to-night? The maiden immediately told him her name, and, moreover, that her father had room enough for him and all his retinue. She also answered other questions, which he durst not put, assuring him that they had both straw and provender, sufficient for himself and camels, and room for all to lodge. Upon this, the weary stranger bowed his head and worshipped God. He then delicately alluded to the subject nearest his heart, but durst not speak plainly to the blushing maiden. He said as much as was prudent for him to say before he had seen her father and mother. Upon this, Rebekah ran to the house, and said a stranger was down by the well, waiting for an invitation for a lodging for himself and camels, showing, at the same time, the ring and bracelets he had given her. Now Rebekah had a brother, who, upon hearing her relation, ran down to the well and said to the man, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord. Wherefore standest thou without? We are all ready; room enough; come, and welcome.' Then the man went into the house. Rebekah's brother ungirded the camels and gave them straw and provender, while Rebekah provided water for the stranger's feet and his servants who were with him. By the time they had finished washing, supper was provided, and the maiden's father invited the stranger and his servants to eat. But he replied that he must do

his errand first. So supper waited, while he went on to unburthen his mind.

He commenced by announcing that he was Abraham's servant, and that his master was a very rich man. But being an old man, and having a beloved son, by name Isaac, he wished to see him married before he died, adding, that none but a pious daughter would please the old gentleman. He was very particular on this point, for he had high expectations concerning his son. He informed them, also, that all the property had fallen into Isaac's hands. 'And I have come,' said he, 'in pursuit of a bride for him. While at the well, this evening, venerable father, I was most favorably impressed with the appearance of your daughter. I have no doubt that she is a suitable maiden for Isaac, for God has given me a favorable token. But it is proper I should get her parents' consent.'

What the stranger said convinced Rebekah's father and mother that the call for her was from God. Then the great and decisive question was put to the parents in these words: 'And now, if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.' Then the old people piously answered in the affirmative. This answer so pleased the servant of Abraham, that he bowed himself and gave thanks to God. He then brought forth jewels of silver and gold, beside beautiful raiment for her wedding day, and gave them to the blushing bride. He presented, also, precious things to her mother and her brother. Supper being ended, all retired. I cannot say how much Rebekah slept that night, but I reckon she had not a little anxiety to get a view of her distinguished bridegroom, of whom she had just heard such a glowing description, and from whom had come such a pious messenger.

Having finished his business, the next morning the servant was desirous to depart for home. But Rebekah's mother and brother begged he would not be in haste, but let the damsel abide with them a few days, at least ten; as he was decided, however, they called Rebekah and said to her, 'Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.' Eventful morning!

The camels were reladen, and all being ready, the family gathered round the beautiful bride to give the parting kiss, and to pronounce upon her such blessings as pious patriarchs bestow upon their children. When the affecting parting ceremony was ended, and Re-

bekah and her damsels were well seated on the camels, the whole procession moved off, following Abraham's trusty servant.

Now, at eventide, Isaac went out into the fields to meditate; and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and behold, the camels were coming. About the same moment, Rebekah saw him advancing toward the company, and inquired of the servant who he was. Being informed that it was his master, she alighted from the camel and drew a veil over her face. The good servant introduced each to the other, and gave Isaac a history of his expedition. Then Isaac led his bride to his mother's tent, and she became his wife. So Isaac was comforted after his mother's death.

REFLECTIONS. — Beloved daughters, allow me to address you a few words in the way of advice.

1. Do not think lightly of manual employment. If Rebekah had felt above labor, she probably would not have found Isaac as a husband.

2. Never look for a husband, or suffer yourself to be diverted from an honorable employment, through fear that you will be found by some young man at work, and so be slighted. You may be slighted by some for your industry; but, be assured, that, to be passed by, by such, is a blessing. A good minister, whose name was Reuel, had seven daughters. Being very much occupied with his public vocations, they took care of his sheep. Going to the well one day to water them, they met a young man there, who politely aided them in their task. This act of courtesy attracted the good minister's notice, and he invited the young man to his house, who soon made acquaintance with his family, married one of the daughters, became a great blessing to all of them, and a great man and a leader in Israel.

The woman of Samaria, on a similar errand to the well, met a greater than Isaac, or Moses. Follow, therefore, your appropriate business; put your confidence in the Most High; keep his commandments; and if He has a companion for you, He will find you, and order every thing for your good.

3. Let your bearing toward all, and especially toward strangers, be respectful and courteous. You may thereby entertain angels, unawares. There was in Rebekah's character a natural politeness, and yet such modesty, as much deserves imitation.

4. Treat servants well. He who met Rebekah at the well was

but a servant. Yet how kindly does the maiden speak to him; and how cheerfully does she provide for him. And was she not greatly rewarded for this, by being honored with Isaac for a husband? See also how her good conduct was thought worthy of being recorded, to be read and admired by all generations, down to the end of time.

5. You cannot be too discreet and careful in your choice of a companion. Think of the numerous instances of unhappy marriages. A pious daughter gives her hand to one who loves not God or religion. Two evils follow. They disagree, the house being divided against itself; and the 'children speak half in the language of Ashdod, and half in the language of Canaan.'

6. Be advised never to contract a marriage, or at all pledge yourself until you have consulted your parents or near friends. And *he* who will not consult *your* friends in such a matter, but despises counsel, is not the man to be trusted. As great a man as Moses first sought the good will of the priest of Midian, and then married his daughter. Rebekah makes no pledge, but retires until Abraham's servant has laid the whole matter before her father, mother, and brother, and obtained their consent.

7. A good rule in making choice of a companion for life is this. Ascertain how the suitor treats his mother and his sisters. Isaac loved his mother, and had not done mourning for her, until he found and married Rebekah. Remember — a kind son and a kind brother will make a kind husband.

8. One rule more. Be cautious of marrying into a family where the marriage institution is lightly thought of. As the good old patriarch Abraham was about to die, he made provision for his son; made over his vast possessions into his hands, and then advised him to marry, that God might be honored and the world made better. Not many years after Isaac's marriage, he gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers.

Blessed man! Blessed family! And thrice blessed Rebekah! May all our beloved children read the history of that family; and reading, may they admire and imitate; and imitating, may they receive the blessings of Abraham.

Topsham, Vt.

OLD HUMPHREY'S ADDRESS TO A NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

I HAVE a message for you, a high and holy message, coming from a high and a holy source; one which concerns your comfort, your enjoyment, and your peace. An attention to it will shield you from many sorrows; a neglect of it will burden you with many calamities. Now mind that you receive it in a friendly, kind-hearted way.

The Psalmist cried out, 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' And if it be goodly and pleasant for brethren to do this, surely it must be still more so for husbands and wives. Receive, then, the message with affection, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.'

Did you ever find your hearts fill with joy when you beheld a married couple surrounded with comforts, animated with the same hope, journeying on together toward the same heaven, affectionately loving and highly honoring each other; and, in addition to all this, bearing each other's burdens? Oh, it is a lovely thing, in this world of affliction, to find hearts knit together in sorrow and in joy, sharing with equal willingness the shine and the shade!

And have you never looked with pain upon an ill-matched pair, reminding you of dogs chained together, pulling different ways? Have you seen the eye inflamed with wrath, while the tongue was venomed with bitterness, and discomfort, clamor and confusion reigned around?

Oh, it is a bitter and an evil thing for those who are in wedded life to dwell in hatred, not in love; increasing, instead of bearing each other's burdens.

I know not how it may have been with you, but the experience of Old Humphrey has taught him that troubles will come without being sought, and that there are thorns and briers enough in the world, without our gathering them and planting them in each other's bosoms.

You have just entered on a new life, and God of his mercy grant that it may be a happy one! But, as it was of olden time, so it is now, weeds spring up in the fairest gardens. Such is the evil of our nature, that the cockle will grow with the wheat, and the thistle with the barley, and so long as the human heart is not wholly sanctified with God's grace, so long will its infirmities ever and anon get the upper hand, setting at variance those whose heart-strings should

be twined together. Bear, then, with a few remarks from Old Humphrey.

Perhaps you have known each other from the days of youth, and succeeding years may have strengthened your affection. You were, perhaps, so well acquainted with each other's dispositions and qualities, that marriage has not made manifest a single infirmity that you did not know before. If so, happy are ye.

But, if, on the contrary, when you entered into wedded life, you were but half acquainted with each other; if circumstances were not favorable to that thorough knowledge which beings eating of the same bread, and drinking of the same cup, and sharing the sweets and bitters that fall to the lot of humanity, ought to possess, why, then, make amends for this disadvantage, as far as you can, by bearing each other's burdens.

It is an easy thing to love what is lovely in each other, to smile when the sun shines, and to be kind and good tempered when your partner is kind and good tempered too; but this is no proof of real affection.

Can you put up with each other's infirmities, bear with each other's waywardness, and forgive each other's errors? This is proving your affection; this is, indeed, bearing one another's burdens. Old Humphrey is in the habit of putting some searching questions; questions that at times go right to his own heart, while he means them to go to the hearts of others; he feels his infirmities, and smarts under his own correction; so much as to be half disposed to blot out the observations he has made; but he will be faithful in spite of his infirmities; he will speak plain truths, ask plain questions, and make plain remarks, whosoever may be affected by them.

It is a clear case that 'two cannot walk together unless they are agreed;' but if they are agreed, they get on wonderfully well. The one may be stronger or weaker, bolder or more timid than the other; but that will not signify. The one may be a good walker, and the other a very bad one; there may be some lameness or weakness in one, and not in the other; but still they will so accommodate themselves to each other's infirmities, that they will go forward in comfort and peace; and if this be true of any people in the world, it is particularly so of married people.

The path may be stony, the hill may be steep, the hedge thick and thorny, the stream strong and deep; but all will be overcome

by helping each other along, by encouraging each other, and by bearing each other's burdens.

I trust that you have not built your hope of earthly happiness on the mere attractions of each other's persons. A handsome face and an agreeable way of behavior are but a poor stock of comforts to begin housekeeping with. You have something better than these; but have a care how you begin; for a good beginning is the best preparation for a good ending. You are now at ease; but as the fairest summer has its thunder-cloud, so surely will the smoothest life have its cares. Are you ready to meet with disappointment and anxiety? Are you ready to bear each other's burdens?

Your wants appear to be well supplied. In Scripture language, your heads appear anointed with oil, and your cup runs over; but it may not always be so, for gold and silver make to themselves wings and fly away. What if want should take the place of plenty? Will you then look kindly on each other? Will you then bear each other's burdens?

You are in health, but you cannot reasonably expect to remain so long; the toothache, the headache, the heartache, and a hundred other ails are known by others, and are likely enough to be felt by you, and they may try you sorely; and if care, want, and sickness, should meet together in your habitation, you will have need of all your affection, ay, and of God's grace, to enable you to remain kindly affectionate one to another, and to bear one another's burdens.

If you cannot travel together with affection, you will find hatred and unkindness but sorry companions. If helping each other will not do, hindering one another will do worse. If bearing one another's burdens will not enable you to trudge along tolerably comfortable, you will make but a sad business of it, by adding to each other's load. Therefore, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.'

If you have made your calculation for fine weather only, go and bespeak an umbrella, for be sure you will have need of it. If you think to look at each other always with the same fond and affectionate regard that you have yet done, Old Humphrey tells you, in spite of your fairy dreams of unabated love, that if you go through the first year of your married life without a single heart-burning, you will deserve to have your pictures framed and glazed, and hung up in the market-hall for universal admiration. No! no! Old

Humphrey will tell you the truth; however you try to flatter and deceive one another, you are a pair of poor, weak, erring, sinful creatures, requiring divine aid every moment of your lives, to keep you from inattention, from wanderings of heart, from selfishness, from bitterness, and from hatred.

If you really wish to love one another always, you must love God always; for none but God can preserve your affection, and enable you to bear each other's burdens.

And, mark me, when the time comes, as come it may, when you feel yourselves to be overtaken in a fault, and when you have been angry one with another, be faithful in questioning your own hearts. Say to yourselves in private, 'Am I sure the fault is not mine? Have I not been thoughtless, unreasonable, selfish, hasty, or bitter? If in the wrong, have I made acknowledgment of it, and am I anxious to avoid my error in future? And, if in the right, am I desirous to manifest more forbearance to my erring partner?' These are questions which most of us are shy in putting to ourselves; but they are precious medicine, and if taken with a dependence on God's blessing, will do us great good. It will render us more humble, cautious, and forbearing; it will increase our affection, and it will do much toward influencing us to bear each other's burdens. Why cannot we always dwell in affection, and bear each other's burdens? Why should an aggravating or an angry feeling ever rise in our bosoms? It is because we have an enemy in the camp; a deceitful heart in our bosoms, influencing us to believe that we are always right, and that others are always wrong; teaching us to call things by wrong names, and persuading us that aggravation is merely thoughtlessness; selfishness nothing more than prudence; and bitterness of heart, virtuous indignation.

In short, Old Humphrey's opinion is this, that we are all so bad that God alone can mend us; and that the only way to dwell in continual affection, bearing each other's burdens, is to live continually dependent on God, seeking the influence of the Holy Spirit continually, taking the blessed gospel of his beloved Son our Saviour for our guide, and seeking fervently at the throne of mercy for those heavenly supplies which our earthly infirmities require.

Old Humphrey, had his object been to please you, might have spoken more pleasantly, but he wishes to do you good, even though it be against your will. Let not your affections, then, be a flower

which opens and shuts in a day, but a tree whose deep-struck roots will bear the rocking of the wintry storm. You do not half love one another, if you wish not to love each other through eternity; and if you wish to love each other through eternity, you will desire through time to dwell in affection, and to bear each other's burdens.

EARLY SEEK AND EARLY FIND.

BY THE LATE WILLIS G. CLARKE.

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze —
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown —
Pleasure will fold her wing — and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone!
Those who now love thee will have passed forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee —
Thou wilt need a balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing —
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing, die —
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray —
Come — touch the sceptre — win a hope in heaven;
Come, turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul —
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal —
Home of the weary — where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o'er the dust the curtained grave is closing —
Who would not, early, choose a lot like this?

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VII. AUGUST, 1845. No. 2.

Original.

YES AND NO.

BY WM. A. ALLCOTT.

[Obtained a Prize of $5.]

THE importance of being able to say Yes, and No, in some of the conditions and relations of human life, is very generally admitted. To no class of society, however, is it more important than to parents.

Some parents know how to say Yes, but not No. Perhaps they are afraid of giving a child pain if they deny him, especially if they do it *directly*. Or they are afraid he will be fretful, or irritable about it. Accordingly they give him a sort of half negative. Although this suffices for the present, as a refusal, yet it leaves the hope of being heard presently.

There are others — I hope the number is not large — who know how to say No, but not Yes. Whenever they are busy, and feel as if they could not possibly be troubled with the questions of children, they shut the door to inquiry by saying No to every thing they ask. So they do if they are ill, or in any way depressed in spirits; or if they are fatigued or fretful. But in some one of these conditions such parents almost always are, so that they seldom say Yes to any thing. All their replies are No, No, No.

A few of the class last mentioned have occasional gleams of sunshine on their souls. When such seasons arrive, as if conscious of past error, and desirous of making atonement, they say, for the time, very little but Yes. What they would think foolish, or impertinent, or even ridiculous at other times, is now quite tolerable.

But these seasons of sunshine are usually short, and, what is worst of all, they are, with most persons, continually becoming shorter.

There are many others who never say either Yes or No, as it ought to be said. A child asks for something, and though he may perhaps finally obtain what he seeks for, the parent or teacher never says Yes. Or, if he is refused, it is never by a direct No.

Perhaps he asks if he may have a certain book to read, and one which the parent is perfectly willing he should have, yet, being wholly occupied with his own concerns then, he has no time for thought about the child's request; but, to be safe, he answers No. Presently the question comes to him again. Still there is no full affirmative given. At last, after asking once or twice more, he obtains what he desires.

In other instances it happens, that, though an affirmative answer is never given, yet, at the third or fourth reply of the parent, the child discovers a *leaning* that way, so that he regards the reply as an affirmative, or at least as tending to become such, and governs himself accordingly. This, though bad enough in itself considered, is worse in its consequences. A child who ventures thus after the *fourth* question, will, in time, venture at the third, and finally at the first; and he will soon do this habitually. How long, in such circumstances, will a parent's authority be good for any thing? And how bitterly will such parents sometimes complain of their children — that they will not do as they command them, but will act just as they please — when the whole trouble arises from their own error. They have not learned how to say Yes and No. There are thousands of such parents; and they are greatly to be pitied.

Sometimes a child asks for something which the parent is not willing he should have. This also we will suppose to be a book. But he gets no decided answer. He is put off, or evaded. He asks again. Still he receives no answer. He asks a third time, or a fourth. At last he does as he pleases, takes possession of the book; and here comes another error. If he *uses* the book well, perhaps nothing is said to him about taking it without liberty; but, if he injures it, he is severely reproached for disobedience.

In no small number of instances, the first question is scarcely heard, and therefore scarcely answered. It is then repeated a little louder. The point is not yet gained — the parent does not give a decided answer. At last the child begins to call out fretfully.

Then he is found fault with for fretting; but his *request* is granted. Even here, however, there is no hearty response to his question, or rather his demand. There is no full, unequivocal, whole-hearted Yes. Nor is this the worst. The child who gains attention from an absent-minded or busy parent by raising his voice, or putting on airs of authority, when he cannot do it in any other way, soon learns to raise his voice, and alter his tone of voice, and *make a storm* whenever he wants any thing. What though he is reprimanded for his conduct? He prefers gaining his point, though it should cost him a reprimand, to the pain of long suspense. In other words, he has what seems to him a choice of evils, and, like other people, he chooses which he supposes to be the least.

If this were the whole of it, the error would be more tolerable. But a child who gains his point at one time, in this way, will not only seek to gain it in the same way frequently, but always, and on all occasions. Does he desire any thing which he thinks it doubtful whether he shall be able to obtain? He has but to 'raise a breeze' about it, and he will probably get it. Or in any event, he has nothing to lose by making a noise, and whining, and crying about the matter. He can *but* lose, what *without* his attempt he will fail to obtain, whereas he may gain something.

There are thousands of parents, who, though they say No, say it in such a manner as to leave a child room to hope that the answer is not final, and that the parent may recall his decision. For, though he should really *mean* No, the child sees — for children are eagle-eyed to discern the feelings of the heart by the appearance of the exterior — that there is safety in repeating his request. If, by pressing the question, he gains his point, the authority of the parent is weakened; but, if the latter persists in his refusal, it is scarcely less so. No child will be better satisfied with a No, in reply to his second question, than to his first.

It is curious to observe, that the kindest parents — I mean those who are usually reckoned the kindest — to their children, are in very many instances, the most unkind. They are so in every thing, but especially in the matter we are considering. What is often taken by parents themselves for kindness to their offspring, deserves no better name than mere instinct or sheer weakness.

Much which is called parental love is evidently mere instinct, mere love of the animal. We love the child because he is, as it

were, a part of us, or because he is our property. The highest name you can give this is selfishness. We love the child because he bears our image; not because he bears the image of our Father who is in heaven. This sort of love has nothing to do with the idea that the child is a spiritual being.

Much also of the tenderness we feel toward children, is mere weakness. For observe, if you please, what parent has the most of it. Is it the wise, judicious, steady parent? Is it he who can say Yes or No, whenever the occasion requires it? Or is it the delicate, consumptive, nervous, or dyspeptic individual? Or, to judge by fruits, is it the steady, consistent parent, whose children turn out to be men and women of solid attainments, good character, and firm health; or is it the vacillating, tremulous, whimsical parent, whose children prove to be superficial, unstable, delicate, or sickly?

Let us come to a few positive directions about saying Yes and No, for this is a matter of immense importance, if the happiness of ourselves or our children, here and hereafter, is of any consequence. It is so, if the directions of Solomon and Paul, about training up children 'in the way they should go,' even 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' are of any value.

I. Let us, if possible, always reply to the *first question* asked by a child. I say *if possible*, but it usually is so.

To this it will probably be objected, that some of the questions of children are not worth answering; and shall a parent hold himself bound to answer inquiries which are of no consequence? Or the question may be an improper one, and it were better, in this particular, for the child to remain in ignorance.

Well, then, let these cases be regarded as exceptions to the general rule; but make up your mind, in the outset, whether the inquiry is or is not worth answering. Let your decision in the case, moreover, be final. Do not make up your mind not to reply, and then suffer yourself to be driven from your position by importunity, or sympathy. Learn, at least, to say No to yourself.

But, before we decide not to answer the questions of infancy and childhood, we ought to consider our liability to mistake concerning the *importance* of these questions. Few of us have the happy tact of judging what is and what is not of importance to the young. We forget how we felt and thought, when at their age, and it is difficult for us to enter into communion, as it were, with the infant

spirit, even when we make an effort. More frequently, however, it is believed, we do not make any attempts to do so.

It will be said, perhaps, that if we answer all their questions, we shall be harassed with them. It may be so; but then you must learn to say *No*, as well as Yes, when the occasion requires it. Beside, it is the first question, and not *every* question, of which I am now speaking.

It may also be said, that we shall in this way repress childish curiosity. It would be so, if we were never to say Yes, or if we were always to take no notice of what children say. But if we *often* answer them, and pay suitable attention to their inquiries, there will be no difficulty. They will soon learn what both our *No* and our *silence* mean.

II. Let the reply to a child's question be not only immediate, but *hearty*. Say Yes as often as you can, and when you say it, let it be a *full-hearted* Yes, that your child, as well as yourself, may have the whole benefit of it. There is a great difference between a full-hearted Yes, and a half-hearted one; and children, above all others, perceive and feel the difference. Let those who have never been in the habit of saying Yes with all their hearts — and many such there are among us — try it for once. The effects will be as gratifying as they may be surprising.

But your No should be as full-hearted as your Yes. It is more difficult, I know, to have it so; but, if we are sufficiently resolute, it can be done. The trial is heaviest at first, but will be easier as we go on. And when we have gained the point of having a No received with as much cheerfulness as a Yes, we have gained a great victory, not only to ourselves, but to the child.

I am acquainted with one eminent teacher of a family school, who attaches very great importance to the art of saying Yes and No. He says that much of the insubordination and unhappiness which prevail in our world, have their origin in a neglect on the part of parents, properly to say Yes and No. He has so far gained the confidence of his pupils, as to be able to say Yes and No to them, and have these replies always satisfactory. Or if not satisfactory, no dissatisfaction can be perceived. Of this I have had ample testimony, as in the following example.

A number of the pupils were going one day on a ramble into the woods. One lively little fellow was all alive with the expecta-

tion that he should be one of the company, but knew he must first ask permission of his teacher. The reply of the teacher was *No.* It was quite unexpected, and the boy, for a few seconds, stood motionless. At length he turned on his heel, and ran to his sports as if nothing at all had happened.

III. Your Yes and No must be *final.* There must be no appendages to it, whether in the form of condition, or distrust. I do not mean by this, that a child should never be placed upon trial, for this were to propose to alter the whole course of things. I only mean, that when there is not meant to be a trial, or positive condition, no trial or condition should be implied, for want of care to avoid it.

Many parents say, 'Yes, you may go, if you will behave well;' 'Yes, I believe so;' 'Yes, if your mother is willing;' 'Yes, if you will come home in good season;' 'Yes, if you will use it carefully,' &c. Now I dislike all this. I believe it to be entirely wrong to put the young upon trial; for life is wholly a trial, for persons of all ages. But I am opposed to blending any thing with the assent which we give. Let us advise, whether beforehand or afterward, with our whole heart; but when the time comes for saying Yes, let it be said heartily. Let it be Yes, and only Yes; no preliminaries, no conditions, no additions; above all, none of the two latter.

Your No must be as effectually so as your Yes. To say 'No, I am afraid it will make you sick;' or 'No, you are not old enough;' or 'No, it is too hot, or too cold;' or to have your No followed by any thing whatever, is a great mistake. And yet it is a mistake which thousands fall into, and among them are some of the kindest and most reasonable. Indeed, it is their very kindness and reasonableness which mislead them.

For, in the first place, it is painful to them to say No; and therefore they contrive to avoid saying it alone. Like a physician who gives something after a bitter pill has been swallowed, they vainly attempt to add something which will soften the asperities of a refusal. This is kindness, but it is a mistaken kindness, for it defeats its own intentions.

In the second place, these parents wish to appear reasonable. Instead of being satisfied with *being* reasonable, they wish to have their children *see* that they are so. In phrenological language, they have the organ of Love of Approbation either very large, or very

active, or both; and what they wish to be, and appear to be, every where, they are particularly anxious to be and appear to be by those whom they most intimately and dearly love.

But the best way to have those around us see that we are reasonable is to *be* so. It will not add any thing to make proclamation of our reasonableness; on the contrary, it is, especially to infancy and childhood, worse than nothing at all.

That children should be treated as reasonable beings, is one of the plainest truisms. But this does not prove that our Yes and No should be any thing *but* Yes and No, either more or less. Nor does it prove that we should be anxious to assign reasons, in their hearing, for every thing we propose or command; above all, that our children should be trained to require us to give reasons for our conduct. And yet thousands and millions are thus trained. '*Why* must I do it?' '*Why* may I not have it?' '*Why* must I?' '*Why* may I not?' are questions of hourly occurrence in almost all our best families.

Parents may give as many reasons for their conduct as they please, to their more advanced, or older children, provided that, even here, they do not suffer the children to compel them to it. But let them never be urged, or reasoned, or importuned, to a course of this kind. Let it be a free gift, and, if possible, a little unexpected. Let, it, however, never be coupled with Yes or No.

Reasons may be given to very young children, at set times and on suitable occasions; but never when they claim them. They must first be trained to do a thing, or refrain, at the voice of mere authority. They should first be trained to unconditional submission to the parent's will, and to have that submission cheerful and voluntary. No and Yes should be as much the irrevocable law, with very little children, as the law of Chaldea among the Medes and Persians. They should never know any thing about Yes and No but that one is a positive, unqualified, irrevocable permission; and the other as positive, unqualified, and irrevocable a refusal.

It is easily seen, from what has been said, that I would have parents begin to say Yes and No to their children very early. The earlier the better; the later, the more difficult. Better late, however, according to the old adage, than never.

Let the parent who finds himself in the injurious habit I have alluded to, resolve to break from it at once. It is, as it were, for

his life. It is, without qualification, for the life of his children. For the more uncertain your Yes and No become with them, the more unsettled is your authority. The foundation of the whole superstructure, in education, is shaken. 'Give an inch and take an ell,' is an old proverb, which is peculiarly applicable here. Every child will take advantage of your hesitancy. And the more you hesitate, or give reasons, the more you *must;* and the more you give reasons, the more dissatisfied he will be if reasons are not given.

I have more than once alluded to the importance of saying Yes and No with all possible full-heartedness, on account of its importance to the well-being of the child. Now, one great object of obedience is, that the child may learn to *obey himself* — his own convictions of duty — his own notions of right and wrong — his own conscience. It is a well-established maxim, that none but those who have learned to obey well, can ever properly command others. But it is equally true, that only such will ever be likely to obey *themselves.* To be able to say Yes and No to ourselves, and have it as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the Yes and No of our parents must be first regarded in this very manner. We must be trained, in one word, to have Yes mean exactly yes, and no more; and to have No, without qualification, mean no.

One of the greatest faults of modern education, is, that it does not secure a due degree of conscientiousness. We regard, to some extent, external, or outward law; but the law within is heard but faintly, and is but feebly obeyed. This is a truly lamentable state of things, and greatly needs to be removed. The voice of the inward monitor, though it be but a whisper, should be authoritative — the highest authority, except that of God himself.

But this monitory voice has but little influence with us, because it has been but little regarded. We have not been accustomed to Christian decision of character — to do with all our might, that which we know we *ought* to do. Yet thus we ought to do, in all the relations of life, and from the earliest infancy and childhood. And it is by obeying, implicitly, the parental voice — God has so ordered it — that we learn to obey the voice within.

Hence the obvious necessity of having the parental voice as definite and certain as possible. The trumpet must not give an uncertain sound; above all, in the family. Reason and Conscience

both depend, more than all else, on the stability of family government; and the latter depends in no trifling degree, on the habit of saying Yes and No.

The power to say Yes and No to ourselves, and to obey ourselves as well as command, is of the highest value in all the conditions and relations of life. Let it be but once acquired by a whole generation, and the cause of human happiness would advance with a rapidity hitherto unknown.

The cause of education, also, would advance greatly, both in the family and the schools. One great difficulty with the young, in the way of their progress, is an unwillingness to apply themselves closely. Their judgment is on the side of hard study, but inclination — perhaps, in some cases, indolence — is against it. They know inclination is wrong, but they have not learned to say No to her. Hence it is that they do not apply themselves more closely; and hence it is that they are not better scholars. So, also, in physical and moral education. The progress of the young, in health and virtue, would be vastly increased, if they had but learned to say Yes and No.

Let parents, then, be exhorted on this subject. Let them not regard it as a '*little*' thing; 'for who hath despised the day of small things?' Let them not regard it as one of the things which may be deferred to an uncertain hereafter; 'it is for their life,' and the life of those who are to come after them. Let them begin the work of reform now. 'He hath his work half done who hath it well begun.'

Hartford, Ct.

HOME.

O how sacred is that home where every word is kindness, and every look affection! Where the ills and sorrows of life are borne by mutual effort, and its pleasures are equally divided; and where each esteems the other more worthy; where a holy emulation abounds to excel in offices of kindness, and affectionate regard; where the livelong day, the week, the month, the year, is a scene of cheerful and unwearied effort to swell the tide of domestic comfort, and overflow the heart with some new-born enjoyments. That home may be the humblest hovel on earth; but there heart meets heart, in all the fondness of a full affection. And wherever that spot is found, there is an exemplification of all that is lovely and of good report among men. It is heaven begun below.

PREVALENCE OF A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

WHILE laboring in the town of ——, New York, says a clergyman, I became acquainted with a family, consisting of the father, mother, and five sons. Of this family, the mother alone was pious. Her melting heart went up continually to God, in supplication for his blessing on herself and her offspring. Fervent ejaculations, like the following, ascended from her anxious spirit. 'O Lord, give me grace to train up my dear children for thee. Help me to instruct them, to pray for them, and to set a pious example before them. Ever impress my mind with the solemn obligations which devolve upon me. O may I always feel that without thy grace to renew and sanctify my offspring, all my labors for their good will be unavailing. Now, Lord, give me faith to consecrate them to thee, through the name of Jesus Christ my Redeemer.'

When I first became acquainted with the family, the father was intemperate, and of course neglectful of business; and the children were mostly from home, laboring to procure a comfortable support for themselves and their parents. Within a few weeks from the commencement of my ministerial labors in that place, several of the sisters in the church (among whom was the mother of this family) agreed to set apart a season, at 11 o'clock each day, to implore the blessing of Almighty God on their respective families. Not long had this concert been observed, before it was ascertained that several individuals belonging to these families, were convinced of sin, and anxious to know the way of salvation. The two eldest sons of this godly *mother* were among the inquirers. Encouraged by this discovery, she became uncommonly solicitous for the salvation of her children, especially those who were serious. One day, after coming from the 11 o'clock concert, she said to a Christian friend, 'I have had peculiar exercises to-day, while praying for my family. I believe the Lord is about to do a great work for them. Her sons were at this time, as I mentioned above, living from home, in another neighborhood. The evening of the same day I had a lecture in that part of the town, and the second son was present. While the people were assembling, as I stood at the door of the schoolhouse, this youth came to me with tears of joy, and in a low tone of voice said, 'I hope I have found the Saviour! He appears precious to me! I don't know but I am deceived, but I hope not.' After

giving him some advice, the people being collected, I went into the meeting. This young man, who before was gay and thoughtless, has from that time given evidence of a saving change.

In about two weeks from the lecture just mentioned, her oldest son came out boldly on the Lord's side. In two months more the fourth son, after having been deeply impressed for some time, began to express a trembling hope that his sins were pardoned. Three months later, the father was brought to feel himself to be a guilty, perishing sinner. His soul was full of anguish in view of his past sinfulness of heart and life. After a week of restless nights and anxious days, he submitted himself to Christ. Three months from this, the third son (the only adult member of the family who had remained unaffected) became serious and cried out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' In a few days his soul found peace in the Saviour.

The father and four sons have all united with the church, of which the mother was a member. I have seen this praying woman communing at the Lord's table with her husband and all her adult children. And I have heard this father and each of these sons, at different times, lead in family worship. Two of the sons are now studying for the gospel ministry. — *Pastor's Journal.*

Original.

SACRED SONG.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

SHIELD us, Father! day declines,
Evening's star serenely shines;
Cooler breezes on the wing,
Tributes of refreshment bring;
All the forest birds are still,
Save the plaintive whip-poor-will.

Softly flow the sluggish rills,
While upon the thousand hills,
Falls the pale and mellow light
Of the rising Queen of night;
Silence broods on earth, in air, —
'T is the evening hour of prayer.

Ere these wearied frames repose,
Or in sleep our eyelids close,
Hear our grateful evening hymn,
Thou, whose eye is never dim.
Let it mingle with the songs
Uttered by celestial throngs!

Boston, July, 1845.

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE,

AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gaily carolled day by day—
The haunt is lone, — the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar;
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her, — thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told;
And like a lamb from fountain clear,
She turns, confiding to the fold;
She round thy sweet, domestic bower,
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when, far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay;
The soul of woman lives in love;
And should'st thou, wondering, mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

It is said the late Dr. Spurzheim, in selecting a companion for life, made choice of a lady who had passed through uncommon scenes of calamity. He considered great mental suffering necessary to the formation of human character and to the development of the highest and purest qualities of the soul. There is philosophy in the idea, as well as prudent calculation.

Original.

JAMES WINFIELD.

BY REV. DANIEL H. BABCOCK.

JAMES WINFIELD was a young man of promise. His childhood gave full proof of parental fidelity. A distinguished college had conferred upon him its most substantial honors. In the school of the prophets he had acquired that knowledge of the divine economy and government, which enabled him to unfold and defend the principles of that gospel, which had for years been dear to his heart. A prosperous church and numerous people had invited him to instruct them in sacred things. He had accepted their call; and holy men, with solemn rites, inducted him into the responsible office. One thing only was wanting to fill out his plan of usefulness, namely, a companion of his toils; one who, by her cheerful smile, would dispel the clouds that are ever rising from the surface of this selfish world.

With a view to find one to fill so important a place, he consulted with the patriarch of his day. As he made known his object, the patriarch replied, 'I greatly sympathise with you in your solicitude to fill that station with one who will adorn it — one who will increase rather than diminish your influence. It is true, the giddy world make light of this subject, and turn it to mirth and laughter; but, ah! they cannot laugh away the cheerful smile which plays on the cheek of him who is sustained by abiding love and judicious coöperation; nor the gloom of him whose companion, like Job's, urges him to curse God and die. If you mistake on this point, you cannot be highly useful. You may have every qualification and facility for doing good; but an injudicious companion will counteract your efforts, and defeat your plans. You may attempt to rise, but she will drag you down; and you might as well escape from the

stings of conscience as from her disastrous influence. Her imperfections will go before you, and follow after; will disturb your private meditations, and baffle your public efforts. I know of some devoted and able men, who, by reason of a fatal choice, lived in bitterness all their years; and of others, whose feelings were so injured, while endeavoring to settle this question, that they pledged themselves to perpetual celibacy, and live in loneliness to this day. There is, however, no better course than to commit the subject to God, reason, and common sense. Those who contemplate marriage should ask God to guide them in their choice, and not wait till their disregard of his guidance has cursed them with an unhappy partner, and *then* pray. They should also use reason; for, if they see defects in individuals before marriage, they certainly will after. Even if misguided affection carries them over these defects now, it will not always do it.'

On hearing this, Winfield exclaimed, 'There are truth and power in what you say; and, as you are blest with domestic happiness, impart to me the secret of that prosperity, for it can no longer be useful to you.'

'I will,' said the patriarch, 'for it is a part of my bliss to see and make others happy.

'That aged matron, whom you just saw, and who, for five and thirty years, has cheered these mansions, as the star of my earthly horizon, is the only female to whom I ever uttered a word on this momentous subject, or in whose mind a single expectation was awakened. Marked attentions to females are pernicious in their tendency, and, without much design, send many a heart, sorrowing, to the grave. There should be no speculation on this subject, except in that deep silence of one's own mind, which no human eye can penetrate. I heard, I saw, but said nothing. I was about your age, and similarly situated. Many friends commended to me their acquaintances, all of whom were more or less learned and accomplished. Each of these persons had points of character to which I wish particularly to call your attention, and give you the reason why I never made either of them a call.

'Miss M. had wealth, beauty, and learning; was much admired, and somewhat active in the public duties of a Christian; but was heard to say, as some friends called to see her, "Miss E., Miss F., how glad I am to see you! How could you stay away so long?"

But when the door had just closed upon them, as they left, she exclaimed, "I 'm glad they 're gone! 'T is an insufferable burden to wait upon them so often, especially, as they move in circles so much beneath us." That speech furnished her history. I made no inquiries about her. If she could play the hypocrite with others, she might with me.

'Miss N. was affectionate, kind, industrious; could converse freely on any subject, and spent much of her time in doing good; but was never to be seen in the morning, nor at any other time, unless attired like a queen. She had lost the opportunity for an advantageous marriage by refusing to be seen one morning. Her uncle, with whom she resided, lost also a call to a prosperous church, because she would not go to the door to see the gentlemen who came to invite him to preach. It was Saturday. They must have some one to preach the next day. They called on another minister, who went with them, and was soon settled. This trait ruined her for me. I wanted a wife who would sincerely welcome my friends when they called.

'Miss L. was not inferior to these. She was of a good family, and enjoyed all the literary and religious privileges which heart could wish; but she had an ungrateful turn of mind; nothing suited her. When her father brought home some beautiful landscape paintings, she observed, with a frown on her brow, "Why, these are nothing to those of Miss S. They will not answer for a parlor at all." Her brother was a minister, and received many valuable presents, which she seemed to have no heart or disposition to appreciate. I said nothing to her, since a person must be contented in order to be happy; beside, I like to have friends pleased with what I provide.

'Miss C. was a devoted Christian, and had but one apparent failing, which was, she talked so much that, as a matter of course, she said many injudicious things, and some which were not strictly true. She told them just as she thought she heard them; but, as she and her informants all talked at a time, she mingled both what they and she said together. She tried hard to please every body, but offended all. I at once concluded that she would not answer for me, since the wife of a pastor must, on many subjects, hear much and speak little.

'My attention was directed to others, all of whom were respected, but had some defects which disqualified them for me. Miss T.

thought labor a disparagement. Miss P. lacked economy. Miss Y. loved display. Miss H. was ashamed of her relations, because they were poor; and always managed to keep her father out of sight when company called, because he was unlearned and homespun. Miss K. was fond of light reading, but neglected the Bible. Miss R. thought it derogatory to take any notice of the lower classes, and always kept them at, what she called, a proper distance.

'I had learned the history of all these, when I fell in with Miss F., whom you just saw. Her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all seemed to regard her with deep affection, and she returned their love. Friends, visitors, and assistants all testified to her worth. The poor knew her but to love her, for she had been as an angel of mercy to them. Her teachers all regarded her, since affection, obedience, industry, and success were prominent qualities of her mind. She loved domestic duties, and her method of performing them made all around her happy. She looked above and beyond this world for her chief bliss. She examined every thing in the light of eternity; and *studied* those things, and sought for that humility and discretion, which enabled her to increase and retain her influence, so as to use it for God and her race. She had a respect for the station, and sympathy with the work of those who minister before God's altar.

'I was satisfied that these were her views and feelings. I sought her hand and heart. She accepted the invitation, and she has cheered this mansion with smiles and sunshine ever since. All our daughters but the youngest are happily settled in life. She is still with us, and adds fresh beams to the light which shines around me.'

Winfield, enchanted, heard him through. He then asked him for the remaining daughter, obtained her, and, in after years, enjoyed the usefulness and happiness which he had anticipated.

Gentle reader, I have pointed out the rocks, and hope you will avoid them. I have exhibited true merit with its just reward, and ask you to secure the one that you may acquire the other.

Cohasset, Mass., July, 1845.

[From the American Messenger.]

VIRGINIA'S REBECCA.

POCHAHONTAS having renounced the religion of her ancestors, professed the Christian faith in the small rude church at Jamestown, and received the name of Rebecca. Captain Smith pronounces her 'the first Christian ever of that nation, the first Virginian that ever spake English.' Again he says, 'In London divers courtiers and others my acquaintances have gone with me to see her, that generally concluded God had a great hand in her conversion.'

NOT thou, the red browed heroine, whose breast
Screened the brave captive from the axe's gleam:
Not POCHAHONTAS, loved, renowned, caressed,
But meek REBECCA is my gentle theme.

In truth she was a nut-brown maid, — a child
Of tawny lineage, but of aspect bright;
A sunny gleam that through the woodlands wild
Ran freely on in her own path of light: —

A golden arrow darting from the bow;
A song-bird warbling in the secret shade;
A mountain stream in whose meandering flow
The depth of heaven its own pure blue surveyed.

Star of Virginia, in her darkest hour,
Her joy, her theme of glory and of song,
Her wild red-rose that in the Stuart's bower
Shed grace, not took it, from the courtly throng.

Her, her I sing not: — and yet her I sing,
Freed from earth-worship, cleansed from rites obscene;
Who, from unnumbered gods to Zion's King
Escaping, waves her palm of deathless green.

She prays, — celestial brightness gilds her face,
And to resplendence fades her olive dye; —
She prays — the howling demons of her race,
Bewildered, from the dazzling vision fly.

With folded arms before the font she stood,
Encircled by the fresh and reverent air;
Her upward glance was a sweet hymn to God,
Her downward look a soul-suffusing prayer.

The heavenly manna dropping from the shrine
She gathered in her heart, and bending low,
Bound her green leaf upon the Living Vine,
And felt his fragrant shadow round her flow.

First convert of the West! The Indian child
A Christian matron stands, from whose sweet tongue
Flows the pure stream of English undefiled, —
Flows the deep anthem and eternal song.

She died afar; no pilgrim finds her tomb;
Unknown the spot, yet holy is the ground:
The Saviour's breath there left its rich perfume,
And angels keep their guardian watch around.

As POCHAHONTAS, while these skies remain,
Still shall our Zodiac show the virgin sign:
But as REBECCA, when yon stars shall wane,
Yon heavens roll by, she as a star shall shine. — F. M. C.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I HAVE speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married, as the world says — well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner and watch the bride in her attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream over her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form, as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward, forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and the delicate attentions which first won her, and fair children are growing up about them; and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feeling touched by loveliness, that fears nothing for itself; and if ever I yield to darkened feelings, it

is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such a change, and I will not minutely now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who daily move across my path; and I would whisper to them, as they glide by joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many, oh! many an hour will she sit and dream such dreams as these. She believes them too — and goes on for a while, undeceived. The evening is not too long while they talk of plans for future happiness, and the quiet meal is still a pleasant and delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness, and the husband, first, in his manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were wont to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. Then come long hours of unhappy restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till, by and by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon the hollow world for the support which one, who has promised to be their lover and friend, could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning, by your innocent beauty, the affection of high-minded and thinking beings. Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart with whom he has had even a fellowship of mind, the society of his cotemporary runners in a race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship; and frequently in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the 'voice of the charmer.' It will bewilder him at first; but it will not long. And then, think you that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used for years to an equal communion? Think you he will give up for a weak dalliance, the animating theme of men, and the search into the mysteries of knowledge? Oh, no, lady! believe me, no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters. Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity, that woman's is a secondary lot, ministering to the necessities of her lord and master. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours, I

would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it a healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun; and then you may hope that when your life is bound with another, you will go on equally, and in a friendship that will pervade every earthly interest.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

NOTHING in all our relations in life is more important than mutual forbearance. No two persons have the same eyes; no two view objects from the same point of light; no two are framed with minds of precisely the same mould; no two have been educated under the same influences; no two, therefore, think alike, feel alike, act alike, in all things, and under all circumstances. Each individual experiences somewhat different emotions, and forms different conclusions upon the same subjects at different times and under different circumstances. Therefore, let us not be too severe upon all who differ from us, or condemn too harshly for seeming faults.

The best of us, moreover, are imperfect mortals. We may be in error when we feel most confident. Let us, then, we repeat, be forbearing toward those whom we judge to be wrong.

We do not say that we should esteem all alike, without scrutiny. On the contrary, it is an imperative duty to commend virtue, and set our faces against vice every where. But there are foibles, errors, faults, even apparently great ones, which may exist in connection with much real goodness of heart. Man is at best but an imperfect being. Seeking perfection, we are too liable to become disgusted, and turn quite away from those whom we should rather strive to win.

They who withdraw confidence from a friend at the sight of the first foible, or, on the other hand, suffer their love to be called forth without reserve by the observance of the first commendable action, will find the current of their affections shifting as often as the wind. Some such mortals we have known, and we pity them.

To conclude, we remark, that if all would practically observe and follow thoughts such as are above suggested, it would put an end at once to nine tenths of the bickerings, the family quarrels, the alienations of friendships, the hard-hearted animosities which infest life, and harass the minds of mortals. Let those who doubt this, try the remedy in their own case.

Original.

THIS WORLD IS NOT OUR HOME.

BY MISS SUSAN M. HATHAWAY.

THOUGH loveliness is scattered throughout the wide domains of this wondrous earth, we love to think, that, if faithful, there is reserved for us a better and a brighter land. Sweet is the reflection, that this is not our eternal home. Still, we gaze upon its fading beauties with clinging hearts, with devotional affection. It has many loved and lovely scenes, which cannot fail to awaken within us lofty imaginings and sweet and sacred sensibilities. We love the splendor of the rising sun, the beauty and calmness of eventide, and the soothing influence of the pale, shadowy empress of night. We love earth's lofty mountains, majestic rivers, murmuring brooks, verdant fields, and fair meadows, shady woods, and quiet groves. We almost idolize the fond endearments, and sweet communings of friendship and love, with which our all-wise Creator has blessed us in this lower world. We love the aspirings of genius, taste, intellect, and fancy; we love the hill of science, the road to fame. We admire the loveliness of virtue, purity, and innocence. We love the graceful form, the sparkling eye, the blooming cheek, and all the fading beauties of youth. For a while, we eagerly pursue the pleasures of earth, which, like phantoms, ever elude our grasp.

But time, in its rapid flight, mocks the idea of all permanent happiness in this state, and soon reveals to us the truth, that 'each pleasure has a pain, and every flower a thorn.' It is then the heart wearies, and pants for nobler intercourse, and higher powers, than earth bestows. It is then the knowledge that 'this world is not our home,' is sweet to our heart. It is then we love to look to that land, compared to which the beauties of this sink to insignificance. Then fondly we look forward to the moment, when the conceptions of our immortal part, shall no longer be chained to humanity; when, freed from the withering influence of our feeble bodies, the unfettered soul will comprehend the richness and grandeur of the designs of our heavenly Father, which are now, to us, dark and mysterious. Chained as we are, it is vain for us to endeavor to look into futu-

rity; it is vain for the most active, excursive imagination, to seek to comprehend the changeless beauties of the home of the blessed. Upon the grandeur of this theme, the most poetic fervor, the most eloquent tongue, is incapable of dwelling. Why should we dwell upon that, on which holy writ, knowing our feeble conceptions, is silent? It is enough for us to know that 'this world is not our home,' that we are probationers for eternity.

Oh! who would wish for a home in this 'vale of tears,' while possessed of a sacred guide, which, if attended to, will lead them to a land of transcendent beauty — a home indeed?

New Bedford, Mass., July, 1845.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

When I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefitted by our services. For these kindnesses from men, I can, therefore, only show my gratitude to God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren; for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, much less to our Creator.

You will see in this, my notion of good works, that I do not expect to merit heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration; we can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a great plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. — *Benjamin Franklin.*

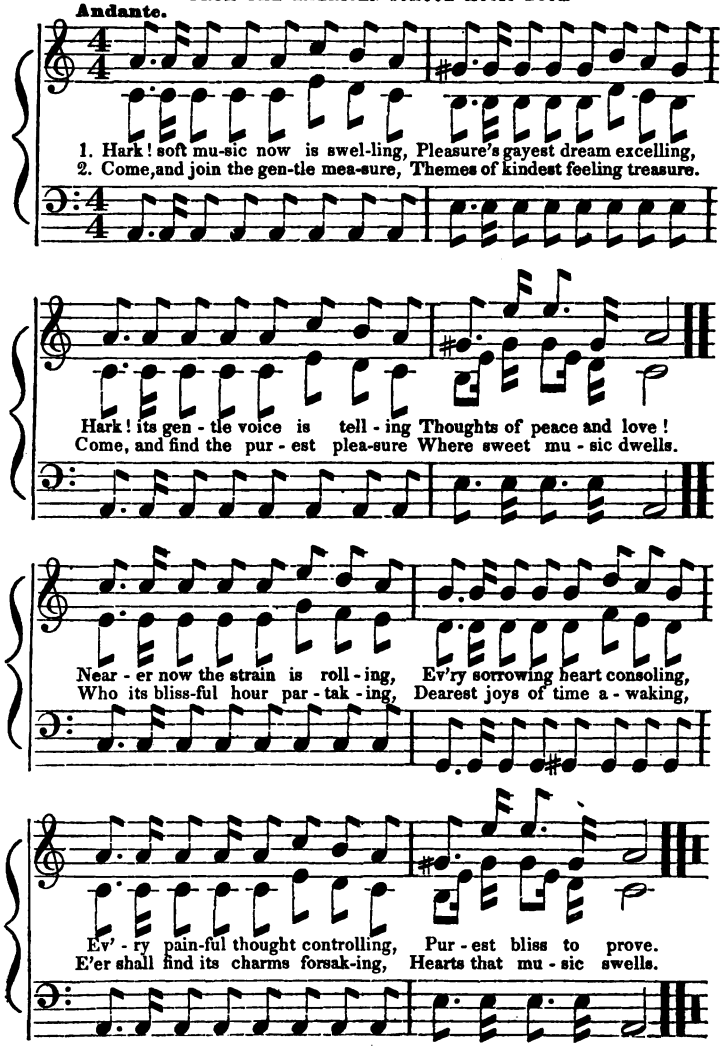
A QUEENLY EXAMPLE.

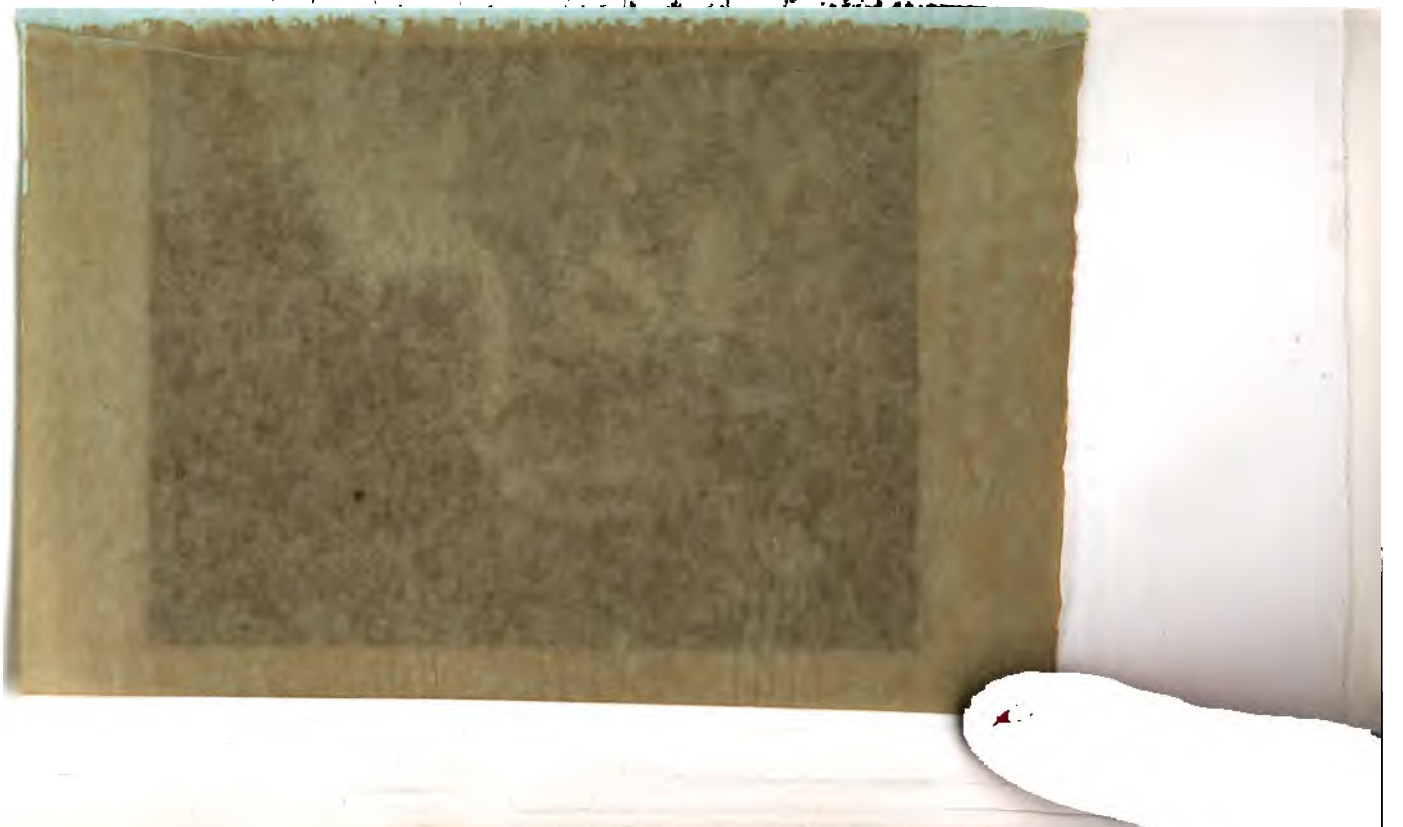
BISHOP EYLERT, in his memoir of that much lamented sovereign, Louisa, Queen of Prussia, relates several admirable anecdotes of her Majesty, in connection with remarks upon the spontaneous benevolence of her life and character. So great was the fame of her charity, that not a day passed without bringing her petitions from the most remote parts of the kingdom. These she generally answered by her own hand, accompanying her gifts by words of the kindest interest — thus furnishing a beautiful commentary upon that expressive text of the holy Scriptures, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' The annexed incident, as touching as beautiful, is related by the prelate-biographer: — *Boston Transcript.*

The allowances which the queen received every quarter from the king, through his privy-counsellor, M. Wolter, were often inadequate to supply these daily liberalities. She, therefore, begged him to make some advances; but Wolter was straightforward, conscientious, and very particular in his accounts: 'All my accounts,' replied he, 'are made up every month; I am not permitted to enter any advances among the expenditures — it is contrary to the king's positive orders. But, indeed, your majesty, it will not do to go on in this way; you will give till you have impoverished yourself.' The queen replied, with much kindness, 'My good Wolter, I love my children; and the word *Land's child* (Landeskind) sounds sweetly in my ears; and I am ravished with the thought that I am with my best friend, the land's-father, also the land-mother. I cannot, dare not, separate from; but must give help wherever it is required.' 'Well,' said the faithful Wolter, 'I will tell his majesty.' 'If you think it will not make him angry;' rejoined the queen. But he, the most tender and happiest of husbands, with a heart and hand as ready as hers, did not upbraid. A few days after, the queen found the drawer of her writing-desk replenished. 'What angel can have placed it there?' exclaimed the queen. 'The angel,' replied the king, 'is "Legion." I know not what may be his name, and I know but one; but you know the beautiful text, "*So* He giveth His beloved sleeping."' — (*German Translation, Psalm* cxxvi.)

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

FROM THE AMERICAN SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK


Andante.
1. Hark! soft mu-sic now is swel-ling, Pleasure's gayest dream excelling,
2. Come, and join the gen-tle mea-sure, Themes of kindest feeling treasure.
Hark! its gen - tle voice is tell - ing Thoughts of peace and love!
Come, and find the pur - est plea-sure Where sweet mu - sic dwells.
Near - er now the strain is roll - ing, Ev'ry sorrowing heart consoling,
Who its bliss-ful hour par - tak - ing, Dearest joys of time a - waking,
Ev' - ry pain-ful thought controlling, Pur - est bliss to prove.
E'er shall find its charms forsak-ing, Hearts that mu - sic swells.



THE

Mother's Assistant.

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Original.

EARLY INFLUENCES.

BY MRS. SARAH A. CAMPBELL.

My home was at the base of a beautiful mountain; beautiful indeed, to me, and admired by others less interested. That grand, old mount, dressed in its summer suit of blue and green, was the first great object which met my infant eye. It was, and is, the genius of my home. Many are the lessons I have learned while gazing at its hoary summit. I have watched it as the sun first dawned upon its rugged top, and gradually came down with its cheering rays to enliven our happy home. I have seen it as it glowed in the crimson sunset, and my heart has melted with gratitude to God for the blessed prospect. Again, when the hush of night was on the hills, and it was bathed in the pure light of the moon, with the myriads of gems that stud the blue canopy, I have drunk in rich lessons of celestial wisdom.

There was a small lake in front of our cottage door, and I do not believe Scotia has a more glassy one. With that, too, are associated many happy hours. While watching its silvery surface, I have thought much of life — of the past, the present, and dared even to lift the dark curtain of the future. I do believe, had I been born in poverty, and nursed in wretchedness — had I been visited with affliction, and had it been my lot to drink the cup of sorrow to its dregs, I should have been a happy, joyous child. The goodness of my heavenly Father was penciled in every thing around. I saw it

in the delicate tints of every flower; in the rough, unpolished surface of every rock. I felt the truth of the poet's words:

> 'There 's beauty all around our paths,
> If but our watchful eyes
> Can trace it 'mid familiar things.'

I have thus spoken of my home, because I am fully persuaded, from my own feelings, that the objects around a person's birthplace, as well as the influence within, have a great deal to do in the formation of a well-balanced character. Parents may not only teach, by precept and example, morality and the cultivation of those feelings which purify and exalt; but, by directing the attention of the child to the beauties which are everywhere spread in rich profusion, they may help it to form correct habits of thought, a refined taste, and inspire its young heart with the deepest devotion to its Creator. The most minute objects may be of infinite importance. I believe that a love for beauty, order, and sublimity, must be felt in order that a person may have the highest appreciation of moral excellence. We are taught this from the Bible. What can be more beautiful than the writings of the sweet Psalmist of Israel? What description more thrilling or better calculated to awaken the most sublime feelings, than that of Gethsemane and the scenes there enacted? Still farther back — the garden of Eden and the directions of God to his people?

It may be thought by many that a child is not capable of admiring the beautiful, or sublime; but God has made a world without, and a world within, to correspond. He has not spread out before us this magnificent creation, without giving us a capability of admiring and appreciating it.

The vast difference in the tastes and habits of people is owing, in a great measure, to early training. There are those who can see no beauty in a flower; no sublimity in the most grand display of Nature; and feel no emotion in reading or hearing the most thrilling description; but it is not because God has not given them the power; it is because that faculty of the mind is perverted, or entirely neglected. Is not this feeling natural in the child? Does not the fact that the infant's attention is first directed to bright and beautiful colors, show that Nature has done her perfect work in this respect? And where is there a child who will not leave its play to

accompany a parent or teacher on a walk? Where is there one who will not listen with interest to any conversation about the sky and stars, the birds and insects, and indeed everything about them? I have rarely met with children, in teaching, whose attention I could not engage in showing them any object in nature; and I have seen the eye kindle with admiration, the cheek glow with pleasure, as I have pointed to them the parts of a flower, and taught them their different uses.

It is a great thing for us to take upon ourselves the responsibility of training the young; indeed we know not how deeply responsible we are. We know not how much their happiness or misery in after life depends on our guidance. Can we, then, be too cautious? Can we study too much to know our duty? A cultivated taste is certainly the source of much pleasure; and, when associated with all which exalts our character, a source also of much happiness. Those who can draw consolation not only from the precious promises of God, but from the manifestations of his goodness, as displayed in the natural world, may be, in the midst of the deepest affliction, comparatively happy. The heathen are guilty, because they do not read that which may be known of God as displayed in his works. We have Revelation, but are we not guilty, because we neglect to get wisdom from this perfect creation? Because we neglect to study the attributes of our Maker, not only as shown us in the Bible, but as written on every leaf and flower?

'He writes in flowers upon the earth,
And stars in heaven above;
And smiles and tears in human souls,
Blest characters of love.'

Many people think they have done their duty to those placed in their care when they have caused them to learn to repeat the ten commandments; but a child may certainly be taught more of the character of God by showing it his works in connection with these. The pure precepts of the Bible must be instilled into the young mind by verbal instruction, and much, very much depends upon the manner of teaching. The child may be deeply interested in most parts of the sacred volume, if it is taught aright.

The influences which cluster round the family fireside are undying. No impression, however trifling, is lost; and those which seem the most trifling, have sometimes great weight upon the char-

acter. A look or a word may leave an impress which time will never wear away. Children are busy beings, and more discriminating than we are at all times aware. How vividly do the scenes of childhood's days rush upon the mind in after life! Who has not — even though the chill of age may have crept upon him — felt his heart's blood grow warm again, and course rapidly through the system, as some circumstance recalled to mind the scenes of early life? A flower, a zephyr, a note of bird-song, may make us feel like bounding away over the fields. Even now, when I look back upon my school days, it seems as though they would again return; as though I should again chase the butterfly from flower to flower, and rove o'er hill and dale, a careless, merry-hearted child.

A striking example of early influence is seen in the description of the old Italian, who heard for the last time the bells of St. Mary's. I always admired that picture, and fancied I could see the venerable man, with his silvery hair floating in the breeze, sitting in the stern of his vessel a breathless corpse. We know not, and cannot know, to how great an extent we are indebted in after life to the influences about our childhood's home. Of this we are sure, that it is an important subject for our consideration.

Francestown, N. H., Aug., 1845.

SABBATH MORNING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

See! — *heaven wakes earth.* — I hear an answering sigh
From the soft winds as they unfurl their wings
Impalpable, and kiss the dimpling streams
With whispering melody. Methinks the sea
Murmureth in tone subdued, and nature smiles
As if upon her raptured breast she caught
The breath of Deity.
Hail, hallowed morn!
That binds a yoke on vice. Dropping her head,
She by her quaint hypocrisy doth prove
How beautiful is virtue. Eve may light
Her orgies up again, but at this hour
She trembleth, and is still. Humility
From the cleft rock where she hath hid, doth mark
The girded majesty of God go by,
And kneeling, wins a blessing. Grief foregoes
Her bitterness, and round the tear-wet urn
Twines sweet and simple flowers. But best firm faith
Enjoys this holy season. She doth raise
Her eye and talk with angels, till the soul,
That, by the thraldom of the week was bowed
And crushed and spent, doth like the enfranchised slave,
Leap high to put its glorious garments on.

Original.

THE UNWISE BIRDS.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

A KING-BIRD had placed his nest in the low branch of an apple-tree, under my study window. The building of the coarse nest, the depositing of the yellowish-spotted eggs, and finally the appearance of four or five 'heirs apparent' to this king and queen, interested my leisure moments. Soon the sharp twittering of the parent bird was mingled occasionally with loud cries of distress. Puss was prowling around their home. The parents were alarmed for the safety of their little brood. Day after day those mournful notes were heard, as the cat, from time to time, was seen among the shrubbery. But they ceased. The young birds were the prey of the devourer.

Foolish birds! they placed their nest in the way of danger, and the destruction of their young was the consequence. Had they built it in a more secure retreat, they might have reared their helpless brood in safety.

I have often thought since of those birds.

I have seen a young man brought up in the quiet of the country, under the kind restraint of a mother's love, the watchful care of a father's affection, and the softening influences of a sister's society. A desire on the part of the family that the lad should become rich, and 'be something in the world,' has led them to place him in the city. Soon he is led, by the many temptations which surround him, from the correct habits and principles in which he was educated. Gradually he forsakes the church where he has spent holy time. The Sabbath is devoted to amusement. He takes step after step in the path which leads him from the religion and virtue of his parents, and his mother mourns, like the bird, the danger to which her son is exposed. But she built the nest where the enemy was wont to prowl.

So I have seen an amiable young lady, brought up under the influence of the Sabbath school, and by parents who were members of the Christian church. While young, she has shown an interest in the things of religion, her conscience has been tender, the story of Jesus has touched her feelings, and there have been strong hopes that she would follow the footsteps of those who were

'Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.'

But a love of dress was early implanted in her mind. With that grew up a love of display, and fashionable life. Her parents wished her to keep '*good society*,' and she is led into those circles and amusements, where all serious thoughts are dissipated. One object of her parents is, to have her 'well settled in life.' She becomes united to one of the gay throng. Religious thoughts and feelings are henceforth known only in the church or the sick room.

The parents, who believe that religion is the one thing above all others important, have their hearts pained that their daughter shows so little concern about it. They have now, perhaps become aware of their error; but there is no remedy.

The poor birds built their nest in the way of danger.

Greenfield, Mass., August, 1845.

Original.

BY MRS. E. C. GAVITT.

'*And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee.*'

[See Engraving.]

NAY, say not I must leave thee now,
For where thou dwellest I will dwell;
Where thou dost worship I will bow;
Ah, no, I cannot say, farewell!

How could I live, of thee bereft,
The counterpart of him I mourn?
What voice would soothe thee, when distressed?
O do not urge me to return!

What now are Moab's charms to me,
Or Canaan's fair and flowery grove?
These scenes, alas! if far from thee,
Would notes of deepest sorrow move.

These rural scenes I love so well,
The birds — the cooing of the dove,
Would but recall with magic spell,
My dearest, happiest days of love.

And what are heathen gods to me?
Thy God henceforth be ever mine;
No more shall vain idolatry
Engage my heart — but love divine.

Then, dearest mother, do not chide,
But let me ever near thee stay;
I'll travel with thee, side by side,
Up to the realms of endless day.

Norwich, Ct., August, 1845.

Original.

THE MOTHER'S AIM.

BY MRS. M. S. WEST.

We learn, both by experience and observation, that ofttimes a mother's aim appears to consist in shrinking from the duties devolving upon her, by surrendering the care and early training of the young beings committed to her charge, to those who cannot relieve her from the responsibility which God has placed upon her; in providing most lavishly for the frail casket, while the priceless gem within is left to neglect; in educating the heir of immortality for the follies of this life, without one solicitous thought of the future and never-ending existence. These, alas, seem to be the highest aims of many mothers!

Even among mothers who acknowledge their responsibility, and are professed disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ, there are many who practically aim at little beside educating their children to fill high and honorable stations in the world; who apparently consider the dross of wealth an equivalent to purity of conscience; who value the loud plaudits of an evanescent fame more highly than the silent, heartfelt blessings which accompany unobtrusive excellence, and with whom intellectual, moral and religious culture is but secondary in importance.

The first step toward the right performance of duty, is to keep the object definitely and distinctly in view; thus, the true aim of the mother should be to do all in her power to render her children *happy, useful* and *good;* a truism, it may be thought; yet it is often found a duty more readily apprehended in theory, than applied in practice.

The child should be made *happy;* but even the happiness of childhood consists not wholly or chiefly in being ministered unto. Happiness cannot exist in purity, without the culture of obedience, self-subjection, reverence, and filial love; a constellation of virtues, which will shed such radiance over the period of childhood, that, amid the cares of mature life, the heart will delight in the memory of early days and home enjoyments.

A disobedient child cannot be happy; it is, therefore, a primary duty of the mother to require implicit submission to parental authority. This is the one point on which almost all mothers fail; the child is too young, or is ill, or company is present, or some fond but weak

and misjudging friend interferes, and the submission which was demanded is deferred to a more convenient season. Or, perhaps, the idea is altogether abandoned; not at once, it may be, for almost every parent shrinks from the idea of a disobedient child; but many parents themselves form the habit of disobedience in their children, by their own capricious and irregular requisitions; for unless obedience be regular and uniform, the positive requirement of it, at intervals, creates a bitterness and inequality of temper, which is incompatible with the nurture of any good affections, and inconsistent with any high degree of happiness. That mother will labor in vain who neglects this essential duty.

Obedience should be as much as possible combined with such habits of self-subjection, as will enable a child to submit *cheerfully* to any deprivation of accustomed indulgence, or disappointment of expected gratification. Firmness of principle and force of character, which in childhood are not yet established, should be met and supplied, as far as may be, by the habit of unconditional and willing obedience.

A spirit of reverence for parental authority is necessary to render obedience and self-subjection pleasant to the child, for he may be made to obey through fear; but respect for parents alone will insure a thorough and willing obedience of the heart. It is one thing to enforce a mechanical, heartless, perhaps sullen submission, but quite another to train a child so as to do, or suffer willingly, whatever the parents may require. This reverence for parental authority cannot be inculcated where the mother does not possess those qualities of mind and heart, which insure respect and inspire love; for filial love alone can lighten the trials of childhood. Love and reverence render obedience and self-subjection not merely disheartening trials, but the test whereby a good child may prove his grateful affection; for the happiness of childhood, as that of mature age, must consist chiefly in the due subjection of the will, and the culture of all good and beneficent affections.

To form her child to habits of *usefulness* should be another aim of the mother, though happiness, usefulness and goodness cannot be viewed separately, for usefulness and goodness must ever walk hand in hand; and happiness will necessarily accompany the right performance of duty. Habits of benevolence, an active and enlarged philanthropy, should be assiduously cultivated, before the warm and

expansive affections have lost their first freshness and ardor. Love to God should form the basis, from which principle, should radiate all benevolent and generous sympathies for mankind, the brethren 'for whom Christ died.' It should be, and, if faithful to her trust, it will be, a mother's *highest* aim to know her child to be, in principle and affection, a *Christian.* She will, therefore, remember the words of wisdom, to 'train a child in the way he should go.' Whatever may aid her in the formation of virtuous principles and habits, will be most earnestly adopted, and whatever may militate against this object will be as earnestly avoided; and the same principle should enable her to shrink from no sacrifice on her part, and no necessary discipline for her child, should painful circumstances require it.

In the formation of youthful character, we should never forget the powerful influence which a mother's personal character invariably exerts; she should, therefore, ever aim to present in her own character a model of excellence which her children may imitate without endangering their youthful truthfulness and purity, and their love of the beautiful and harmonious in life. She should sedulously cultivate every virtue and grace, that she may be as a bright mirror, reflecting images of beauty and goodness back to the soul of her child. The foundation of a character of such true symmetry and excellence can be based only upon religion. It is the humble, prayerful Christian, the patient and self-denying follower of Jesus alone, who possesses the virtues and graces which are worthy of imitation by children. Let not, however, the piety of the mother be clad in the mantle of sadness, but rather wear the bright robe of cheerfulness, the graceful, quiet gladness of a heart thankful for the unnumbered blessings of life, and ever reposing in the confidence of filial love upon the mercies of the heavenly Father.

Moral, intellectual and religious culture should be intimately blended in the mother, for she is not the nurse and moral teacher alone, but she must advance with her child from infancy to childhood, and when childhood merges in youth, and youth passes into manhood, the intelligent and cultivated mother will possess an influence which no other human being can exert upon the minds and hearts of her children. And that a mother may increase and perpetuate this influence, she should strive to render *home* the most delightful and attractive spot in the world, to each member of her household. Let home be the abode of peace and love, the nursery of the kind and

gentle affections, whose widening circles, as they flow onward, will, in their turn bless other hearts and brighten other firesides. And that home may be thus happy, seek to develope the love of the true, the pure, and the beautiful, whether seen in the wonders of nature and science, or the works of art. Promote the interchange of elevated and expansive thought, in unreserved communion with kindred minds; furnish innocent and rational pleasures, that the novelty-seeking minds of the young be not tempted to wander into forbidden paths; in a word, let home be sanctified by the love of God and the love of man, and it can scarcely fail of being happy and attractive.

Awake, then, mothers, to a true consciousness of your responsibility to God for the manner in which you discharge the high and holy mission committed to your trust! The care and education of immortal souls is not a trust to be lightly held, or relinquished at pleasure. Keep your high aim ever before you, trusting, with God's blessing on your efforts, to train those he has committed to your keeping, for the kingdom of heaven.

Haverhill, Mass., August, 1845.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

The sunshine of the heart be mine,
Which beams a charm around;
Where'er it sheds its ray divine
Is all enchanted ground!
No fiend of care
May enter there,
Though fate employ her art;
Her darkest powers all bow to thine,
Bright sunshine of the heart!

Beneath the splendor of thy ray
How lovely all is made;
Bright fountains in the desert play
And palm-trees cast their shade;
Thy morning light
Is rosy bright,
And when thy beams depart,
Still glows with charms thy latest ray,
Sweet sunshine of the heart!

'IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.'

The following admirable ballad was written by Bishop HEBER to his wife, while on a visit to Upper India.

IF thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale.
If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My children at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.
I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.
But when at morn and eve the star,
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on, — then on; where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
Or black Almorah's hill.
That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits,
By yonder western main.

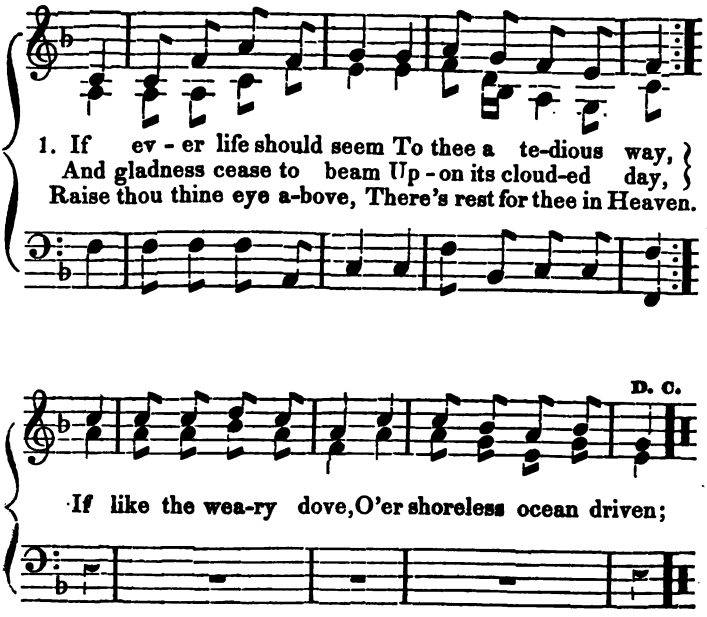
TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently! Of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Each day were bent: her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy love; while I, a dreaming child,
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild —
Some fresh-discovered nook, for woodland play —
Some secret rest. Yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindling of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
O book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart's blessings on the holy dead and thee.—MRS. HEMANS.

Original.

REST IN HEAVEN.

BY LOWELL MASON.


1. If ev - er life should seem To thee a te-dious way,
And gladness cease to beam Up - on its cloud-ed day,
Raise thou thine eye a-bove, There's rest for thee in Heaven.
D. C.
If like the wea-ry dove, O'er shoreless ocean driven;

2.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom;
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given:
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in Heaven.

THE

Young Lady's Friend.

Original.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE LITERATURE ON FEMALE CHARACTER.

BY REV. ANDREW A. LIPSCOMB.

[Obtained a Prize of $5.]

THE possession of mind affords the strongest evidence that our Creator designed us for society, and, consequently, its faculties are under the control of social law. The desire to express thought is as natural as the power of thinking; for, no sooner does the intellect begin to be developed, than the disposition spontaneously arises to communicate its reflections to others. As the fragrance, which is in the bud, will, when the bud expands, escape from its confinement and diffuse itself through the surrounding atmosphere, so, if forms of beauty and sublimity are in the mind, they will exhibit themselves and operate on other minds. Passion will be selfish; intellect, social. The principles of intellectual exercise demand contact with the world, and have constant reference to our personal connections with the great brotherhood of our race. If our individuality require, to some extent, the power of secrecy, this does not interfere with the general law. It is in fact the result of that ordination, by which intellect seeks publicity. Language and thought are inseparable. They dwell with each other in the chambers of the spirit: they both claim the same divine origin, and effect the same benevolent end. The use of language as the means of intellectual operation, as well as the instrument of social intercourse, demonstrates that mind is under the dominion of social relationships. No curse is like the curse of silence. Of all things, it is the most dreaded; of all punishments, it is the most severe. Affliction may prostrate him; misfortune may overthrow him; and yet man may be man; but let his lips be sealed and language interdicted, and passions not human enter his bosom.

It is this fact which explains the existence of literature among men. Wherever there is mind, it must operate; if it operate, it must reveal itself. The fires of the earth cannot remain pent up. The lightning cannot continue hidden in the cloud. The law of pleasure is the law of intellect, as it is the law of our lower nature, and, therefore, it must be met by communion with the world. The early literature of a people is almost invariably national, and no wonder, as the sentiment of patriotism is always more intense, in a new and small community. The more limited the circle, the more powerful the passion. Our domestic feelings are the sovereign feelings of the heart, because the home-realm is so limited. The love of country, therefore, in a young nation, will be enthusiastic. A band of Tyrolese peasants will astonish the world by their chivalry. The infancy of the American people displayed courage, which could hardly be again equalled. The strength of this sentiment shows itself in literature, and hence, the first songs of poetry are eminently national. Hesiod and Homer illustrated this principle. The illustrious David furnished a striking exemplification of it. If ever the harp of the Poet-King sounded a strain which resembled celestial music, it was when he celebrated the triumphs of his country over heathenish pride and power. The advance of civilization expands the sphere of literature. It enlarges the wants of mind, and literature enlarges to meet them. Viewing literature in its extended connections, it must be regarded as exerting a great influence over the mind of the world. If our heavenly Father has been so careful to embody revealed religion in the form of literature, this fact alone proves, that no other medium is so operative and so effective. The power of a single thought, entering into innumerable understandings, and blending with innumerable affections, can scarcely be estimated. Orators address one audience; writers address the world. Orators succeed by passion; writers, by argument. Orators are influential temporarily; writers are immortal. The rarest combination of qualities constitutes an orator; if his mind be too elevated, popular crowds cannot sympathize with him, and hence the most effective style of speaking is under restrictions. The writer has no such embarrassments. Amid the quiet of his study, he can elaborate the profoundest thoughts, and express all the abstractions of ultimate truth. Nothing then can be clearer, than that the intellectual sovereignty of the world is in the hands of writers.

The grandeur of true genius never impresses us so forcibly as in a large library. If the truths of morality and piety come home to our hearts most powerfully amid the sepulchres of the departed, it is in the presence of wisdom as collected in the sacred retreats of thought, that we realize the dignity of intellect. There they are, the writers of all ages and lands, in silent and serene fellowship. The representatives of past times are collected into one group! No petty jealousies rankle in their bosoms; no scowl of envy darkens their brows; no national enmity embitters their quiet intercourse! Homer, Tasso, and Milton lay their harps together. Herodotus, Livy, Rollin, and Robertson present their historic scrolls side by side. Cicero and Burke stand upon the same forum. Moses and Paul embrace each other in the selectest communion. What a cloud of witnesses! What a circle of immortals! What a crowned host! The sacred fire yet quivering over them and the lofty impulse still glowing within them! It is a hallowed and hallowing scene. Here are the proofs of immortality! Here is immortality itself!

* * * * * *

The spirit of reverie is still on us. It has come with the twilight. It loves the shadow and it has cast the shadow over our higher contemplations. Be it so. Let emotion now inspire us. Our theme is the literature of woman.

The genius of woman was long hidden. Greece had a Sappho and a Corinna; Israel had a Miriam; but antiquity did nothing to cultivate her talents. The early changes in the political structure of Rome, and the establishment of its republican institutions, were chiefly owing to her influence, but yet the country of Cicero and Virgil neglected her intellect. The feudal system began her elevation. It was then that chivalry rendered her homage and poetic enthusiasm exalted her; but yet, her intellect slumbered in the hall of the Baron and wasted itself amid the excitements of the Tournament. The constitution of human nature is such, that it can bear but one great interest at a time; and as that period was devoted to the exhibitions of the military spirit in alliance with the imagination, her mind reposed. The close of the eighteenth century found woman asserting her intellectual claims in England; a few sweet singers appeared, but the poetic song soon died away. The opening and progress of the present century have brought about a new state

of things, and now, woman holds the pen, and participates in the instruction of the world. If her genius was slow in coming forth, with what beauty and power has it opened its rich resources, and with what energy has it vindicated its right to the walks of literature. The praise of modern Astronomy is, that it has revealed new worlds of light; the praise of modern society is, that it has developed the intellect of woman.

The design of God in the creation of woman is plainly expressed in the sacred volume. It was, that she might be *a help-meet for man.* The significance of this text should not be overlooked. If woman has been gifted with intellect, it is to aid man. A fair inference from the Scripture is, that the intellectual organization and operation of the world is not complete in the absence of those exertions, which it is the privilege and duty of woman to make. If man and woman together represent humanity, that union is essential to represent the respective interests of humanity, and hence, the necessity of their coöperation in whatever tends to ennoble and improve society. To declare that woman is unfit to participate in literature with man is equivalent to declaring, that God has placed her in an intellectual and moral world, without furnishing her the abilities requisite to maintain and discharge the responsibilities of her position. If her constitution unfit her for the laborious pursuits of science, it does not disqualify her for the cultivation of literature. She has taste, imagination, and feeling. She has a deep insight into human nature and an intense sympathy with all the aspects and forms of humanity. She is sensitive to the beauties and harmonies of the material universe. If all this and more than this be true, there is every reason to induce man to acknowledge woman as his aid in literature and to encourage her efforts to promote human intelligence.

The special necessity for the cultivation of literature by woman, grows out of the fact, that she can thereby produce a much more lasting and favorable impression on the mind of her own sex than it is practicable for man to accomplish. Similarity in taste and sympathy in feeling are essential to intellectual influence. The nature of the human constitution prevents the sterner sex from a perfect inward alliance with woman. The laws of thought and the power of emotion are different, to some extent, in the two sexes, and therefore woman must teach woman. Like must operate on

like. Any observer of society knows, that women are much more nearly conformed to the same standard than men. The sympathies of their hearts are more in unison than ours. Providence has indicated the path of improvement by this arrangement. Power precedes duty; it points out its course and urges its fulfilment. The consciousness of unemployed or misdirected energy is painful to its subject. If the constitution of her mind prepare a woman to advance the intellectual and moral interests of the great sisterhood connected with her — if she understand the secret springs of their motives and can open the portals to their thoughts and emotions, she is thereby called by the divine voice and by the divine anointment to this task. She cannot be deprived of it. She cannot be supplanted in it. Additional to this is the consideration, that literature, in the hands of woman, has a much more definite and useful object than in the hands of man. The pursuit is one of purity to her. The inducements of wealth and the applause of admiring critics are not so likely to lead her into forbidden paths. Man often writes to give vent to wounded pride and gratify misanthropic humors. To subserve party objects and to prostrate party opponents are frequently his ignoble ends. Woman has higher aims. The fields of literature are not to her the arena of strife. She is no partizan — no courtier. The pleasures of serene thought, awakened in her own heart and imparted to the world, form her predominating motive. Free from false excitements, and seeking worthy purposes, she mars the beauty of her page with no coarse allusions, no indelicate expressions. The literature of the rougher sex is often entirely unsuitable for female use, while the productions of their own sex are calculated to refine their sentiments and administer delight to their fancy. Compare Lord Byron and Mrs. Hemans. The poetry of the one derives a considerable share of its power and popularity from those very causes, which, in well regulated society, ought to place it under condemnation. The imagination is frequently pleased with descriptions and characters in poetry, which it would not like to see realized in actual life. The attractions of genius make them fascinating. The shining scales of the serpent lead us to forget its deadly poison. If, however, such things are shocking to the senses, they ought not to be less shocking to the mind; and it ought to be remembered, that intellectual familiarity with them destroys our hostility to them. Could the

poetry of Byron be converted into real existence, every one would fly from it with amazement and disgust. Is it then less to be avoided in its present character? Let a young lady be resigned to its influences — morbid and unholy as they are — and what kind of life would she lead? How different with Mrs. Hemans! Her imagination seems hardly to merit the title of a distinct faculty. It was herself. It was reason, conscience, and womanly virtue, all associated and blended. As various colors combine in a ray of light, so all her qualities mingled in that sense of the beautiful and blessed, which she possessed. Truth has placed its signet on her mild brow, and purity has robed her in whitest vestments. The fondness of the female mind for poetry renders it important that we should have female poets. A greater misfortune could hardly befall it, than to be compelled to gratify its love of the tasteful and sublime at the shrines of many poets of our sex. Thankful are we that they have gone abroad and gathered their own poetry amid the affluence of nature. The birds of golden plumage have sung with them and the fragrant flowers have breathed perfume upon their censers. If they have spoken in a *still, small voice*, that voice has been heard, where the earthquake and the storm would have been disregarded.

The general characteristic of female literature is its domestic sentiment. It almost invariably presents home-life and home-happiness, dwelling upon those more humble and retired scenes, which the restless eye of man overlooks, and the weaving together of those materials which others would disdain. If a female literature were desirable on no other account, it would be from the fact, that its chosen sphere is ordinary and every-day existence. It expatiates not amid the bold and romantic exhibitions of the world, but retreats to the quietudes of the domestic circle. The writings of Mrs. Ellis exemplify this observation. If you follow her even as a tourist among the Pyrenees, you are charmed with her graceful sketches of home-scenery. Miss Edgeworth has illustrated it also. If, as Christians, we must condemn her for resting the superstructure of virtue and honor on a slender foundation — if we have to mourn that with her fine abilities, she has failed to show that connection between morality and piety which we believe exists, we cannot deny, that she has performed a noble service for her sex and the world, in her powerful delineations of the human heart. Her do-

mestic aspects endear her to us. She has demonstrated, that keen wit can be employed without raillery — that follies can be exposed without sourness of temper, and that genius can take the most common elements of life and surround them with the highest attractions. A still more imposing example may be selected — the example of Mrs. Hannah More. She lived eighty-nine years, and devoted the greater part of that time to literary effort. If ever genius and philanthropy were kindred spirits, they were in her admirable constitution. If ever Christianity sanctified both, it did in her history. The range of her works is extensive, embracing poetry, general fiction, and essays; but they are all animated by the same spirit. It was when Christianity and infidelity were struggling together in Europe, that she came forth from retirement to participate in the mighty contest. The great reaction of the popular mind had commenced, and the achievements of the Reformation were threatened. She exhibited the fundamental doctrines of religion in various forms. The practical effects of revelation were unfolded in the most bewitching narratives. The aim of Christian writers had been to meet infidelity with abstract arguments; but she pursued another course. She assailed it, as any other manifestation of human depravity should be assailed, with the great experimental principles of the sacred volume. If infidelity were an intellectual error merely, it might be properly and profitably met on intellectual grounds alone; but originating with unholy passions and nourished by unholy desires, it can only be successfully resisted by the practical details of Christianity. The works of Butler, Watson, and Horne are monuments of intellect and massive defences around the citadel of the faith; but so long as the interests of religion are suspended on its spirit and morals — so long as they are the tangible points before the popular mind — so long will the exemplifications of its spiritual and saving omnipotence be the true method of warfare with its antagonists. Hannah More cherished this philosophy and acted on it. Her power was felt from the court to the cottage. Had she done nothing more than create a literature for the poor — such a literature as the *Cheap Repository* — what a work would this have been. Like the Redeemer, in her measure, she could bless the despised and destitute; like Him, she could instruct the rich and noble. Her volumes are treasures to the female sex. Abounding in excellent views of life, judicious maxims, sound

religious sentiments, profitable meditations, strong portraitures of character; and marked as they are by all which gives strength to thought, force to illustration, and richness to diction, we can hardly speak of them too highly, as works calculated to improve and refine female character in an extraordinary degree.

The writings of Mrs. Sherwood are likewise capable of exerting a happy influence over female mind. We know of nothing more charming than the 'Lady of the Manor.' Fiction was certainly never put to a better use than it is here. If young ladies would avoid the light publications of the day — the sickly sentimentalities of novelists — and treasure up the truths and beauties of such works as those, we might soon expect a redeeming influence to go abroad over the face of society.

We conclude, then, that female literature has a special office to fill. Its peculiar task is to address female mind and mould its character. The time has now arrived, when literature is to be held responsible, to a considerable extent, for the morality of the world. The speaking voice is fast losing its power; the written voice has secured the ears of mankind. If this be the fact, we cannot pause to philosophize over the change; it has come, and we must employ it in the best way we can, depending on the blessing of God. All other forms of power are inferior to the power of literature, under the circumstances surrounding us, and we are called upon to consecrate it to truth and piety. The earliest auxiliary of religion was literature; let it be its most faithful, its most lasting. Let it never forget, that religion called it into existence. Let it never forget, that Heaven is the antitype of all beauty and glory. If anywhere the principles and precepts of Christianity should be enshrined, it should be in female literature. The genius of woman is the gift of God. Man long despised and degraded it. Circumstances long crushed it. Darkness long enveloped it. All through the gloomy period, Christianity watched over it. She kept it alive. She whispered promises and presented hopes to it. The time for its deliverance came, and Christianity sundered the chains which bound the immortal mind. The landscape brightened around and the firmament glowed above. Sweet voices were heard in the air. The streams murmured music and the stars sang together. Angel-forms flitted before the opened vision. The inspiration of nature had at last been granted, and the benediction of Christianity attended it.

If first to be led astray by the Tempter, the genius of woman, sanctified by truth, may now enable her the more clearly to expose his wiles. If the *weaker vessel*, the more sacredly should the water of life, which Heaven has poured into it, be guarded.

Montgomery, Alabama.

'I visited Professor Longfellow at his rooms at Old Harvard. The poet was in fine health and spirits, and gave me some stanzas entitled, 'The Lament of the Widowed Inebriate,' by Duganne. They breathe the true spirit of poetry, and surpass in tenderness, beauty, pathos, and delineation of heart-broken sorrow, anything I ever saw. Longfellow says, they are enough to immortalize any poet. Alas! the poor inebriate! How just, how true the following lines!'

LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

I 'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came, or guile;
When thine arms were twined around my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight.
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I 'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came.
Oh! the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though thy heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad.
From thy cheeks the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

Oh! my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup made me wild;
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled —
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love, a bane.

'T was a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee wife —
And 't was pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage-door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I shall never see them more!

Thou 'rt resting in the church-yard now,
And no stone is at thy head!
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart,
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest.
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I 've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung.
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard,
That I fancied breathed by thee!

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seat of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

THE GERMAN PEASANTRY.

In Germany the peasants are the great and ever-present objects of country life. They are the great population of the country, because they themselves are the possessors. This country is, in fact, for the most part, in the hands of the people. It is parceled out among the multitude; and wherever you go, instead of the great halls, the vast parks, and the broad lands of the nobility and gentry, as in England, you see the perpetual evidences of an agrarian system. The exceptions to this, which I shall afterward point out, are the exceptions; they are not the rule. The peasants are not, as with us, for the most part totally cut off from property in the soil they cultivate, totally dependent on the labor afforded by others — they are themselves the proprietors. It is, perhaps, from this cause that they are probably the most industrious peasantry in the world. They labor busily, early, and late, because they feel that they are laboring for themselves. The women and children all work, as well as the men, for it is family work; nay, the women often work the hardest. They reap, thrash, mow, work on the fallows, do anything. In summer, without shoes and stockings, clad in a dark blue petticoat, and body of the same, or in other colors, according to the costume of the neighborhood, and with their white chemise sleeves in contrast with their dress, and with their hair burnt of a singed brown, or into different hues, with the sun, they are all out in the hot fields. Nay, you may even see women driving a wagon, in which two or three men are sitting at ease, smoking. They take the dinners to the fields, frequently giving to the lesser children a piece of bread and locking them up in the cottage till they come home again; the elder ones being at the school till they join them in the afternoon.

This would be thought a hard life in England; but, hard as it is, is not to be compared with the condition of laborers in some agricultural parts of a dear country like England, where eight or nine shillings a week, and no cow, no pig, no fruit for the market, no work in the winter, but dependence for everything on a master, a constant feeling of anxiety, and the desperate prospect of ending his days in a union workhouse, are too commonly the laborer's lot. The German peasants work hard, but they have no actual want.

Every man has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, as we have seen, commonly so hung with fruit, that he is obliged to prop and secure them in all ways, or they would be torn to pieces. He has his corn-plat, his plat for mangel-wurzel, for hemp, and so on. He is his own master; and he, and every member of his family have the strongest motives to labor. You see the effect of this in that unremitting diligence which is beyond that of the whole world beside, and his economy, which is still greater. — *Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life in Germany.*

MY MOTHER.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

My Mother! There is music in that name!
The warmest friendships of our youth decay,
But thou hast been, wilt ever be the same —
A mother's love can never pass away!
In wealth and honor, poverty and shame,
It changeth not, unless more pure to glow,
Dear as her own she holds her offspring's fame,
Will share his pleasure, mitigate his woe,
And when friends, fortune, character are gone,
And all but her revile, the mother still loves on!

LITERARY NOTICES.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. By James Copland, M. D., F. R. S.

This is an English work of great celebrity, being 'decidedly the leading medical production of the age, both as it regards the philosophy it inculcates, as well as the vast accumulation of facts it presents.'

The American edition is edited by Dr. Charles A. Lee, Professor in Geneva Medical College, and is published by Harper & Brothers, in monthly parts, at 50 cents each — to be completed in twenty numbers, of 144 pages each.

The work comprises general pathology, the nature and treatment of diseases, morbid structures, and the disorders especially incidental to climates, to the sex, and to the different epochs of life; with numerous prescriptions for the medicines recommended.

This work is the result of the author's experience and study for the space of thirty years, and is pronounced by the London Medical Gazette as a miracle of industry.

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

ENCYCLOPŒDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY. — Harper & Brothers, N. Y. City.

This work is to be completed in twelve numbers, at 25 cents each. Four are already published. The subjects are those most immediately connected with housekeeping; as the construction of domestic edifices, with the modes of warming, ventilating, and lighting them; also a description of the various articles of furniture; the preservation of health; domestic medicine, &c.; illustrated by nearly *one thousand* engravings. For sale as above.

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VII. OCTOBER, 1845. No. 4.

Original.

THE RUINED SON.

BY REV. H. CLARK.

THE subject of moral discipline in families is too often passed by as comparatively unimportant. All, however, who reflect seriously upon it will perceive that it has a strong claim upon the attention of every parent. As families constitute little communities, it is as important that strict moral discipline be observed in them, as in large ones. If there be confusion and disorder in the parts, the same evils will pervade the whole. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain.

Much of the degradation, wretchedness, and crime which prevail, may be accounted for on the ground of lax moral discipline in families; and he who would effect a reform must not begin by lopping off the branches. Something may be done in this way, but effectually to remove the evil, he must strike vigorously at the root. The children of the present generation will constitute the men and women of the next; and in this vast mass of mind, are the materials which will form, direct, and control the moral energies of the next. That the next age may have a healthy moral tone, the work of reform, in the present age, should be thorough.

It is a fact universally admitted, that children are powerfully influenced by the example and precepts of their parents. The mind, during the period of infancy and childhood, is in a state, capable of receiving almost any mould the parent chooses to give it.

Impressions, therefore, received while the mind is in this tender state, will never be entirely effaced, but will have an influence upon the after-life in proportion to the strength of the impressions, and the force of the circumstances into which those impressions may lead. Parents are, therefore, to a great extent, responsible for the vices and crimes of which their children, as they progress in life, are guilty. How many practical exemplifications of this truth are set before us in the confessions of different criminals, who, at the close of life, have traced their career of crime to the days of childhood, and discovered its source in the defective family discipline of their parents. On the other hand, how many pious and useful men have publicly testified that they were indebted for their piety and usefulness, in a good degree, to the example, instruction, and prayers of their parents, and especially of their mothers.

A short time since I attended a ministerial meeting in the western part of Massachusetts. A part of the exercises consisted in the relating of religious experience. Among other things, several ministers present, stated distinctly, that they received their first religious impressions from their mothers, and that they owed a large measure of their piety and usefulness to their teaching and prayers. It cannot, in the nature of things, be otherwise, than that children, young, tender, and confiding, should hearken to a mother's counsel, and be guided by her godly instructions. Who, we earnestly ask, is there so well adapted, both by relation and circumstances, to teach the child to lisp its prayers to its heavenly Father, and to train it up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' as the mother? One well authenticated fact should be more positive and conclusive, than a thousand metaphysical opinions. And what an array of facts is almost daily presented to the mind; facts so well authenticated, and of such a character, as to carry along with them the clearest convictions of duty; and in view of which, parents who fail to discover and discharge their duty to their children, are verily guilty!

A very important part of moral discipline is, restraint. Many parents seem to forget that the bent of the young mind, is not toward virtue and holiness, but toward vice, continually; and, judging from their indifference to the moral welfare of their offspring, they seem to be insensible that a tide of evil is constantly flowing around them, and that the native inclination of children, is

ever drawing them deeper into its current. Yet such is the fact, and parents do not discharge their whole duty to their offspring, unless they restrain them from the vices by which they are surrounded. To effect this, persuasion is better than force, but if this fail of accomplishing the desired end, coercive measures must be resorted to, and the sooner this is done the better, both for parent and child, though it may pierce parental affection with many a bitter pang.

I have now in my mind an affecting incident of the ruin of a son by his mother, who did not restrain him in his childhood and youth.

About five years since a young man, in a neighboring State, was detected in the act of committing a high crime, and committed to the county jail. He was universally known in that vicinity as a licentious and abandoned character. Such was the nature of the evidence against him, that there remained not a doubt of his guilt. Being in that place at the time, I, in company with one of the clergymen of the village, made him a visit. As we entered his cell, I was forcibly struck with his appearance. He was scarcely twenty-five years of age, and though within the gloomy walls of a prison, his dress was arranged with studied neatness. He bore evident marks of dissipation and crime; and yet there was something in his dark, piercing eye, and full intellectual forehead, indicative of ability to do right. He was standing at his grated window, apparently contemplating some object without; but, as we entered, turned, and received us with an easy politeness, which would have graced a drawing-room. As he readily engaged in conversation, we succeeded in drawing from him a portion of his history.

'You see in me,' said he, 'a degraded, guilty being; but I was not always so. Had I, in early youth, been blessed with the pious, parental example, counsel, and restraint, with which many are blessed, I should never have been reduced to the wretched condition in which you now see me.'

'Are your parents living?' inquired my companion.

'My father died when I was a child. I have no recollection of him. My mother I have not seen for nearly six years, and do not know whether she is living or not.'

'Is it your wish that your mother, if living, should know where you now are?' I inquired.

'It is not. No,—rather let me perish than that she should

know I am imprisoned as a felon, though it is chiefly owing to her neglect of my moral culture, that I am here. I have already said that I was not always as you see me now. My father was a graduate of one of the first institutions of learning in New England and, as a member of the bar, was fast outstripping his associates, and reaching an eminent position, when he was arrested in the midst of his career by death. I was left an infant of six months. Having been thus early deprived of her husband, I became the idol of my mother. I was petted and indulged, and, through excess of maternal fondness, ruined. My mother always loved me, wild, and wicked as I was, and so deep was her love, that it blinded her to my faults, and led her to forget the obligations she was under to train me up to virtue and piety. My every wish was gratified. My passions, naturally strong, were never curbed by wholesome restraint. Religious instruction was never communicated to me, at my 'fireside home.' My mother, apparently forgetting that I was an immortal being, sought rather to gratify my present wishes, than to mould my character for time and eternity. My Sabbaths were spent, not in the house of God, but in dissipation and vice.

'Thus I ran my headlong course, unchecked, until my evil passions, violently inflamed by the vices in which I indulged, impelled me to commit an act which rendered it unsafe for me to remain longer beneath the paternal roof, and I fled. My mother knew not where I went. Since that time, I have been wandering in different States, engaged in various scenes of dissipation and crime. Four months since, I came to this place, where my vices have rendered me notorious. Night before last I was detected in the act of committing the crime for which you now see me in prison. My career is run. The gloomy walls of a State-prison will be my abode for several years. Should I live to leave them, I must leave with the brand of infamy upon me. One consolation alone remains. I am under an assumed name, so that my mother can never know my fate. Still, I am a wretch, a villain, unworthy of the society of men, and fit only for a prison. O! my mother!—— But I will not upbraid her. She meant well, though her undue fondness has led me to disgrace and ruin.'

Here he became subdued, and, bowing his face between his hands, wept tears of repentance and regret!

We left him. But never shall I forget that scene. That young

man is now an inmate of a State-prison. His term of punishment has now nearly expired, and he will soon leave that miserable abode, to wander, a seared and blighted spirit over the earth, seeking rest and finding none. Perchance, in his wanderings, he may return to his native place; but he will find no mother there to soothe his troubled spirit. She is dead!

Reader, I knew that mother. Two years ago, I heard her, with her dying breath, regret her weakness in not *restraining* her son. She died without a knowledge of his fate. I saw her laid beside her departed husband.

Parents, and especially mothers, ponder well the above, and remember that, to some extent, at least, *you* hold your children's destinies 'for weal or for woe.'

September, 1845.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one — weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not a woman's tears — they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy — they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears — an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

Dr. Johnson.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.

BY DOCTOR S. B. WOODWARD.

CHILDREN under eight years of age should not usually be confined to the school-room more than one hour at a time, nor more than four hours in a day.

These hours should afford considerable diversity of employments, so as to enable the child to change his posture frequently, and to be more or less upon his feet; and, also, to change the subject of thought, so that the mind shall not be occupied by one subject too long or too intensely.

Intensity should be carefully avoided; it leads directly to disease of the brain, which often probably *arises* from this cause. Precocity is generally the result of a morbid condition of this organ, either *functional* or *organic;* the *former* may generally be cured by timely attention; the *latter* exhibits itself in epilepsy, insanity, or an imbecility of mind, or proves fatal, by the occurrence of inflammation or convulsions.

If a child exhibits any symptoms of precocity, it should be taken immediately from books, and be permitted to ramble and play in the open air, or engaged in manual labor and such amusements as will give rest to the mind, and health and vigor to the body.

The recess at school, for children of eight years and under, should be long, the play active and even noisy, (for the lungs acquire strength by exercise, as well as the muscles;) every child should be required to unite in the sports of play-time.

Fifteen minutes are a short time for recess; half an hour is better, particularly in summer.

During recess, the school-room should be thrown open in warm weather, and the windows be dropped a little way in cold weather, so as thoroughly to ventilate the apartments. We have hardly learned yet that pure air is equally as important to health and life as good nourishment and pure water.

In school regulations, regard is usually had to mental and moral improvement only. We forget that we have bodies, the preservation and training of which are not less necessary to the young, than the acquisition of knowledge. Without health, we can have little enjoyment. With it, we can learn all that is necessary, with ease,

— if we are not in too great haste. No limit is given to the age in which the vigorous and healthy may acquire useful knowledge.

It is of little use to make great acquirements, if, in doing so, we sow the seeds of disease which will destroy the happiness and usefulness of life.

Worcester, Mass.

TO MY WIFE.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

AFAR from thee! the morning breaks
But morning brings no joy to me;
Alas! my spirit only wakes
To know I am afar from thee.
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
And to mine own thy heart was pressed.

Afar from thee! 't is solitude!
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good,
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one!
Without thee I am all unblessed,
And wholly blessed with thee alone.

Afar from thee! the words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seemed, in better days,
Without thee, seems no longer sweet.
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! the night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee;
O, who can rest so far from home?
And my heart's home is, love, with thee.
I kneel me down in silent prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth everywhere,
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together, in his loved embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside.
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free;
O, welcome be night's slumbers deep,
For then, sweet love, I am with thee.

Original.

HOW TO BEGIN WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. PILLSBURY.

I WOULD say to every parent, you cannot hope for success in education, without the aid of motives drawn from religion; and scarcely can you begin too early to imbue the tender minds of your children with its pure principles. A favorable opportunity should be embraced to make your child first acquainted with the being of God; perhaps when the sun is setting and throwing the splendor of his rays on gold and crimson clouds. Alive to the loveliness of the scene, you take your little daughter on your knee, and, with enthusiastic feeling, point her to the glorious sight. You will see by the bright sparkling of her eye and the glow on her cheek, that she has feelings bordering on rapture, as she gazes. 'Who made that dazzling sun and those rich clouds, my dear?'

'I do not know; who did, mother?'

'It was God.'

'Who is he, mother?'

'He is a Spirit, whom we cannot see; but who sees us and who made us, and all things.'

This new idea will awaken much wonder and prompt many inquiries.

She will probably think of many things, and, naming them one after another, will ask if God made *them*. When you have answered her inquiries, you will have given a lesson quite long enough for the first.

At another time you may speak to her of the great power of God, who not only *made* the sun, moon, stars, and all living creatures, but who *takes care* of all the creatures he has made, of every size and shape, from the little insect to the huge elephant.

At another time, you may speak of his goodness. When the birds are singing their melodious songs, tell her of the goodness of God, who made them to enjoy so much happiness; of his goodness to all creatures, in providing them food, and making them happy in so many different ways; and of his greater goodness to us, who have a thousand sources of enjoyment superior to theirs; who are made with minds capable of loving Him and praying to

Him. Tell her that God loves those who love Him and are good and kind to each other; but is displeased with those who do not obey Him and are unkind to each other.

As soon as your children are capable of understanding it, relate to them the history of the creation, the fall of man, the flood, and other instances of God's displeasure against sin. Above all, tell them of the Son of God, who came down to earth, went about doing good, and, at last died to save sinners. Before you converse with your children on these subjects, it will be peculiarly proper to retire, and by secret devotion get your own mind so deeply imbued with them, as to speak from the deep feelings of your own heart. When their minds become stored with these truths, you will always have a standard to which to refer, in deciding what is right and wrong in all their actions.

It is important that children should be early taught to read, that they may themselves be able to peruse all those passages to which you may turn in pointing out to them the rule of duty.

When a knowledge of the first principles of religion is obtained, a good beginning is made. When its pure doctrines are received in the heart, a foundation is laid for a character, on which may be built all the virtues which strengthen, and the accomplishments that adorn human nature. To erect such a building is not the business of a day; yet you will, in humble obedience to the directions of divine inspiration, endeavor that no hour shall pass without something being done toward rearing the lovely edifice. Embrace every opportunity to impart useful knowledge and correct sentiments. As far as circumstances permit, become the teachers of your children.

At school, they will be exposed to many temptations from the examples of those children who are so unhappy as not to have been taught right principles at home. If you are obliged to send them, do all in your power to counteract this influence. Of all external causes of evil, bad example is doubtless the most fruitful. Happy would a Christian mother think herself, could she by any means secure her loved ones, at all times, from its contaminating influence. But though you find this to be impossible, do not murmur, do not faint. Let the thoughts of the divine goodness and the encouraging promises of Scripture, constantly support you.

Londonderry, N. H., Sept., 1845.

TOWN AMUSEMENTS IN GERMANY.

THERE is one advantage which their towns universally possess over ours; and that is, in the abundance of public walks, public gardens and promenades, where every citizen can wander, or can sit and rejoice with his family and his friends. All round their towns, in general, you find these ample public walks and promenades planted with trees and furnished with seats. The old walls and ramparts which formerly gave security to the inhabitants, are now converted into sources of their highest pleasures, being thus planted and seated, and made scenes of the gayest resort, and whence the finest views are obtained over the surrounding country. The suburbs and neighborhood of all large cities, again, are full of public gardens; with alleys and extensive woodland walks, where the people all summer flock out, and find refreshment at coffee-houses, and bands of music presided over by the first masters in Germany. The cities being seldom very large, the people thus enjoy a sort of half-city, half-rural life, but refined and beautified with social and artistical influences, of which ours is too much stripped. In England, every man takes care of himself, and makes his own nest snug; beside lighting and paving, little seems done for the public in our towns. Here, on the contrary, the public enjoyment seems to be the favorite and prevailing idea, and you see around you perpetual evidences of its working. The people have in the outskirts of their cities, their vineyards and their summer-houses in them, where they can go with their families and friends. But they have again, their public gardens and woodlands all round their large towns, to a dozen miles' distance. They have similar places of more rustic resort, often on the most beautiful mountain heights, and in mountain valleys, to which they pour out on leisure days, in carriages and by railroads, by thousands. Here they often have dinners. Here they even come with their families, taking whole troops of children with them; and there you find them in old orchards, amid castle ruins, under the trees, and, in short, through all the surrounding hills and valleys. They dine in great family groups — the men sitting often in their shirt-sleeves; the children rolling in the grass; and the landlords hurrying about, dealing out plates and viands to hungry people, in a broil of what seems hopeless hurry. They afterward smoke their pipes, drink their coffee, and go home at an early hour as happy as this earth can make them. — *Mary Howitt.*

DOMESTIC LOVE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

When those we love are present to the sight,
When those we love hear fond affection's words,
The heart is cheerful, as in morning light,
The merry song of early-wakened birds;
And, O! the atmosphere of home — how bright
It floats around us, when we sit together
Under a bower of vine in summer weather,
Or round the hearthstone in a winter's night!
This is a picture not by Fancy drawn —
The eve of life contrasted with its dawn;
A gray-haired man — a girl of sunny eyes;
He seems to speak, and laughing, she replies;
While father, mother, brothers, smile to see
How fair their rosebud blooms beneath the parent tree.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PSALTERY.—A new book of Church Music. By Lowell Mason and George J. Webb. Published by Wilkins, Carter & Co. Boston.

Three pages are given, descriptive of the leading features of this work. We have space, however, to notice only three or four of them.

1. The two highest parts, namely, the treble and tenor, are kept within the compass of the voices of singers in general. In most books of church music, these parts are set too high; but even if they could be sung high, the effect is much more pleasing when the parts are nearer each other.

2. 'The exciting chromatic combinations of modern authors,' are sparingly used in the harmony, and instead thereof, we have the 'loftiness, richness, and fulness of the old harmonies.'

3. A number of the tunes have been so harmonized as to admit of the transposition of the treble and tenor.

4. We rejoice to see the minor scale revived. A hundred years ago it was chiefly used for psalmody; recently, we have gone to the other extreme.

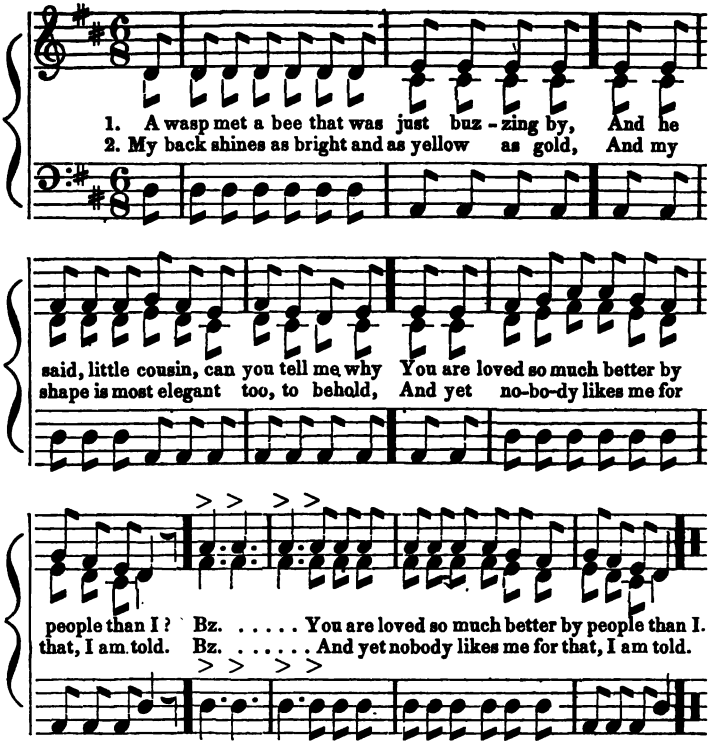
We pronounce it, unhesitatingly, a most excellent collection of church music, evincing great labor, accomplished talent, and discriminating judgment.

We are pleased to see that it is published under the sanction and with the approbation of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, as well as the Boston Academy of Music.

THE DUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN TO THEIR COUNTRY.

Here is a book without a preface or an author. The author, however, is understood to be Miss Catherine E. Beecher. The work is a most powerful and eloquent appeal to American women on their duty to their country in relation to the subject of general education.

Published by Harper & Brothers, and for sale by Waite & Peirce.

THE WASP AND THE BEE

1. A wasp met a bee that was just buz - zing by, And he
2. My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold, And my
said, little cousin, can you tell me why You are loved so much better by
shape is most elegant too, to behold, And yet no-bo-dy likes me for
people than I? Bz. . . . . You are loved so much better by people than I.
that, I am told. Bz. . . . . And yet nobody likes me for that, I am told.

3 Ah! cousin, the bee said, 'tis all very true,
But were I even half as much mischief to do,
Then I'm sure they would love me no better than you.
Bz. Then I'm, &c.

4 You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,
And they say you are handsome, but then there's one thing
They can never put up with, and that is your sting.
Bz. They can, &c.

5 My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
But yet no one is angry, or scolding at me,
Just because I'm a humble and innocent bee.
Bz. Just because, &c.

THE

Young Lady's Friend.

Original.

GRACE ROBINSON.

A TALE OF THE PURITANS.

[Obtained a Prize of $5.]

'AND so you sail to-morrow,' said a slender young woman, in a pensive voice, to the tall youth by her side. 'Were there no fifth commandment,' he replied, 'I should remain here; but my father needs and requires my assistance, and I embark in the Speedwell, to-morrow.'

William Brewster, who thus answered the pensive girl, had not without many and long struggles come to this decision. The voice of his father was to him the voice of God, and, 'he that loveth friend more than me is not worthy of me,' rung ever in his ears. Grace Robinson had been his playmate in childhood, and his choice in early youth. He would have asked her father's leave to marry her, but house-plant that she was, he could not himself consent to her being set out of doors. 'She would not stand it a month,' said the minister, when the matter was once alluded to, 'and we should lose her, and you, William, would be no better for her.' The young folks assented, and gave up their dearest earthly hopes. They understood each other, understood the commands of God alike, and trusted in Heaven.

'Promise me one thing, Grace,' said he, 'before parting.' Silence gave him leave to proceed. 'Promise me, that if any event of importance marks your life, you will write to me and tell me of it, yourself.' She bound herself willingly, and he, on his part, made a corresponding pledge. Nothing more definite was said, but they understood well enough what each meant. 'And now,' said he, taking her hand, as they stood on the large flat stone at the entrance

of the house, 'let us do our duty and prepare on earth for a home above. There parting and sorrow are unknown. You will be the dearest spirit in heaven — my chosen companion there. Good night. May God bless and preserve you.'

Grace treasured these last words in her heart. They never grew old. 'The dearest spirit in heaven,' the murmuring brook and the gentle breeze echoed and reëchoed. Loving every body and seeking to make them happy, every body loved her. The child, and the man who tottered on his staff, and whose white hairs played in the breeze, blessed the damsel. Her vivacity was not the gambol of a fawn, or the gayety of a butterfly, but the animation of thought and the leaping of a heart happy in its benevolence. Blessing and being blessed, four years passed away and left her fairer and livelier than at eighteen. Sorrow, such as she had not known, was then mingled in her cup.

On a delightful Sabbath morning, about the middle of April, the rising sun, as it found its way through the crevices of the wooden shutters, into a large lower room in one of the back streets of Leyden, (Holland,) revealed a scene of blended joy and grief. On the bed, in a corner of the room, lay a man not yet beyond the prime of life, evidently at death's door. His face was serene and happy. A pale and sorrowing woman of age to match his own, sat at the head of the bed, feeling his wrist with one hand, and bathing his temples with the other. A maiden of twenty years, or more, sat at the opposite corner, leaning on the bed-post, and shaded from observation by the white drapery of the curtains. The other children were present, with sad countenances. One, a darling hardly three years old, all ignorant of death, was hanging about the boy of twelve years, and earnestly saying, 'What do you cry so for? Father will be better soon.' A stand stood near the bed with cordials. A round, three-legged mahogany table was in another corner, and on it lay an English Bible, a Pilgrim's Progress, a History of Virginia, and a Description of New England. Portraits of Wickliffe, John Knox, and Queen Bess adorned the wall. The faces, books, pictures, furniture, and the tongue, all betokened the family as an exotic from England. Nothing, save the pictured tiles in the chimney-piece, gave intimation that they were in the land of the Dutchman.

It was the family of the exiled Robinson, who had worn out his

life in the service of the Puritan church of that city. 'Do you find the pulse going,' he inquired of his wife, in broken accents? She nodded assent. 'Ah,' said he, seeming to revive before death, 'I am almost done with earth. I shall finish this Sabbath in heaven. My spirit is near that happy place. Its joys are already near me. I have only to slide out of this body and I am there. Its entrance is in full view. Christ, the doorkeeper, with a most benignant smile is beckoning me to enter. It will be but a moment and I shall be with him. He will make me welcome, and you too, my dear wife. Weep not so. If you love me, rejoice for me. I go home a little before you. The waters of the river of life have found a way to my soul. You would not detain me,' he said. 'Ah, no,' replied the agonized woman; 'God's will be done; but I would that the summons for me, for Grace, and for us all had come too.' She buried her face in the pillow and found relief in tears. 'Stop,' said the dying saint. 'God's time is the best. Oh, my children, love one another; be good to the poor; do all you can for your mother. I am going to the heavenly Jerusalem. Go to the Canaan below. My will was good to go, but God's will was not so. He will make that land the joy and glory of the whole earth. Go there in the first ship. Like Joseph, I could wish that my bones might go thither with you and lie beside those of Carver and others who are already entered into the rest above. Think not of a home in our native land. We have been well weaned of her milk. God will be a defence to you in the wilderness. Neither wolves or Indians will harm you. My spirit, God willing, will attend you there, and Bradford will be a father to our precious babes.

As each child came to the bedside and took a last farewell, he bade them be every thing to their mother, till Grace's turn came. She had treasured every word he uttered. She clasped his wasted hand and laid her ear to his mouth. 'My daughter,' he said, 'you have always been a good child; you will still be, I know; God watch over you, my first-born daughter, and William ——' here he stopped. His strength was gone. He looked once more, a look of untold love, on each of his own, closed his eyes as for sleep, let go the hand of his wife, lay quietly half an hour, his features radiant with angelic bliss, and then, without a groan, went to the bosom of his Saviour.

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In the latter part of the month of July, Jonathan Carver, known through all New Plymouth for his long sight, descried a sail on the blue deep. It was soon seen to make for the harbor. A skiff immediately put to sea with a pilot on board. In twenty minutes the whole plantation was astir with the news. It was the first arrival from the old country that season. None but colonists, who have left their native land for a distant and a wilderness home, can realize the thrill which ran through every heart, in prospect of news from the land of their birth. The maiden left her wheel and the matron her loom, again and again, eagerly to look from their cabin doors toward the bay. The men looked and wondered what news they should have. Others more eager, went to the neighboring hill, and quietly and contentedly gave themselves up to watching the ship's approach. By the middle of the afternoon, she furled her canvass, hoisted her colors, and cast anchor in the harbor. Every boat owned in the settlement was forthwith employed in bringing the emigrants and sailors on shore. At seven o'clock, the inhabitants, the man in his homespun frock, and the mother with her babe on her arm, bent their steps to the meeting-house, the only framed building in the province. A one-horse wagon, with the governor, wound down Raspberry Lane from his residence and up the meeting-house hill, freighted with two of the emigrants, and driven by his Excellency himself. He was a man of less than forty years, and looked more than usual as if he were just from a visit above. The meeting was called to welcome the new comers; to provide them temporary homes with the inhabitants who could best accommodate them; to hear the news from the mother country, and from Holland; and to give thanks to God for the safe arrival of the Charles. They heard of the death of Prince Maurice, and of King James, the marriage of the new king with the daughter of Henry of France, the restoration of the Arminians to power in Holland, and sundry other events of general interest. The governor then announced what, he said, doubtless nearly all had already learned, that their former pastor, the spiritual father of many in that congregation, had already entered into the rest prepared for the people of God. 'Our loss, we know, is his gain,' said the speaker with a trembling voice; and, after a struggle with his feelings, he added, 'God forbid that we should recall him. His will be done; but nature may have leave to weep. In the last hour of his life, he

sent us the admonition which we can almost hear drop from his lips, to be faithful unto death that we may inherit a crown of life. He sent this message by his consort, who, with her children, arrived this day in the Charles. Let us thank God, that he hath inclined them, with sundry other of our Christian friends, to come to these shores. The times of persecution have not ceased. That alliance with a papist will drive many disciples hither. I rejoice that we have found our way hither. Our dear departed Robinson, who was with us in his best affections to the last, had, on his dying pillow, a vision of the future glory of this wilderness. He saw that it would become a fruitful field, and as the garden of the Lord.

The silence which ensued was broken by a proposition from a young man in a distinct part of the house, who, returning from felling trees in the neighboring forest, had discovered the ship anchored in the bay, and had dropped into the meeting to hear the news. He moved that the young men should unite to make a clearing and put up a house for good-woman Robinson, and volunteering, himself, to give three days labor, the next week, for that purpose. The motion was joyfully received, the new emigrants were comfortably provided for, a psalm was sung, a prayer offered, and the congregation were dismissed. Many, not satisfied with shaking Mrs. Robinson by the hand as they went out of the house, followed her to the governor's cottage. Among the rest went the young man who had made the motion mentioned above. That voice gave Grace a thrill. She looked at him as she spoke. She could not be mistaken. Though summer's suns and winter's frosts, sickness, hard work, and scanty fare had changed him, she recognized William Brewster, him whom she had treasured in her heart from very childhood. Could the Leyden students, who had sued the beautiful Grace in vain, have read her heart at that moment, they would have known why it had been whispered in their ears, 'None but a pilgrim for me.' She checked her emotions, and said to herself, I will not unsought, be won; may be he looks on all our words of love as childish prattle. I will put on a look of womanly dignity. When he called at the governor's, notwithstanding her resolves to the contrary, she could not meet him as she met others. At the sound of his voice, self-possession took leave, and unutterable feelings locked her lips. William Brewster, untaught in the

alphabet of a woman's love, saw in her downcast looks and fixed silence, nothing but indifference.

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Down the governor's lane, a few rods beyond Raspberry Cottage, a clearing had been made among the evergreens, the logs converted into a pleasant cottage, and widow Robinson, with her children, comfortably housed from the severe cold of the winter of 1625 – 6. The hay was snugly stacked under log shanties, the corn was gathered already to be husked, and the barley threshed, when William Brewster went out one bright morning, charged by his sister Ruth to get a wild turkey for widow Robinson and good-man Bradford, as well as for those at home. He returned by the way of Pine Retreat, as Grace had christened the residence of her mother. The boys, who were out chopping wood for their mother, when they saw him, with his game on his shoulders, ran to meet him, escorted him to the house, drew the string of the wooden latch, and begged him to stay and see Grace, while they tried his great bow and arrow, which he willingly enough suffered them to take. Close to the roaring fire, in the great stone chimney, sat Grace on a low stool, wrapped in a red riding-hood, and leaning her head on the pillows in her father's roundabout chair, which they had brought to New Plymouth with them. There she sat, all in a shiver, the very image of despair. Never was woman wooed in worse plight. The Indian girl, whom her mother had taken to instruct and civilize, as well as to employ in the services of the family, was squatted in a corner of the room on a buffalo, her favorite bed by night and seat by day, stealthily glowering with her great black eyes on the guest of Miss Grace. The three year old baby, on the lower round of the ladder, which communicated with the loft above, was picking off the kernels from the lowest ear in a tress of corn, and asking Grace, at least twice in a minute, if she would make parched lilies of them when she felt better. The healthy Grace, in Leyden, the main stay of the house, had burned and shaken with fever and ague every other day for three months, until her pink and white complexion had become as lifeless and sallow as any Dutch girl's, while her mother, as slender as a reed there, was never so healthy as in the new country. Grace, though she lived two hundred years ago, was a creature of flesh and blood, of make and mould such as sometimes crosses our path in these degenerate days. Happy in the bosom of

her father's church, who were as affectionate as they were stern, she was not so completely armed with that most difficult virtue — patience — as to be proof to the most tantalizing of all fevers, chill fever. She did not experience at this time the confusion and reserve which she generally felt in young Brewster's presence, simply because she had too little energy or animation to care for any thing. Her eyes did not brighten, nor her cheeks redden at the sight of him. To his inquiry, how she found herself, she raised her head from her pillows and answered in almost a querulous tone, that she was no better.

'I know all about it,' he replied in a manly but soothing voice. 'I have been through it all myself, but we shall soon have snow, and you will brace up and be yourself again. Here is a turkey,' he added, divesting his back of the largest third of its burden, 'which I have brought you for a Thanksgiving supper, next week.'

'Call again, when mother is at home, and she will make it right with you,' said the sick girl.

'Now Grace, you wrong me,' was the almost tart reply of Brewster; 'and were it not your ague instead of yourself which said that, I would take it in dudgeon. Talk about making it right with me for a wild turkey, when I owe your good father in heaven my life even.'

At the mention of her father, the fountain in her heart was unsealed.

'I hope you do not cry for the leeks and onions,' added the youth. 'Come, cheer up, you will live to sow beside all waters yet. This fever and ague wears out in time, and leaves us as hearty as ever. There is one person in the world to whom you could do good now, sick as you are.'

'How? What?' inquired the bewildered girl.

'The easiest thing in the world, only by answering me one question.'

'Do you remember our six years' old promises?'

Grace bowed her head.

'One thing more; will you keep them?'

'Do you wish me to?' said Grace, with an arch look of mingled joy and assent, lurking around her mouth.

'I should,' said William.

Grace had not contrived any answer to the next great question,

which she bounded to reply to, when in walked Mercy Bradford. William, who had stood with his turkeys on his back, walked out at the same moment, saying, 'I must look after my bow and arrow. Good bye.'

* * * * * * * *

It was evening. The blaze of a pine knot threw its light into every corner of Elder Brewster's house. A psalm had been sung and a chapter in the Bible had been read. The venerable elder stood leaning over the back of a high chair, his hands devoutly folded, his eyes closed, his lips and his heart ascending to God. The petition, so often on the lips of the early settlers, that God would be the portion of his children and of his children's children to the latest generation, was that which he was offering. Just at that moment, all were startled by an earnest blast from the conch-shell, followed by an alarm gun. The prayer was hardly concluded, when young Howland, son-in-law of the late lamented Carver, opened the door, and with earnest voice exclaimed, 'Do you know that Grace Robinson and Mercy Bradford are missing?' He waited not for a reply, but hurried on to give the same information at the next door. There were not two dearer lambs in all their fold. Every heart sympathised with those of the bereaved families. The men hastily assembled. All that could be learned was, that the girls had gone out on the preceding afternoon, in the woods west of their residence, to gather winter-green, and night, dark, cold, and stormy had come on, and they had not returned! Lights were procured. Half the men in different bands, provided with flint and steel, and food such as they could take, started in various directions. William, who, the very Sabbath before, had prevailed on Grace to let her name, coupled with his own, followed by the significant words, 'Intend marriage,' hang beside the single door of their new meeting-house, led one band. He was calm and collected, though wide awake, and, as usual, doing rather than talking. They were all furnished with such fire-arms as they could muster, and it was agreed, that, in case of an attack on any party which should call for the assistance of the rest, three shots should be fired in quick succession. The well-known conch was to proclaim the finding of the wanderers. They searched the woods all night. Here and there they built fires to keep off wild beasts, and to be beacons to the girls if they were in

sight. Now and then they halted, and with stentorian lungs made the forest resound with the names of the lost.

The search was vain! No trace of them was found, save, that, on the first day, some two miles from the settlement, they picked up a strip of linen, apparently a remnant of a pocket handkerchief. This helped them to the track. Signs of Indians, such as a heap of ashes and remains of venison, were found in the vicinity. Young Brewster, with a body of bold young men, under the care of Capt. Standish, followed on, while the rest returned. This band, after exhausting their provisions, sleeping four nights within sound of the wolves, and having more than one encounter with bears, in prospect of a tremendous snow-storm, turned their feet homeward. Desolate were the heart and house of widow Robinson, when the last man returned without the missing lambs of their little flock. As Brewster entered her cottage, he marked the eager glance of the Indian girl. He saw her eye sparkle with pleasure when she saw him come in alone. It struck him that she knew more than they all of the missing girls. He learned that she had been sullen for months, but gay for an Indian, since they were lost, and that she had seemed to mock the agony of the distressed family. His suspicion was too true. Jealous of Grace, she had covenanted with a fellow of her tribe to kidnap her. The night before she had informed him of the intended excursion of the girls. They had not been in the woods a half hour, or gone forty rods from their residence, when they were seized, stunned with blows, their handkerchiefs torn to strings, to pinion their arms, and they made to follow a merciless savage and his kindred companions. They were cruelly driven on, without being allowed to halt, or eat, till toward night the next day. Then they were ordered to make fire, dress deer, and perform other menial services for their masters.

For a week they travelled with only short intervals for sleep. One meal a day and that meat, without bread or salt, was their only sustenance. They then arrived at the village of the tribe. There they were separated and kept carefully apart. Mercy was given to a fat, dirty squaw, and Grace to the young son of the chief. The old squaw decked her own neck with the gold necklace of her captive's dear departed mother, who slept in Cape Cod Bay. Mercy's lot was hard. She slept on the ground, and all the drudgery of the wigwam came upon her. Her food was the offals of the venison,

rejected by the gluttonous squaw and her Indian. After meekly doing their bidding to the best of her ability, a malicious blow was perhaps her only reward. Her cheek blanched, her eye grew dim, her heart staggered under such servitude. Grace, in some respects, fared better. She always had a buffalo for lodging, the best of the deer, and never a blow, except when her young master was drunk. The precious ring with which her betrothed had encircled her finger one sunset hour, when they repledged their love for 'once and for aye,' had been returned to her. Dear memento! how oft was it wet with tears. Her troubles were different from Mercy's. Her young master sought to make her his squaw. Her indifference increased his passion. At one time he bribed, at another threatened. She was completely in his power. No arm but God's could help. The help of her father's God, she hourly supplicated and besought. The lion was kept at bay. He who moves hearts as easily as rivers of water, controlled the young Indian, and kept Grace in that peace which is promised to such as trust in Him.

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The awful uncertainty which brooded over Grace's destiny, was far more trying to the faith of her mother than had been the death of her late, lamented husband. The hand of God was more hidden from view. Time, which blunted the sympathy of her neighbors, caused hope to go out in her heart. She had the melancholy satisfaction of ministering to her husband's wants up to the last gasp. He died, resting his head on her loved and well-tried bosom. With her own fingers she had closed his eyes; her feet had followed him to the grave. His spirit, too, she had attended to the very gate of heaven, and had almost seen the convoy of bright angels who had gently borne it within the pearly portals. Shortly, she trusted to rejoin him, and to be ever by his side, more loved than in this world, and forever and fully blessed in the presence and glory of God. Grace might be already in his bosom, waiting to welcome her to heavenly mansions; and she *might* be a prey to nameless insults and abuses in some smoky wigwam. She might have fallen by the ruthless tomahawk, unpitied and alone, and have given her beautiful body to the greedy beast of prey; or what was worse, she might now be enduring a living death, drinking the last dregs of suffering from the hand of the cruel savage. Every thing about her was uncertain. The best which could be hoped, was, that she had met

with sudden death. Mrs. Robinson could pour forth her sorrows to a sympathizing ear, and this was a slight relief.

Brewster was a man of stern make, and few words. Grief shut up in his heart, ate like a canker. Very often he sought the widow's cot, and sat with willing ear to hear again the oft told tale. No visiter was hailed with such sad delight. One evening, near the close of winter, he bent his steps once more to Pine Retreat, to concert with the bereaved mother, one more plan for learning the fate of the missing. His sister Ruth was cheerily preparing for her own approaching nuptials, and such preparations were to him all notes of sadness. As he entered the familiar door, the little child was repeating to her mother, in lisping accents, the fifth commandment. 'Did Grace obey her father and mother?' said the sweet child.

'Yes, always,' said her mother. 'Your dear father's last words were, 'You have been a good child to me, my daughter.'

'Then she cannot be dead,' said the older boy, 'for the commandment says, thy days shall be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'

'I have often thought of that,' said the mother, 'and I cannot but think she has yet many days to spend in this new home, which the Lord has given us. He who gave back Isaac can restore our darling Grace.'

'The child kneeled before her mother, and offered her infant prayer into which she had been taught to weave the name of their lost one, and was then put to bed in a corner of the room.

The family sat talking over the charms of Grace. 'Never,' said the mother, 'was she so happy as the month before she left us. Her returning health gave elasticity to her spirits. She seemed running over with life and joy. She anticipated every desire of my heart. Her ingenuity, in contriving for our comfort, knew no bounds.' 'It is the last winter I shall be at home, my dear mother,' she would sometimes say, 'and I do mean to be a good daughter and sister, and make you sorry to spare me.' She anticipated new joys and bliss, with new cares, in her new home.'

So they sat talking and weeping, and inly praying the God of heaven to shed light in their beclouded sky, when the door half opened, slowly, as by a ghost. To Brewster's exclamation, 'Who's there!' the head of Rebecca issued from behind the door, and her black eyes peered on them each and all. She had been two weeks

mysteriously absent. Indian-like, still holding the door partly open, she drew back her head, and then again after the lapse of a minute, scanned the family. To her mistress' kind salutation, 'Rebecca, come in,' she drew back her head, shut the door, and gave an Indian whoop. When they rose to follow her, she was almost out of sight. The boys, with their good friend Brewster, followed her to the border of the adjoining wood. As they came up, they heard her say, 'All there, papoose asleep, mother crying.'

'Stay here,' said Brewster to the boys.

They stood still. He walked quietly to the spot. There stood his own Grace, wrapped in furs, and beside her, Mercy!

In poor English, Rebecca made the happy family understand her guilt and her repentance. She had been sick with a lung fever. William's kindness had won her gratitude, and she paid him by going to the Nipmuchs and recapturing the lost girls.

When you visit the Cape, do not fail to go by way of Brewster, and inquire out the elder's long line of descendants by his first born son, William.

Ipswich, Mass.

SORROW.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow:
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

HAGAR.

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No. 5.

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THE

Mother's Assistant.

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THE TWO VISITS, OR HOME INFLUENCE.

BY MISS ANN MASON.

In reviewing my pilgrimage through the shadows and sunshine of some twenty summers, the scenes of two afternoons present themselves very vividly to my mind. The first seems to have a double claim upon my remembrance, for with it are associated many holy feelings. Although I am now surrounded with what many people call life, I often find myself at the quiet sunset hour, shutting out the noisy world, and going back in spirit to my loved childhood home. Time has passed over me with its ungentle pressure; the world with its busy cares and objects of ambition, has entered my heart and stolen away its purity; it has learned to beat with unequal time and to burn with unsteady fires; but I will for the present endeavor to forget all these, and enter again the paternal habitation. I will sit down in my own little chair, and listen again to my father's gentle words of love, and to the sweet voice of my mother as she chants an evening hymn. This chair brings back the same, light, buoyant feelings which filled my bosom when I was an innocent child. It was here I sat, one bright, spring afternoon, after I had rambled a long way beside the gently flowing brook with my father's dog for a companion. I engaged most earnestly in my lesson, for I had permission of my mother, that, when I had learned it, I might go to my aunt's, whose home was almost as familiar to me as my own. I repeated my lesson to my mother's satisfaction, and then springing

up with a glad heart, I took my bonnet, hastily kissed my mother, and bade her good bye. In a moment I was trotting down the lane in company with my faithful friend, Tiger. We bounded across the field, first over the fresh, green grass, and then in the narrow, winding path, beside the springing corn. Now and then, a laborer would lean on his hoe handle, wipe his sunburnt brow, and salute me with a kind word. The beautiful trees waved richly in the gentle gale; the birds sung their sweetest notes, and the flowers bloomed all round my feet; but I was so anxious to reach my aunt's, that none of these were sufficiently attractive to take from me a moment of time. In the long years of my city life, I have often longed for the return of those hours, spent on the lawn, amid the rustling leaves and familiar walks, and gardens of my country home. But these times, with happy childhood, have passed away.

When I came in sight of my aunt's house, my cousin Henry, who had a long time been looking through the gate, watching my approach, hastened to meet me. 'Oh! Anne,' said he, in a glad voice, as he came bounding along, 'I am so glad you have come.' He then told me about his new books, and especially one which he said taught children to be kind and good to each other, obedient and affectionate to their parents; that then they would be happy, and God will love them. My cousin took my hand in his, as he spoke of many things and related many events, which made his own little heart joyful. He led me into the yard, which was adorned with tall elms, waving their branches far above. The cottage roof was burthened with a wide-spreading vine of ivy. Beside the door, on a low seat, sat my aunt with her little babe slumbering sweetly on her breast.

'Ah, Anne, you have come!' said she, as she drew me to her side and kissed my cheek.

'Yes, Anne has come!' said Henry as he came up and stealthily kissed my other cheek. My aunt smiled, and remarked that Henry was highly delighted.

My little maiden heart beat joyfully at my happy reception, for it felt as deeply how dear it is to be welcome, as it has in my mature days, since I have learned more of its meaning. Aunt Mary bade us play and enjoy ourselves for a season round the yard, and then return to the house. Before I could content myself to engage in our little frolics, I timidly approached and placed

on the bosom of the sleeping babe, some flowers which I had brought from my garden.

Henry then gave me an invitation to go and see his lambs. In a moment we heard them bleating. We stealthily pursued the direction of the sound, crept half kneeling to the side of the fence, and there we sat down softly, and looked through a crevice of the fence. Henry pointed out a lamb which he said his father had given him, and he was going to give the wool to poor Mrs. Ward's children for stockings. His countenance brightened as he said, 'then their little feet will be as warm next winter as mine.' I well remember what a delightful impression this noble plan of benevolence made upon my young mind. I remember how earnestly I wished that I too might have a lamb to bear me wool for such a good purpose.

'We sat there, delighted with the frolics of the flock, until we noticed a group of children at play beneath a spreading oak, in an adjoining field. We noiselessly left our retreat, bounded lightly over the grass, and, in a few moments were in the midst of the band, whose eyes were sparkling with the joy which filled their youthful hearts. We had been there, however, but a few minutes, before a dispute arose between two boys which soon came to blows. The children all laughed heartily, and, with loud voices, encouraged them to proceed. But Henry took my hand and hastily drew me away, saying, 'I will not stay. My father says I must not go in the way of wicked boys; beside, I do n't like to see them get so angry and strike each other. Come, let us run,' he added, and, starting off at full speed, we were soon out of sight of them.

As we approached the house, we met a boy who had in his hand a poor little bird, struggling with all its might to get free. The heart of Henry seemed to ache with pity as he saw this sight. He had not been used to seeing birds made prisoners, but flying round in the fresh air, building their nests on the boughs of the trees, and joyously carrying food to their young; and he loved to see them so free and happy, and to hear them sing their sweet notes of gladness. His eyes were moistened with tears as he said earnestly, 'Oh, do n't hurt that bird. See how the dear little thing trembles. Do let him go.'

'Poh! he is mine,' said the boy, 'and I shan't let him go. I am going to keep him and put him into a cage.' As he said this, he ran off toward home. He had not proceeded far, however, before

the bird got released and flew away. Henry clapped his hands as he exclaimed, 'Oh, I am glad he is gone.'

In a few moments after this, as we reached home and entered the yard, Henry suddenly exclaimed, 'Oh, there is my dear father. Run, Anne, run;' and, catching my arm, he hurried me along. My uncle was seated on the bench beside my aunt. As he saw us, he extended his hands, and said in an affectionate tone, 'Ah, you little runaways, how long I have waited for you! Come and give me a good kiss. Come, both of you.' Henry helped me up on one of his father's knees, and then clambered on the other himself. The baby was struggling as if she wanted to come too.

'Bring her along here, my dear,' said my uncle; 'bring her along here, and we will have a nice time.'

My aunt carefully placed the child in between us, kissed us all, and then entered the house. In a short time, when we were earnestly engaged in a fine frolic, she called us to supper. 'Come to supper, come to supper,' said my uncle, as he softly rolled his load of children down into the grass. We gathered ourselves up and hastened after him, as he went into the house, talking and laughing with the baby. He raced round the room with us for a moment, and then we seated ourselves at the table. It was humbly spread, but so neat, that rich dishes could not have been more luxurious. Supper being quietly finished, my uncle, Henry, and myself, seated ourselves again upon the seat beside the door.

'Now, my son,' said my uncle, as he took Henry's hand within his own, 'tell me what you have been doing all this long day since I went away this morning.'

'Oh! I have played with little sister when mother was doing her work, and brought in some wood, and fed the little pig.'

'Well, that is right, my son; you must always do all you can to help your mother, for she has many cares and anxieties for my darling children. She watches over you with all her tender love, and prays for you, that you may be a good and a happy man. But, my dear, have you been good all day? Have you done no wrong to grieve your dear mother?' When these questions were asked, Henry bent his head, and his eyes began to fill with tears.

'Dear father,' he at length said, 'I am sorry that I hurt little sister.'

'My dear,' said my uncle, solemnly, 'I regret to see your eyes

wet with tears, and your peace disturbed by doing wrong. For any wrong thing, however small it may be, is sin; and sin will always make you unhappy.'

'I am sorry, father,' Henry sobbed again.

'It is well, my dear, to repent,' said my uncle, as he looked earnestly upon the weeping boy, 'and I hope you will do so no more. To-morrow night, when I come home, and we sit down here to converse on the doings of the day, I hope you will be able to tell me that you have been a good boy all day. Will you try?'

'I will, dear father,' answered Henry, as he raised his eyes and wiped away the tears. My uncle drew out his handkerchief, tenderly wiped his boy's face, smoothed back his hair, and said, 'We will go in and see mother now.' My aunt rose as we entered, placed a chair at the table, where were lights and a number of books. He took a seat beside her, and said, 'Now I will read to you.' Henry placed a chair close beside his father for himself, and another beside that, which he kindly helped me into. After he had placed a cricket at his mother's feet, he fixed himself in his chair and said, 'Now I am ready, father.'

'Well, my dear, what will you have read to-night?' he asked my aunt. She passed him one of the books, and he read, 'Blessings of a faithful Christian.'

'Now,' said he, 'you must all give attention, and remember as much as you can. If you do not understand, ask me and I will explain.'

As my uncle read, we were now and then interrupted by a little voice saying, 'What does that mean, father?'

He explained, and talked so kindly to us, that my young mind was more impressed by what was said than by the book, which I could not so well understand. After he had concluded his reading, he asked us what we remembered. Henry told quite a little story about it, and added, that he thought it meant that if we were good, we should be happy, and God would bless us with many good things.

'You are right, my dear,' said my uncle. 'This book teaches us that if we seek the kingdom of heaven, all other needful things shall be given us.' He and my aunt conversed with much interest and feeling on the subject. To this distant day, I remember the deep spiritual enjoyment which was visible on their countenances. When their conversation was ended, Henry said, with a bright and pleasant

countenance, 'Now father will you read and tell us about the Saviour, who blessed such little children as Anne, and sister, and I?' He gave his father the Bible, and he read the chapter which contains, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' He and my aunt explained the passage to our simple minds, and talked so kindly to us, that the Saviour has from that time been very dear to me.

'That Saviour,' said my uncle, 'of whom we have been reading, has told us that we may have the precious privilege of going in prayer to our Father in heaven, and asking what we will, and he will give it us. Let us then obey his precepts, and ask God to bless us.'

We then all knelt together. I have often since thought that the angels might for a time have ceased their songs of praise to look upon that happy circle, and listen to the earnest petitions of a devoted Christian. I recollect how earnestly my uncle prayed for peace to the bosom of the dear partner of his joys and cares, and for blessings on his children. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he placed his hands on their heads and prayed God to keep them in the path of duty, and at last to receive them to himself in heaven.

After an evening thus spent in holy duties, we retired to our pillows and slept sweetly, for our hearts were filled with heavenly peace.

I have now something to say of another visit. My uncle William lived in a distant part of the town. He was rich in this world's goods. He had two sons and two daughters.

The first scene will open in the garden. A splendid garden it was. The poet might linger there amid the cunning work of nature, and richly adorn his verse. The Christian might look in and learn to love and trust God, by considering the lilies that toil and spin not. And all, it seems to me, might be made more holy, by reflecting on the beauty of the flowers, and their sweet fragrance, all fresh from the hand of Love. But there are many who receive God's blessings without even thinking of his goodness.

I was in the garden with my cousins culling flowers. Little Sarah, a girl of four years, was about reaching forward after a rose, when her brother Willis espied it, and, rudely pushing her away, said, 'You shan't have that.' Charlotte seeing the trouble, hastened

toward them and said, 'You shan't either of you have the rose; I will have it.' At this, they all sprang for it. At the first touch, it fell to pieces, as if it were too fragile to be won by such rude hands. The children in their disappointment and vexation, fell to pushing and striking each other. During the altercation, some beautiful flowers were broken down and trampled under foot. A lovely *Verbana-Fastata* was upset and rent apart. 'You did that, Charlotte,' said Willis, 'and I will tell mother, and she will give it to you.'

'I did n't do it,' screamed Charlotte, in an angry tone; 'you did it, you little story-teller, and I will go and tell mother of you.'

At this, they all started for the house. 'Mother! mother!' they all cried out together.

Their mother sprang to the door, and sharply said, 'What is the matter?'

'Charlotte broke the plant;' 'Willis broke the plant;' 'Sarah broke the plant;' were the answers given. Each received a heavy blow on their shoulders, and then were violently dragged, and pushed into the house. A scene of wrath and contention followed. The children cried at the top of their voices, waking the infant in the cradle, who added his voice to the already stunning noise. At this point, my uncle entered. 'What's all this noise?' he growled out in a frightful tone. His wife then related the trouble. Their father laid his broad hand upon each of them in no very gentle manner, and then rashly thrust one down cellar, another into the dark closet, and the third in the back kitchen. 'Rascally children!' he muttered, 'they are always doing some mischief.' He then went out, slamming the door after him, to look after the plants. As soon as the children heard him leave, they all rushed from their prisons, out of the back door into the orchard. I followed them, for the house seemed so gloomy, I could not remain in it. After Willis had thrust his fist, and several times shook his head savagely toward the house, we commenced play. We passed the remainder of the afternoon, without being interrupted with anything but small conflicts, compared with the one mentioned.

When we were called to supper, my cousins rushed in like so many hungry dogs, and left me far behind. When I reached the dining-room, they were all round the table, pulling chairs, pushing each other, and purloining cake and sugar. Before the rest were

ready to sit at the table, the children were all beaten on their heads, and one of them driven from the table. After many rough shakings, and much angry scolding, from the father and mother, we succeeded in finishing supper, if supper it could be called. There was an abundance to eat, but no love therewith. My uncle hastily left the table, took his hat, and went away to spend the evening with some neighbor.

The children continued their noise and disobedience, till my aunt, in an angry fit, sent them to bed with blows and frowns instead of kisses. I sat there all alone, with a sad heart, till I heard my father's cheerful voice, saying, 'Come, Anne, I have called for you to go home.' Never did I wish more to see my home, and never was it so dear as when I reached it that night.

The different scenes I have described, are the same as were witnessed in these families for many years after. We will now see what their effects were upon the future lives of the children.

At the age of eighteen, Willis stole a sum of money from his father, for which he was tied up in the barn and beaten with many stripes. That night he left his bed, crept out of the window, and walked twelve miles to Boston. In the morning he fell in with some worthless young men who invited him to a low den, where were intoxicating liquors, and a room for gambling. He drank with them, played a game, and soon lost all his money. They told him, if he had no money, to keep with them, and they would teach him how to fill his pockets. He accepted their offer, went out with them that night, robbed a store, drank and gambled for three days, and then all shipped together.

Three years after this, Willis was again seen in Boston. A more savage and unprincipled looking fellow could not be imagined. He was often seen about the theatre, intoxicated. He was never known to inquire after his father or mother.

He soon went to sea again. Nothing more was heard from him, till the terrible news was spread far and wide over the country, that he came to an ignominious death for an attempt at mutiny at sea!

The tender mind receives impressions from parents, which are as lasting as life. And what were the impressions made upon the mind of Willis? Even his infant eyes rested on countenances covered with frowns. The bosom which gave him nourishment was often throbbing with angry passions. His mother had not learned

from the great Master the holy purposes of life, therefore she did not teach them to her son. She entirely neglected the important duty of educating her children in kindness. She began and finished her government with sharp words of reproof and the rod; *and, for every unkind word spoken, her child learned to give one in return;* by every blow angrily and thoughtlessly given, he learned to wield his own arm in evil.

His father was a man of the world. His great aim in life was to get money, and make a great display of riches. For money he married his wife. He had no real love for her, and, consequently, he soon became unkind and ill-tempered. He cared but little for his children. He never conversed with them on holy duties, or heavenly things. His example was low and worldly, and they followed in his ways. Their lives were miserable, and, what more dreadful than the death of the one we have mentioned?

We have yet to finish our simple tale with a leaf or two from the history of the one whom we have hitherto called little Henry. From what has already been said of him, it will be known that he was taught in the ways of wisdom. His parents knew the true method of educating children. At the age of seventeen he was sent to college. It was a sad morning when he parted from his loved parents and brother. When he saw his mother weeping, he tenderly put his arms round her neck and said, 'My dear mother, do not weep, I shall often be with you in spirit. I shall think of you, and never forget your kind words of warning.' He left them with high hopes, for he was convinced that he was going whither duty called him. The farewell blessing asked upon him by his loved mother was never forgotten in all his future life. He was often assailed by unprincipled students, who attempted to warp his mind with error. But the religion he learned at home was sufficient to keep him safe from the casuistry of unbelievers and the wiles of the wicked. Temptation was often in his way. When he was inclined to depart from rectitude, some kind word of his mother, or some prayer or counsel of his father came to warn and assist him, and he sternly turned his back upon sin, and went on his way rejoicing.

He was beloved and respected by his companions. His kind and peaceful heart won their best affections. If any were sick, or in want, Henry was sure to know it, and to devise some means for their

relief. In his studies he was earnest and diligent. But a short time of college life had elapsed, before he was pronounced the finest scholar in his class. Much had been done for his mind in his younger days, by the attention of his father. To some, the plan of having a child remember and relate what was read to him, may have seemed a simple one. But this was the means of fixing his attention and making him a thinking man. Children are too often allowed to use their own inclination or judgment in their reading. They generally read for the amusement of the moment, for the story, and not for the good it contains. After the book is laid away, its contents are seldom if ever brought to mind. When they come to be men and women, this bad habit sticks to them. If they read at all, it is in haste and without thought. This was not the case with Henry. He had always been taught to think. And when he came to be in the midst of books, and in the world where were men of noble minds, he experienced the great importance of being able to think and converse with them; to understand and enjoy the riches of a cultivated mind.

Time passed on pleasantly with Henry, for he loved his studies, and enjoyed the company and good wishes of many loved friends. After four years he left the college crowned with its honors. He then entered the divinity school, where he was equally successful and beloved. He is now settled in one of our New England cities, over a large and flourishing society. He is doing a noble work for the salvation of mankind. Intelligent and thinking minds love to gather round and listen to him, and converse with him. The poor are with him, and he is their companion and friend. Children follow after him, and love him as one of their playmates. He often goes to the afflicted and destitute mother, and cheers her heart by relating the holy work that his own dear mother had done for him. He bids them conquer their children by kindness and pure love, to drink deep of the spirit of Jesus, and make their every day duties noble, by remembering that they are engaged in God's service. He urges them to bear in mind that they are training their children for immortality, for important and virtuous, or for vicious deeds on earth, and for glory or shame in eternity.

Thus are spent the days of this loved minister. His parents' names are often on his lips, and his early days are with him in their beauty and purity.

I have here delineated the effects of home influence. Mothers, read and think of these things. To your charge is committed the welfare of immortal souls. Be kind and gentle in your government. Commence early, before your child has been led into evil ways. Tell him in simple tales of the goodness of his Father in heaven, and of love and duty. Make your home a happy place by your kind attentions and gentle heart.

Do this, and the children of your bosom will love you, and become ornaments to the world and rightful heirs of an heavenly inheritance. Do this, and the partner of your joys and sorrows will go forth in the morning to his toils, with a free and happy heart, and gladly hasten home at night to meet the embrace of those dear to him.

Life will be precious, and be spent for the purposes it was intended. When your work on earth is ended, you and your family will meet around the throne of God to rejoice forevermore.

Boston, Mass., Oct., 1845.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

[See Engraving.]

THE gracious Lord hath heard the mourner's cry;
He spake from heaven — light shineth from on high!
'Fear not,' he says, 'arise, sustain the child!
The Lord hath heard his weeping in the wild.
The boy shall live — for I have sworn to make
A mighty nation for his father's sake,
Of him — and of his children, who shall stand,
Unfailing witnesses to every land,
Of me, and of the wonders of my word,
Till the whole earth shall glorify the Lord.'

The clouds disperse, — and Faith's returning light
Hath cleared the mists and shades from Hagar's sight;
Her open eyes with extasy behold
A fountain in the desert, fresh and cold,
Before unseen, though gushing brightly near
In its pure depths as orient diamond clear.
Her trembling heart o'erflows with eager joy,
She fills the cruse, and whispers — 'Drink, my boy!
Drink of the living stream in mercy given,
And lift thy soul with mine, in praise to heaven!'
He drinks — he lives — a holier draught to taste,
For 'God was with him in the lonely waste.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

ABERCROMBIE'S ESSAYS. — These justly celebrated Essays, are five in number, namely, Harmony of Christian Faith and Christian Character; Culture and Discipline of the Mind; Think on these Things; The Contest and the Armor, and The Messiah as an Example.

The present volume is a reprint from the nineteenth Edinburgh edition.

Do our readers wish to be amused, merely? Then let them read the light literature with which the present day abounds. Do they wish their hearts and lives made better? Then let them read these unequalled essays of Abercrombie.

Published by the Harpers, and for sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY. — This is a revised edition of a treatise on Domestic Economy, for the use of young ladies at home and at school; by Miss Catherine E. Beecher.

It is intended by the author, as a *text-book* for female schools. The Massachusetts Board of Education have adopted it as one of the volumes of the Massachusetts School Library.

There are thirty-seven Chapters, treating of almost every conceivable domestic duty, and in a spirit and style of the greatest excellence. Illustrated by forty-two wood engravings. Published and for sale, as above.

THE MANUAL OF PEACE. — By Thomas C. Upham, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College.

The principal scope of this work is an exhibition of the evils and remedies of war. The object of the American Peace Society, which was formed in 1828, is to put a stop among nations, to the practice of settling their disputes by war. This is one of the publications of this Society, and is rich in sound argument and historic illustration.

CHRISTIAN'S ANNUAL: A Miscellany for 1846. Philadelphia: Henry F. Anness.

We could not say a word in praise of a great part of the Annuals which are published, as they are usually a 'collection of frivolous tales and gay songs:' but here is 'something sacred, yet pleasant.'

The articles in prose and verse are thirty-five in number. Among the writers are Rev. Walter Colton, Rev. R. W. Griswold, Rev. John Pierpont, Mrs. Agnes Strickland, &c. There are nine fine engravings. The mechanical execution is good, but not costly.

For sale by Hill and Brodhead, Boston, Nos. 17 and 19, Cornhill.

ELEMENTS OF MUSICAL ARTICULATION. Boston: Wilkins & Carter.

A small book of only seventy-nine pages, but containing a great amount of useful instruction. The author is William Russell, well known as a teacher of elocution.

Indistinct and imperfect utterance in speaking, reading and singing, is an almost universal fault, but especially in singing. This arises principally from the want of a practical knowledge of the elementary sounds of the language. These must be studied and understood, if one would become a graceful, and accomplished reader, singer, or speaker.

THE

Young Lady's Friend.

Original.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

BY ELISABETH T. BRONSON.

As I was recently threading one of the principal streets of a New England city, my mind was occupied in meditating upon this passage of Scripture — 'The king's daughter is all glorious within.' If this beautiful sentence had been written with literal reference to the fair daughters of Judea, it would have been a noble tribute to their excellence, proceeding, as it did, from the lips of David, king of Israel. But my thoughts were speedily withdrawn from the 'hill-country of Judea,' and my eyes almost dazzled as I raised them upon the jostling crowds rapidly passing. Verily, thought I, if the king of Israel could walk these streets as he was wont to walk the streets of Jerusalem, and could see the dancing plumes, the royal velvets, the many-colored fabrics reflecting every shade of the rainbow, the 'nets of checker-work and wreaths of chain-work,' he would have exclaimed — *The king's daughters are all glorious — without.*

Entering a shop to select a pair of gloves, I remarked to the shopman, that they were too small. 'Ho!' said he, 'ladies frequently sit here a whole hour drawing a glove upon the hand.' An hour, thought I. What pains *the king's daughters take to be all glorious — without.*

My next call was at a milliner's shop, and there, amid a display of the 'gayest of gay things,' was a young girl who had apparently just emerged from the work-room, and had scarcely ten minutes at her disposal, eagerly discussing the merits of a box of gay plumes, vainly endeavoring to select one with which to deck a still gayer bonnet. I saw, at a glance, that she was evidently in want of sub-

stantial articles of clothing, but I was prevented from offering a stranger's advice, by the recollection, that *The king's daughters must be all glorious — without.*

Walking a few rods farther, brought me to a shoe store. As I opened the door, a *very genteel* Miss rushed in, exclaiming, 'Have you French slippers?' The slippers were placed before her. Eyeing them with the keenness of a connoisseur, she said, 'are they the real French slippers?' With sober honesty, the shopman replied, 'they are not of French manufacture.' The slippers suddenly fell upon the counter, and with 'they aint genteel enough for me,' upon her lips, she hurried away in an eager pursuit of French slippers. Verily, *The king's daughters are all glorious — without.*

Pursuing my way home, I called upon a young friend. I found her bending with untiring industry over a small muslin fabric. This bit of muslin was destined to become, by the embroidery of many a leaf, bud, and flower upon its delicate texture, a *bona fide* French article. I inquired the length of time necessary to complete it. 'The constant labor of three weeks,' was the reply. Three weeks! but — *The king's daughters must be all glorious — without.*

Again, I was in a dressing-room. A fair young girl was about to make her grand entrance into the scenes of fashionable life. There was sweetness in her face, and grace in every movement. The hair fell in ringlets around the uplifted brow and polished neck. She was beautiful, too beautiful for 'vanity to trace its thousand likenesses upon.' The mother was there superintending the toilette, and arraying the daughter in a lustrous robe of satin, whose rich folds fell with grace upon a form which nature evidently intended should be one of matchless symmetry.

'My dear,' said the mother, 'it is impossible for me to clasp your dress. This is carrying tight-lacing to an extreme which I cannot approve.' 'Oh, mother, the dress is none too small,' said the daughter; 'it is just right, precisely. The dress-maker said it was a perfect fit, not a wrinkle to be seen. I will hold my breath, and you clasp one hook, and then you can finish with perfect ease.' The simultaneous efforts of mother and daughter were successful, and it was indeed a 'perfect fit.' 'Not a wrinkle to be seen,' surely. But there might be seen the labored efforts of the chest as it seemed by its rapid movements, endeavoring to throw off the

heavy incubus ready to crush it. I thought of the pent up fires of the volcano, shaking the very earth to find vent. The heart, the main-spring of life, true to its office, sending forth its life tides, was groaning under this horrible compression. Those little cells of the lungs, with their tissue-like coverings, were in vain attempting to perform the office which nature, or the God of nature had assigned them. But what have heart and lungs to do with silks and satins?

A string of pearls is thrown around the neck of the fair girl and the toilette is complete. What though the mercury in the thermometer is ranging in the neighborhood of zero, who but a boor or a Hottentot, would think of placing a covering upon the neck, or anything thicker than satin slippers on the feet for the purpose of protecting them from cold?

I fancied I heard the hacking cough of consumption, and saw the hectic flush; but the sight vanished, and the sound died away as the potent words fell upon my ear — *The king's daughters are all glorious — without.*

I took a seat in the parlor of a stately mansion. Every country and clime had been made tributary to this home of gaiety and fashion. Splendid curtains and costly mirrors adorned the apartment. I could not press my foot upon the velvet like carpet without crushing some exquisite bud or flower, wrought by some Turkish slave.

There sat a young lady, her arm upon an open piano, and her head resting upon her hand, intently engaged with the last new novel. Presently the door opened, and a man of noble bearing entered, and drawing an arm-chair toward the glowing grate, was soon absorbed in his own reflections. He was in the midst of life, and yet there was many a furrow upon his cheek, and many a wrinkle upon his brow, and the almond-tree had scattered its blossoms thickly upon his head. But the deep and painful thought in which he seemed engaged was suddenly broken, by the daughter's exclaiming, as she laid down the book she was reading, 'Why, father, I did not know you were here. I have been waiting for you to come home this hour. Will you please let me have fifty dollars to purchase velvet for a dress? Mother and I are going out this afternoon and were only waiting for the money. Do n't you think,' seeing him about to reply, 'Julia Loomis has one, and every body admires it?'

'My daughter,' said her father, 'I regret to say that I cannot let you have a single dollar. I have a large payment to make next week, and how I am to raise the money I know not. Indeed, I am a bankrupt, except in name. Your wardrobe is in far better condition than your father's circumstances; and, for once, you must give up your project.'

'But, father, you always say just so. I very much want the dress, and mother says I *shall have* it, and if I cannot, I may as well turn nun at once.' Thus, half pouting, half crying, she left the field for her mother, who had just entered, and hearing a part of the conversation, readily divined the whole.

'My dear,' said the wife, 'I do think you ought to indulge Mary this once; she has set her heart upon the dress, and ought to have it. Julia Loomis has one, and why should Julia Loomis dress better than our daughter?' 'For the simple reason,' said the husband, interrupting her, 'that Loomis is worth his hundred thousand, while I am not honestly worth one.' 'And you know,' continued the wife, seeming scarcely to have listened to her husband's remark, 'that dress makes a great difference in a person's appearance.' 'It does, indeed,' said the husband, while a bitter smile played around his features, as he recalled the time when *he*, too, was dazzled by the glare of fashion, and proffered his hand to one of its heartless votaries. 'But,' added he, 'I am compelled to say to you, as I have already said to Mary, that I am nearly ruined by this never-ceasing demand to follow fashion. My income has always been sufficient for our ample support. But this constant demand for money has drained my purse and nearly ruined me.

The anger of Mrs. D. was evidently rising. Unused, from her childhood, to restraint, she knew not how to brook opposition, much less could she calmly consider their pecuniary circumstances and limit her wants to her means. The great question — from youth to age — with her had been, *what is the fashion?* I will not repeat the heart-sickening conversation which followed. It was cut short by Mr. D.'s suddenly rising, throwing his pocket-book upon the table and leaving the room.

In due time, the beautiful Mary appeared arrayed in the coveted velvet, her face wreathed in the sweetest smiles, and doubtless many an observer mentally exclaimed, — *The king's daughter is all glorious — without.*

What, though some six months after the above conversation, the morning papers announced in flaming capitals, 'Most astounding disclosure! Mr. ——, who has sustained hitherto an unsullied reputation for the highest honor, and most undoubted honesty, and who has for years occupied a station of great responsibility, has been found a defaulter in the sum of fifty thousand dollars! He has fled from the officers of justice, and is probably seeking refuge in a foreign land.'

With the mind's eye I followed that miserable man to the land of his exile, and saw his gray hairs going down with sorrow to a stranger's grave. But I felt that his was no solitary case; that he was but one among many a victim immolated at the shrine of fashion, and all for what? That — *The king's daughters may be all glorious — without.*

I have heard of the rolling Ganges in a far-off land, into whose swelling surge the Indian mother plunges her infant children! Is there no sweeping Ganges in our midst, carrying away in its wild current all which makes life desirable, sweeping its votaries on to a darker future than that which awaits the victims of Hindoo superstition?

We have heard of the car of Juggernaut, in a land sitting in the region and shadow of death. Is there no car of Juggernaut moving through our streets, crushing with its ponderous wheels many a victim, and bringing them slowly, but surely, to the grave?

But shall a daughter of New England, upon whom the light of Christianity has risen — in a land where the means of moral and intellectual culture are open to all, — shall she, I say, be compared to the dwellers upon the banks of the Ganges? Let her then rise and prove herself 'capable of being swayed by motives larger than the contemptible motes, which, magnified into mountains, sweep through society, bowing it hither and thither like reeds before the mighty blast.

I would not that *taste* in dress should be disregarded. It should ever be found the presiding genius of the toilette. Attention to the outer garb *should* have its place — its appropriate place; but I would also have woman remember that she has a moral nature, whose wants are constant and pressing, and extending into a boundless future. She should remember that she has intellectual wants, and that it is her duty, no less than her interest, to supply them.

She should remember that she has a physical frame, 'curiously and wonderfully made,' and that there are laws which govern that also, fixed as those which govern the planetary system, and that she may not break them with impunity. Finally, I would that when fashion rears its crested head, and demands the sacrifice of her moral, intellectual, and physical being upon its altar, she should say with the gentleness yet firmness of an enlightened Christian woman, 'Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther.' Then, and not till then, can it be truly said, '*The king's daughters are all glorious within.*'

Cheshire, Ct., Oct., 1845.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OPAL.—New York City. Published by J. C. Rikér.

This splendid Annual, for 1846, is of a large size, highly ornamented binding, and contains 304 pages. It is edited by John Keese, and the illustrations, which are nine in number, and of a beautiful and delicate mezzotint, are by J. G. Chapman. Among the illustrations are 'Christ stilling the Tempest'—'The Plague of Darkness'—'Christ appearing to the two Marys, and 'The Widow's Mite.'

The number of articles in prose and poetry is forty-one, with a list of rich names as contributors. Among these are Rev. John P. Durbin, Emma C. Embury, J. K. Paulding, Hannah F. Gould, John G. Whittier, Rev. J. S. Stone, and Frances S. Osgood.

We could not condescend, to recommend in our work, many of the books prepared for Annuals. Their pages abound with poetry and worthless verbiage, affording no natriment to the mind. But here is a volume 'combining beauty with solid merit, and, at the same time, inculcating sentiments tasteful, useful, moral, and religious.'

There is nothing which makes a more appropriate and beautiful present than a good book. And might we not also add useful, for no calculation can be made of the immense good which has been accomplished by the distribution of good books?

And then how pleasant to be remembered—to be thought of by our relatives and acquaintances. Unworthy though we may consider ourselves to be of their consideration, yet how grateful are kind feelings and affectionate remembrances to our hearts. May it ever be the steady object of the good to cultivate and cherish these sweet charities.

For sale by Hill and Brodhead, Boston.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED GIRL.—Boston: Benjamin Perkins & Co.

This is a tale for children, by Rev. Joseph Alden, D. D., author of 'The Great Secret Discovered.' The style is conversational, natural, and familiar, and designed to illustrate and enforce important duties.

COMPLETE METHOD OF SINGING.—Wilkins, Carter & Co. and Oliver Ditson, of this city, have published this exceedingly valuable work. It is a rational analysis of the principles according to which the studies should be directed for developing the voice and rendering it flexible, and for forming the taste; with examples for illustration, and progressive vocalizing lessons.

Louis Lafflache, the author, is a Sicilian musician, and evidently a man of fine accomplishments in the science of vocal music.

We especially recommend this book to the attention of teachers of vocal music.

The following poem abounds in lofty merit, and has some exquisite pasages of pathos and of imagination. It is from 'A Chant of Life and other Poems, with Sketches and Essays, by the Rev. Ralph Hoyt,' of New York City, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE HOARY PILGRIM.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding;
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin grey hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading,
Age, and care;
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the 'Dunce's Stool,'
Its grave import still my fancy ladens,
'Here a Fool!'
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
(Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,
I remember well, — too well, — that day!)
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started, —
Would not stay!
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell —
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell, —
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Yet why I sit here thou shall soon be told.
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow, —
Down it rolled;
Angel, said he sadly, I am old!

I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more.

All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this grey old rock where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth a journey here;
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

Old stone school house! — it is still the same!
There 's the very step so oft I mounted;
There 's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game;
Old stone school-house! — it is still the same!

In the cottage, yonder, I was born;
Long my happy home — that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gate-way sycamores you see,
Then were planted, just so far asunder,
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;
Ninety-three!
Those two gate-way sycamores you see!

There 's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!
There 's the orchard where we used to climb!

There, the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising, —
Traps and trails, —
There, the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails.

There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing, —
Mary Jane!
There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

There 's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas! the morn shall no more bring
That dear group around my father's table;
Taking wing;
There 's the gate on which I used to swing!

I am fleeing! — all I loved are fled;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it Jane and I were straying;
She is dead!
I am fleeing! — all I loved are fled!

Yon white spire — a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high!
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod, —
Sire and sister, and my little brother —
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod!

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Bless the holy lesson! — but, ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise —
Those sweet voices silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our soul drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit land;
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing;
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted;
Where we worshipped in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now why I sit here thou hast been told;
In his eye another pearl of sorrow, —
Down it rolled!
Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone!

Original.

'BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER.'

BY REV. JAMES PORTER.

SELFISHNESS is a striking feature of our fallen nature. It is a blot upon the history of the past; it corrupts the purity and the pleasures of the present, and threatens to inflict its woes upon the future, with unsparing prodigality. Under its influence, many 'seek their own, not the things of others;' they think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, and covet, what of right belongs to others, and often wrest from them what they cannot appropriate to their own comfort. It is an *evil* spirit, however exhibited, but no where appears more unlovely than in young ladies just graduating from childhood. To 'be kindly affectioned one to another,' is peculiarly becoming their age and circumstances. It is an ornament to their character, the absence of which no personal beauty or attainment can supply. What are fine features, or a fine education in a young lady, without a kind and benevolent heart? They only make her defects the more conspicuous and offensive, and the less excusable.

I was once acquainted with a public school in which this sacred principle was essentially wanting. It embraced young ladies and misses from many of the highest and lowest families in town. Of course there was a great diversity in their appearance. This was not allowed to pass unobserved by either class. The pobrer saw, and deeply lamented their circumstances. Why they were born to poverty and their schoolmates to affluence, was a question they often cherished but could not solve. The good things which clustered in the pathway of others, the more deeply impressed them with their own destitution. They wished a thousand times, that they might share in these enjoyments, but in vain. Now this to young, ambi-

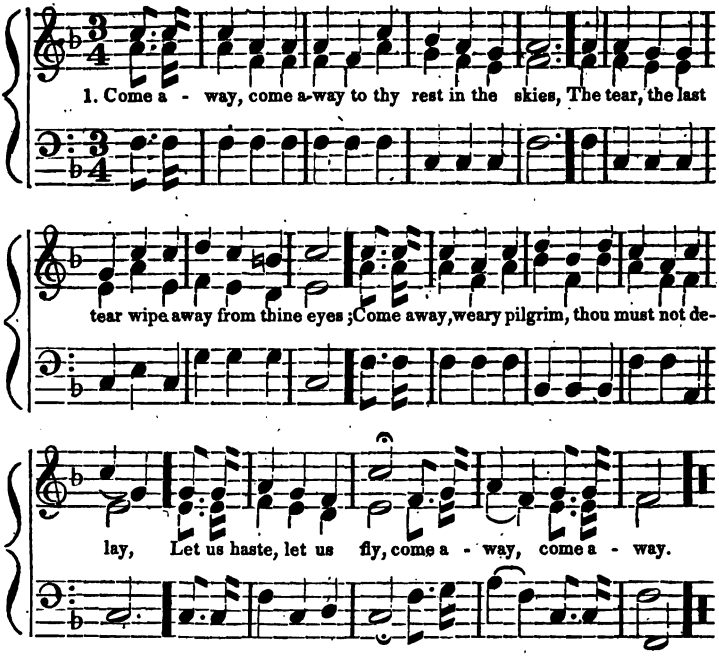
tious minds, unchastened by grace, was real trouble; trouble, which sympathy and kind treatment may mitigate, but cannot entirely prevent. At best it was a deep source of grief and sorrow, and should have elicited the pity and kind attentions of the more highly favored ones. Never was there a better opportunity for them to act the lady, and exhibit the heavenly virtues so prevalent in their sex. But alas! they had been educated in a proud and iron aristocracy, which knew no sympathy for the poor, and would not be happy but in the wretchedness of inferiors. It was not enough for them that their poor schoolmates were destitute of money, of the comforts which they enjoyed, or that they keenly felt their misfortune, but they must taunt them with their poverty, and the poverty, and perhaps the intemperance of their parents, and thus inflict on them the greatest unhappiness possible. The better they succeeded in distressing the objects of their cruelty and abuse, the more they would triumph. Thus, by making themselves fiendish and hateful, they tormented their unoffending mates, whom they should have comforted. And what advantage did they derive from their cruel sport? Did it promote a good conscience, or a good reputation? Did it strengthen the affections of the poor sufferers, and command their friendship against future emergencies?

Young ladies should remember that all such conduct is unbecoming their nature. It may furnish amusement for the lookers-on; but while they laugh at the action, they cannot fail to despise the actor. And if in the providence of God the same measure of unkindness is not measured to them again, it will injure and degrade their sensibilities beyond what they can conceive or have power to remedy. O, how much more becoming a young lady, it is to pity the poor and unfortunate, and show herself 'kindly affectioned.' Such an one is an angel of mercy to any community. She will have the love of all who know her, and what is more precious, she will enjoy a consciousness of right doing and right feeling, and of having added something to the happiness of others.

Worcester, Mass., Oct., 1845.

Many use the ordinances of God, who make no use of them; it is indeed good to use them, but the gain and sweetness is in making good use of them. — *Ralph Venning*, 1653.

'COME AWAY.'

MUSIC COMPOSED BY LOWELL MASON, FOR THIS WORK.

1. Come a - way, come a-way to thy rest in the skies, The tear, the last
tear wipe away from thine eyes; Come away, weary pilgrim, thou must not de-
lay, Let us haste, let us fly, come a - way, come a - way.

2 Come away, hoary head, thou hast fought a good fight,
Come away where thy faith shall be turned into sight;
Thy pathway illumined, it will speak, it will say
He has gone to his rest; come away, come away.

3 I have come, tender father, to sunder the tie,
Which binds thee to earth, O hear, thou must die;
The wife of thy bosom, thy children so dear,
Bid adieu, 'till in heaven they all shall appear.

4 Come away, blooming youth, full of hope, full of joy,
The Saviour invites thee to sweeter employ;
Come away from a world which may lead thee astray,
O come where it ne'er shall be said, come away.

5 Come away, child of sorrow, disappointed, forlorn,
A crown now awaits thee, thy head to adorn;
Come away from thy sadness, be not in despair,
Away to yon mansions; no weeping is there.

6 Let me mount, let me fly, to thy bosom above,
Dear Saviour; O had I the wings of a dove,
Soon, O soon I would enter where sin cannot come,
Welcome death, I am ready, I now would go home.

THE

Mother's Assistant.

Vol. VII. DECEMBER, 1845. No. 6.

Original.

A DUTY NEGLECTED BY MOTHERS.

BY W. J. BOSWORTH.

It has always been a matter of wonder to me, that the young are so little instructed in the evidences of the being of a God. I have thought it strange, that while the infant on his mother's knee is taught to lisp the praises of his Maker, he is seldom, even at a later age, made acquainted with the proofs of his existence. It appears to me as inconsistent that a kind and anxious parent should so studiously strive to plant the seeds of a righteous life in the bosom of her child, and yet reject, or pass by unnoticed, one of the most obvious and complete methods of doing so. If my readers will follow me through my brief remarks, I will endeavor to show them that it does not deserve to be thus neglected on account of its abstruseness, or the inability of children to comprehend it. And I hope, for the honor of our religion, that the frivolous excuse which I once heard given, will never be offered again — 'that, to ply a young person's mind with proofs, inferences, deductions, and evidences, will often have an effect directly contrary to that which you have in view,— make him doubt the truth of a statement which you so earnestly strive to maintain; that it will tend to make him believe a position which you exert yourself so vigorously to defend, 'untenable and insecure.' But it should be remembered that the *importance* and *difficulty* of proving any point, are very different things. As Bishop Whately remarks, 'We bar the doors carefully, not merely when we

expect a *formidable* attack, but when we have *treasure* in the house.' It is the necessity of establishing your point fully and unhesitatingly, not the difficulty of making it clear, which authorizes, not compels you to take the ground early, and fortify it strongly. Conceive two young men, sons of pious fathers and praying mothers, — one instructed in the evidences of the existence of an Author of nature, and the other with all the piety example can inspire or affection instil, but still without the undeniable proof (as far as it goes) upon which the other's faith is partly founded, — conceive two such young men entering upon the world's threshold and meeting for the first time with its coldness, indifference, and infidelity, and being asked the question, 'Can you prove there is a God?' He might take the infidel by the hand and lead him through the works of nature, and show him, as he was shown by his mother, how to

> 'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

The other might feel in his heart that there was a God, and firmly believe that when his mother taught him to go down upon his knees in prayer, she directed him to the true and only source of love and mercy; but he would deeply regret that in her kind, though ill-judged anxiety for his welfare, she neglected to give him the means to check the scorner's laugh, or to fill the doubter's heart with solicitude for the truth.

Every mother who has interested herself at all in viewing the growing powers of children, must have observed that they are all natural philosophers in miniature. Their most frequent questions are, 'What' and 'Why.' Show them a watch, and the first idea which enters their mind is, 'what is it for?' and 'who made it?' Even their limited intellects have grasped the great foundation-stone of natural religion — that nothing is without a maker and a use. They see the wheels, springs, and complicated mechanism, within its shell, and though it seems to them but little more than a shining toy, or glittering ornament, they have too lately left the hand of God to doubt, in spite of their little observation and contracted knowledge, that whatever it is, it must have had an author. Now let me say to every mother who has heard her child ask, 'Why,' a word which shows the impress of Divinity on every one who utters it, that such a child will never be insensible to the teachings of Natural Theology.

And when I remember that in children there is no affectation, but that they are the full expressions of genuine nature, the belief comes forcibly to my mind, that they may have a mission to perform on earth, a labor of love in man's behalf; to correct the false impressions we receive when we mingle with the world's disciples — the vilifiers of reason, the maligners of conscience and the mockers of religion and piety; to show us that though the man of three-score years and ten may choose to disbelieve his eyes and controvert the evidence of his senses, the child who has just left heaven will believe before he thinks of doubting; that nature will assist its offspring; that the man who marks out a path for himself and makes a world of his own, brightened by no ray from above, and by no light but what his own misguided reason will afford him, is a wretched wanderer among the mazes of error and folly; that while he thus stalks gloomily in a creation of his own, the unaffected, unassisted child walks hand in hand with Nature, a living evidence of the finger of God and of the disposition which directs him.

But perhaps the mother thinks that the departments of natural investigation, astronomy, geology, &c., all of which bear ample evidence of an intelligent Designer, present too wide a field for her examination; that the fountains of knowledge lie too high among the rocks of science, or are too deeply hidden by the barriers of doubt and ignorance to be sought for by one who has so little time, or so few opportunities. This is an error, as I hope to show. Where every thing is wonderful, and bears unequivocal marks of design, why seek for those instances of the hand of God which are only discovered by study and close investigation? The materials for your purpose are everywhere around you, in the air you breathe, in the food you eat, in the flowers you pluck. You need not climb to the mountain's summit, or descend to the bowels of the earth for plants and herbs which grow upon its surface. Though the geologist acknowledges his wonder and astonishment, when he examines the strata and varied composition of our globe, discovering remains of gigantic animals, long since buried under its crust, finding new evidences at every step of the uniformity of God's designs, he does not reject from his catalogue of wonders the very dust we walk upon. Though the naturalist admires the harmony and agreement of parts in the construction of the whale, elephant, and mastodon, wondering at the power which has endued so large a body with motion and life,

he loves to examine the mechanism of an infant's hand, a flower's petals, or a serpent's fang. The astronomer cries out in rapture, 'Great God! how wonderful are all thy works!' when contemplating the brilliancy of the sun, or the faint glimmering of a glow-worm. Believe me, the only structure the spider can make — his gossamer web, the sport of the wind and the prey of the school-boy's foot — displays as much design in its formation as any of the works of man — the Parthenon, or the Colossus of Rhodes. And yet many a man who asks, without thinking of his inconsistency, 'Who built the Tower of London?' declares that the world's only builder was chance.

Come, then, mothers, take your children by the hand and lead them through the walks of nature. When they are sufficiently advanced to understand your instructions, conveyed in simple and interesting language, and to make objections and signify assent to the conclusions you establish, (think not my expressions too old to be applied to youth, for children reason, reflect and generalize as well as men), commence by engaging their attention by some pleasant illustration of the truth you wish to impress upon them, and then proceed in some such steps as these. Tell them that contrivance proves design; that whatever bears upon it the marks of design must have had an intelligent author; the next step is to show instances in the natural world of means intended to subserve an end. Now you have the universe before you, an outspread chart, a boundless mass of wonders upon wonders. You may follow your own peculiar tastes, gather your proofs from the fields or the ocean, from the skies or the desert, from the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom — anywhere, everywhere — nature is full, and shows her Maker in every atom of her mass. I would give some instances of the works of God implying design, to assist the mother at the outset; but I wish to offer a few remarks upon His Wisdom and Benevolence, as discovered by the same method of reasoning — from effect to cause — and under these heads shall mention two or three which will answer the purpose as well.

Wisdom, considered as consisting in the choice of the most proper means for accomplishing a useful end, may be exemplified by many familiar objects upon the scene of nature. For instance, had the surface of the earth been harder than it is, we could never be supported by the bounty of her increase; had it been softer, we should have

sunk at every step in a boundless quagmire. Had it been made uniformly smooth, with no mountains and valleys to diversify its face, there would be no rivers, springs, or fountains, for water can only flow from a higher to a lower spot. Had there been no difference in color among the objects around us, had the same unvaried hue been spread over creation, we should have lost all the pleasures of vision, and have been at a loss to distinguish one thing from another. Rugged knolls and fruitful hills would bear the same appearance; naked rocks and human habitations, trees and the earth beneath them, tilled and untilled lands, would be confounded together in undistinguishable confusion. Or, again, had there been a careless distribution of color upon the earth, had the fields been clothed in a brilliant red, or a dazzling white, in a dismal brown or mournful black, our eyes would have shrunk from the glare, or have been worn out by the monotony and gloom. Had the faces of all men been of the same cast, had their bodies been formed in the same mould, we should have been as undistinguishable as the drops of water in a lake or the leaves in a forest. But such is the variety in the features of the human countenance, that no two men since Adam have been perfectly alike.

I mention these instances to show the mother what a simple thing it is to discover proofs of the wisdom of God in the commonest appearances of nature and the most familiar facts of our existence. I wish to impress it upon her mind that nothing is more easy to a person of piety and observing habits than to collect the evidences of His existence and wisdom from every corner of the earth, or from her own little garden at the back of her house; and, let me assure her, that as nothing is easier, so nothing is more satisfactory and delightful to a well-disposed mind.

Examples of the divine benevolence and goodness are scattered with such profusion over the face of the earth, that the slightest reflection will suggest them to any inquirer. If God had been indifferent to our happiness in this life, we must attribute to chance and our good fortune (design being by the supposition excluded) our capacity of receiving pleasure, and the multitude of external objects fitted to occasion it. But either of these is too much to be imputed to accident, and we are compelled to take the ground that God had a definite intention in regard to the happiness or misery of man's mortal life. But few of the pleasures which surround us in such unlimit-

ed profusion are necessary for our existence. We might live under a sky of clouds and fog, instead of the spacious canopy of a sun, and moon, and stars; — we might pass an existence certainly with no pleasant scenery to enchant the eye, without the music of the feathered songsters of the grove, without the flowers and shrubs which perfume the air with their delicious odors; even if we were deprived, in fact, of the thousand gratifications of every sense in the natural embellishments of creation. We might have lived, walked and died in the natural course of things, though everything we touched produced pain; though everything we eat and drank were bitter, though we inhaled every breath with a pang; though the face of nature were one unvaried scene of uniformity and monotony.

But such has not been the infliction of God upon the human race; no careless negligence in the conformation of anything which has come from his hand attests his indifference or forgetfulness; no trains of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose declare his wish to annoy or torment. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organization intended to produce pain or disease. Though every sinew and muscle have their appointed duty, he has never been able to prove that, in any case, they are designed to incommode or irritate. If he find some part or member which has no visible use, the most he can say is, that it is useless. If the teeth sometimes ache, or the bones sometimes fail, we can say that, like the reaper's sickle, which often cuts the fingers of the one who uses it, from some mismanagement or defect, they sometimes are the causes of pain or unhappiness, from some evil which is incidental to, or inseparable from the contrivance.

It seems almost sacrilegious to pass over, in the compass of a few pages, God's wisdom and benevolence, subjects which can never be exhausted. The mills upon our streams would sooner refuse to supply paper, than the student of nature finish all possible investigation of the works of Jehovah. But it formed no part of my plan even to touch upon these magnificent themes, but simply to point out to mothers both the importance and the comparative ease of teaching the young in the most simple and prominent points of Natural Theology. I hope I have shown, in these necessarily very brief remarks, that these teachings may be of as much use as they are easily understood and boundless in their application. The cause of common-school education is making rapid strides in New England toward a state of

eminence and prosperity; but the child cannot be instructed in the way to knowledge and the road to heaven at the same desk in the school-room. Let him study his book of history, his primer, and his geography at his bench, under the eye of his master; but let him listen to tales of the wisdom and goodness displayed in the works of God, on the knee of his mother, or in a chair by her side. When he comes from his daily lessons, with a smile on his countenance at the vast knowledge he has acquired about the sun or moon from a passage in his spelling-book, seize the opportunity to acquaint him with the Maker of those bodies, for the purpose of forming in him the habit of associating power and wisdom with the Author of creation.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

If there is one position in which a lady can be placed, of greater delicacy and difficulty than that of a step-mother, I have yet to learn it. And many speakers and writers refer to the subject in such terms as are calculated to render the situation more trying. We often hear persons in conversation alluding to *step*-mothers as synonymous with cruelty; and although persons who make such remarks are, of course, destitute of 'good breeding,' or common politeness, their observations often inflict wounds which it is hard to heal.

BY DR. JOHN B. M'CABE.

They tell me I am motherless! they say my mother died
When I was but an infant child, and that I sobbed and cried:
They tell me, too, that she who sets me kindly on her knee,
Is not my mother — yet she is a mother kind to me.

Her face is very saintly calm, her eye is very mild;
She kisses me full oft, and says, I am 'her pretty child!'
And often, when she thinks I sleep, her soft hand, pale and fair,
Is laid upon my infant brow, and then she breathes a prayer.

When sickness o'er my tender frame has spent its weakening powers,
She plucks for me, and brings them in, Spring's earliest, sweetest flowers —
And when my racking fevers rise, and soothing draughts I'd sip,
She gently raises up my head, and cools my feverish lip.

And when she sees that slumber's veil is gathering o'er my eye,
She pats my cheek and sings to me the soothing lullaby.
And O! I dream so sweetly then, of angels' visits here,
And wake and find it true — for she, sweet one, is hovering near.

And when I get my little books, she teaches me to spell,
Till words so difficult to call, I learn so very well —
And then she sweetly kisses me, and smooths each straggling curl,
And makes me love her when she says, 'You are my own sweet girl.'

Mother, I love her! from thy home 'mid heaven's eternal rest,
Where tears of anguish never fall, nor sorrows heave the breast,
I know thou 'lt smile to see thy child hath found a mother's love,
In one whose dove-like spirit shall mingle with thine above.

N. Y. Observer.

FRETTING AND SCOLDING.

1. *It is a sin against God.* — It is evil, and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature, and the law of God. He says, 'Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.' That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting and scolding, keep silence.

2. *It destroys affection.* — No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives and domestics have no affection for your peevish, fretful fault-finder. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them — may bear with them — but they cannot love them any more than they can love the sting of nettles, or the noise of musquetoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern, and to dissipation, by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.* — A fretful, peevish, complaining, fault-finding person in a family is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Wo to the man, woman, or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another! Nine tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. D. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is no more fond of her company. That her children give her so much trouble. That domestics do not like to work for her. That she cannot secure the good will of young people. The truth is she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her, but do not love her. She never yet gained the affections of a young person, nor ever will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. *It defeats the end of family government.* — Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the grand secret of managing young persons. Now your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspire dread and dislike, and foster those very dispositions from which many of the worst faults of childhood proceed. Mr. G. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them

in order to find fault. She sneers at them, taunts them and treats them as though they had no feelings. She seldom gives a command without a threat, and a long-running, fault-finding commentary. When she corrects her children, it is not done calmly, and in a serious, dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears and snaps their heads. The children cry, pout, sulk; and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. Then she 'll fret at her husband because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime in with her as a chorus.

5. *Fretting and scolding make hypocrites.* — As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them any thing disagreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fretting. How children always conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but who likes to come in contact with nettles and musquetoes?

6. *It destroys one's peace of mind.* — The more one frets, the more one may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at. Especially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, sit right, talk right, act right; that is, will not do these things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard to any one's comfort but their own.

7. *It is a mark of a vulgar, selfish disposition.* — Some persons have so much gall in their dispositions, are so selfish, that they seem to have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Wo to the children who are exposed to such influences! It makes them callous and unfeeling, and when they grow up they pursue the same course with their own children, or those intrusted to their management, and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any persons who are in the habit of fretting, sneering, or taunting their husbands, wives, children, or domestics, show either a bad disposition, or ill-breeding. For it is generally your ignorant, low-bred people that are guilty of such things.

Congregational Journal.

Original.

THE PIOUS DEATH OF A YOUTH.

THERE died in our city, a short time since, a lad of twelve years, whose death was attended with circumstances of a touching and affecting character. In such deaths, when properly appreciated, I think there are lessons to be derived, of the most salutary kind, especially to the young. It is for this purpose that I pen these few lines, trusting the event will bless the living.

The deceased was JAMES HENRY HINKLEY, the son of Mr. Henry K. and Sarah Hinkley. He was a sprightly, gentle lad; and in his hours of health, had recommended himself to all who knew him by his quiet and affectionate life, his reflective habits, and his obedience to his parents. He was a Sabbath school pupil, and loved its exercises. Several months since, he was seized with a painful disease, which resulted, a short time since, in his death. Then it was, during the painful, tedious hours of his bodily infirmity, that his lovely spirit went on toward the refinement and perfection that fitted it for heaven. When, in the progress of his disease, his sight began to fail him, he requested that some money should be appropriated to purchase a Testament of large print, that he might still be privileged to read it. And so he did, till his illness took another phase, and this privilege was denied him. Then, as though hope of life had clean gone from his suffering breast, he, as a final act of withdrawing from life, took the hand of his father, and that of his mother, and joined them together, as though he would have them walk together still in unity and love, though he were withdrawn from the circle. After this, notwithstanding his senses still remained, and he lingered several days, yet he apparently returned no more in spirit to the world, but was absorbed with other things. When his gentle, chastened spirit, at length took its flight, what a chasm was left in that family circle! Their eldest born, the sweet child of their affection, and for so many months of their closest care and watchfulness, was no more! But, also, what a hope and confidence was left, that from his suffering, emaciated body, his lovely spirit had uprisen to heaven! To his mother, who had hung over his pillow for many dreary weeks, it was a blessed thought, amid the weight of sorrow which rested upon her because her 'first-born

was not,' that he was one of those who were 'ripe for heaven.' To his father, who had seen in his darling boy the budding of those manly virtues that might one day make him prized among the good and useful on earth, it was a source of melancholy joy, that he had escaped from the trials, and temptations, and perils of earth, so early, to a clime where youth and goodness are perennial. From these thoughts, how sweet is their consolation!

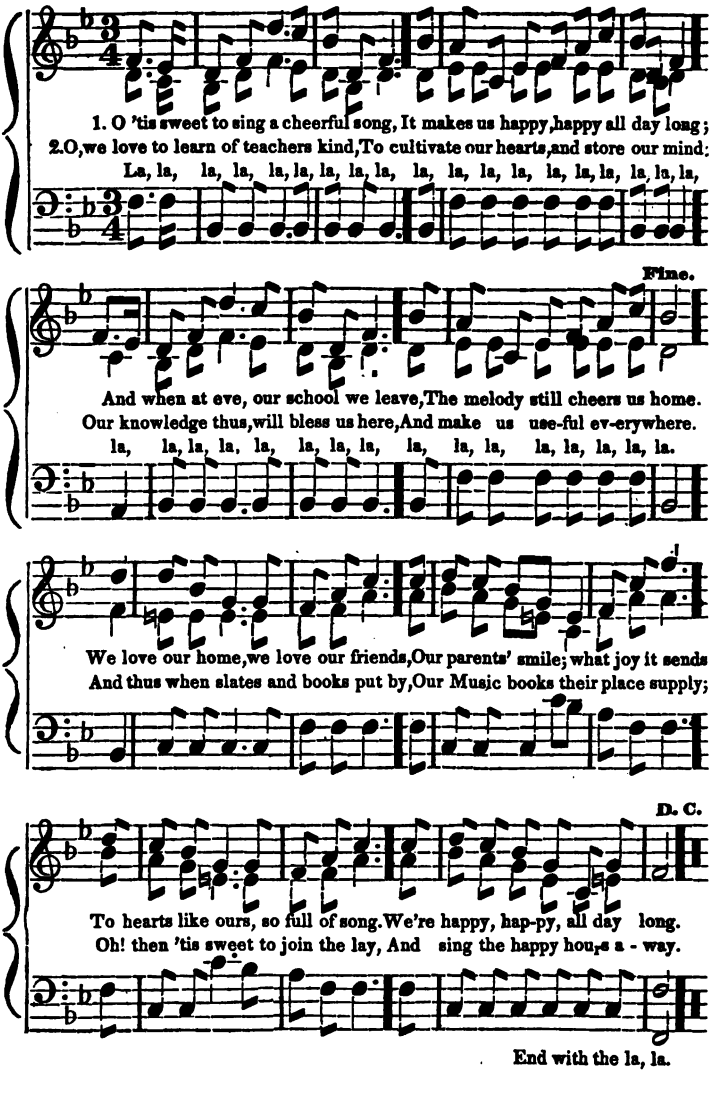
To parents, the death of this confiding boy is another incentive, to the thousands inwrought in their hearts, to watch over the tender lambs committed to them, as *lent*, not *given*. How lightened by heaven's own light, are the bereaved hearts of these parents, when they reflect on the lovely tendencies of their son! So may it be with every parent's heart, whether their children be living or dying, if they but cherish and advance the graces of gentleness, affection, piety, in the bosoms of their dear offspring. Then, whether living or dying, those affections 'will rise up, hereafter, and call them blessed.' C. H.

Portland, Nov., 1845.

Connubial Happiness. — A great portion of the wretchedness which has so often embittered married life, I am persuaded, has originated in the negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly; it is a sensitive plant, which will not bear even the touch of unkindness — a delicate flower, which indifference will chill and suspicion blast. It must be watered with the showers of tender affection — expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years. — *Mrs. N. Stroat.*

Health, as affected by the mind. — Nothing more essentially contributes to health and longevity than a happy and tranquil state of mind, which is to be sought for in a temperate exercise of all the physical, intellectual, and moral faculties. 'Benevolence, friendship, love, a good conscience, with tender, refined, and elevated thoughts, are never-failing sources of health and delight; whereas pride, envy, jealousy, covetousness, anger, and all the passions, habitually indulged to excess, not only embitter our happiness, and that of all around us, but sap the foundation of health, and shorten the period of existence. — *Dr. Metcalfe.*

'O, 'TIS SWEET TO SING.'

TYROLEAN AIR.

1. O 'tis sweet to sing a cheerful song, It makes us happy, happy all day long;
2. O, we love to learn of teachers kind, To cultivate our hearts, and store our mind:
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Fine.
And when at eve, our school we leave, The melody still cheers us home.
Our knowledge thus, will bless us here, And make us use-ful ev-erywhere.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
We love our home, we love our friends, Our parents' smile; what joy it sends
And thus when slates and books put by, Our Music books their place supply;
D. C.
To hearts like ours, so full of song. We're happy, hap-py, all day long.
Oh! then 'tis sweet to join the lay, And sing the happy hours a - way.

End with the la, la.

THE

Young Lady's Friend.

Original.

MENTAL AND MORAL DISCIPLINE.

BY REV. GEORGE LANDON.

THE preëminent importance to females of solid attainments in science and morality, is apparent to all who have regarded the subject with reflection. The proposition is almost of the self-evident kind, claiming acceptance upon its first announcement. But in this, as in many other matters, there is between principle and practice a great disparity. While the paramount claims of thorough moral and mental discipline, and the superior worth of those attainments emphatically utilitarian, are theoretically conceded, still there is a practical predilection for the gay and glittering.

This arises chiefly from the combined influence of these three principles, namely, the ambition of parents that their own child may wear the medal of attraction, the feeling of rivalry which ever glows in the youthful heart, and the giddy world's manifest preference for that education which is rather superficial and showy. But at the very threshold of the subject, two questions present themselves and demand solution.

Is female intellect capable of rigid discipline and grasping achievements; can it be schooled into that versatile energy which analyzes, discriminates, comprehends, and portrays? — is one inquiry.

The answer is and must be in the affirmative, for mind is mind, whether lodged in a firm, or fragile frame. It possesses the same illimitable susceptibilities, the same undying energies, and the same

quenchless aspirations, whether its fires burn upon an altar of iron, or kindle upon one of pearl. Like the gem when polished, whether bounded by few or many angles, cased in mountain granite or set in frieze of lawn, it emits the same vivid scintillations. But all controversy about female capability is ended at once, by the bare mention of D'Stael, Hemans, and More, a shining triad of names, illustrious representatives of the profound, the brilliant, and the pure. They show what woman *can* be.

The other question respects the propriety of an iron, massy framework in female education. Are solid attainments becoming? is the point.

This has been tacitly negatived by the very persons who should have been first to admit it. Tried by the enactments of a perverted taste, vigorous and masculine traits have been regarded as distortions, rather than excellences; to the eye of sickened refinement they have appeared cumbrous blemishes, disfiguring the delicate symmetry of woman's character. In consequence, many, who were naturally capable of extensive research, bold, original conceptions and elevated positions in society, have, from their deference to the diseased sensibility of others, emphatically taken the veil, and beneath the pitiable folds of an assumed delicacy, concealed the most enduring and noble features of human greatness. This whole superstructure of effeminacy stands upon the misconceived supposition, that true modesty of demeanor and muscular energy of mind are incompatible; as if the rainbow's colorings would lose their splendor from being spread upon a lofty arch, or the river flow less gracefully when its bed is polished rock.

But, leaving these questions, we advance to the main topic in hand, the substance of which is, the duty of females to devote less attention to the ornamental department, or, at all events, to study the solid practical branches of science and morality vastly more than they now do. I would not decry polite embellishments, but rather assign them their proper place. The more common branches of wisdom and the graces of moral superiority are of constant application; whereas the mere tinsel of learning, like a holiday vestment, is but seldom called for. The tambour work, the easel, and the crayon, please only in the drawing-room, and not even there, unless surrounded by the kindred concomitants of wealth; but an extensive familiarity with the sciences, the numberless ideas gathered from laborious reading, and the

power of expressing those ideas with ease and elegance — these attainments, beautified by excellency of heart, are alike attractive and useful in whomever seen and from whatever point surveyed — in the palace or the hamlet, at home or abroad, beneath fortune's smile or calamity's frown.

To mention no other demand upon the resources of woman, it often becomes her duty to impart dignity and animation to the social circle by her conversation. How few ladies can converse profitably, commanding that profoundest eulogy — delighted attention. There is a species of conversation, which, like artificial boquets, is fitted up for special occasions, and, like them, soon loses its charms. There is another style which is always fresh and ever refreshing. The former is the wind-fall fruit of a hot-house education; the latter, the result of much study, much reflection, and early and painful mistakes, followed by a determined resolution to succeed. In a word, it is the natural production of an enlarged and matured mind. And this single ability is of more real worth to the Matron or the Miss, than a world of gewgaw blandishments. Moreover, the community is full of information; the presiding spirit of knowledge is met at every angle of life's pathway, and she that moves in society at all, will be called upon, times without number, to ward off the sallies of wit, answer the classic allusion, see the force of the historic reference, and partly, at least, to appreciate the profundities of the wise. In this clashing of intellects, pretension will lose its edge, and the mask prove but a faithless shield. Fear not, that sterling sense and real knowledge will ever lack appreciation, for it is with individuals as with books — good authors in cloth will command more true esteem than worthless ones in gilt. Beside, were it the height of female ambition to secure preëminence in the ornamental department merely, still a knowledge of those branches that lie at the foundation of wisdom, is indispensable. He who makes furniture for a king's palace, seeks close-grained material, for this alone will receive the highest gloss. She who would produce embroidery of unsurpassed beauty, looks well to the ground-work, for none but the firmest texture will hold the inwrought figures. It is thus in acquiring mental polish. To receive a brilliant lustre, and hold in shape the interweavings of taste, the intellect must be consolidated — the web of the mind tightly woven. Between perfection in the ornate branches and a knowledge of the solid ones, there is an indissoluble

connexion; one may be a scholar and not an amateur, but to be the latter *with grace*, she must be the former. Music has its scale and compass as much as architecture or engineering; for, as every one knows who has looked into the philosophy of sound, or taken her first lesson in thorough-bass, the harmony of chords, the science of song, is deep laid amid the nether strata of mathematics.

The ability to body forth on canvass the meltings of sympathy, the sneer of contempt, or the scowl of wakened wrath, requires an acquaintance with that spirit in man which gives expression to every feature, trembling upon the lip, mantling the cheek, swelling the muscle, kindling and flashing in the eye. The successful painter must be a philosopher. The art of the canvass likewise involves that of the geometrician, for sines and tangents, angles and curvatures, have their place in the skilful perspective. In fine, she who would be a model in the arts, must do as was done in the world's creation; form first the dry foundation land, the rugged mountain work, then, over this giant frame-work, cast the mantle of sunlight resplendence.

Thorough mental and moral culture qualify their possessor to act efficiently in the various spheres of benevolence.

The present is a day of ameliorating activity. Society is divided and subdivided into charitable associations, whose object is the education of the ignorant, the alleviation of the distressed, and the salvation of the lost.

This complicated machinery is to be superintended, new agencies are to be called forth, new plans devised, meagre means appropriated with a far-reaching foresight, and majestic ends accomplished through feeble instrumentalities. In this army, woman must hold her proper place, which is neither the middle rank nor the reserved corps, but the pioneering vanguard, where her depth of sympathy and power of persuasion defy all competition in deeds of benevolence. But if unschooled in the mind's nobler attainments, how can she fill with honor to herself and profit to the needy, these stations of responsibility to which the world's woes and the voice of God summon her? How pitiable, for instance, the spectacle of a young lady, or any lady heading a missionary society, when she herself is not only unread in the past history of the church, but unable to tell on what part of Zion's mountains, at the present time, clouds gather into foreboding gloom, or light kindles into prospective glory. In the

bloodless battle-field of philanthropy, where soldier vies with soldier in winning the brightest of trophies, — namely, 'the blessing of him who was ready to perish,' morbid sensibility, drawing-room softness, and selfish idolatry must give place to unwearied patience, undaunted courage, and undying love. These qualities, blended in one, form the beau ideal of female excellence — qualities for which earth has no grave, and time no eulogy; for when human glitter is dim with corrosion, shining still shall be the graces, fresh as an undying fragrance the memory, and potent as a resistless charm the name of their possessor. Her influence is bounded by no narrow limits. Every nation has its leading characteristics, some prominent features which distinguish it from all others. An air of gayety reigns over one people, the spirit of sober sedateness over another; one nation is sceptical, another credulous; one profligate, a second prudent.

Other causes, of course, are at work; but no single agency operates so effectually in imparting this national bias, as female influence. The young warriors of Sparta were brave, but it was woman who said to them, 'bring back your shields, or be brought upon them.' The Gracchi gave laws to Rome, but Cornelia first gave precepts to the Gracchi. Washington fought our battles and gave us nationality, but the maternal counsel was — 'Go, George.' Nor is the philosophy of this influence at all abstruse. To the child, home is the world's stage, and woman the chief actor on that stage. Her words, her movements, the books she reads, and the principles she avows, are the first objects which arrest his inquisitive eye, and no more certainly will the climbing vine bend itself to the crooks of the oak, than will the character of the child conform itself to the peculiarities of her who is constantly moving before him. It is in society as in nature; — the elements of the shower are exhaled in silence, the agencies of the earthquake marshaled in deep stillness, and behind home's curtain, where woman's word is law and to childhood's mind her first attribute infallibility, principles are constantly set at work, which ultimately *must* descend in refreshing rains, or break forth in desolating fires.

The modes of public amusement which she favors will become a national recreation. The style of reading which meets her taste will be furnished with a liberal hand. Let her commend a book, and new editions are forthcoming; let her approve sober truth, and writers' brains are taxed; let works of fancy catch her smiles, and

quickly the press glows with the fires of fiction; let her read wit and ribaldry with delight, and speedily all the king's fools become authors. If fashion rules the realm, woman rules fashion; for the style that she condemns is already dead and buried, and in her hands alone are lodged the powers of necromancy. She governs her own hemisphere and dictates customs to the world's other half; for if she tolerate, the duellist lives; when she frowns, society's monster slinks from existence. Enterprises of charity and reform receive, at her hand, a passport or an epitaph. At her bidding the people are miserly; when she smites the public heart, forth leap the waters of benevolence. Angels retire at her command, and spirits of evil rise obedient to her conjurations. Beside, — four-fifths of the candidates for future collegiate, professional and national honors, candidates who will hold in their single grasp the weal or woe of millions, whose example reaching the obscurest hamlet, like heaven's ray or the grave's gloom, will prove the light of life, or the shadow of death, receive their educational bias, their elementary schooling under the dictation of woman. She lays the corner stone of wisdom's palace. She gives the nation an onward impetus toward the goal of universal renown, or sets at work those disturbing forces whose tendency is to the pathless regions of anarchy and disruption. This is not hyperbole, for had the daughters of Rome, or their sisters of Paris, been what woman can and should be, in mental and moral energy, the sceptre of the former had not crumbled to dust, nor the soil of the latter been drenched with revolutionary blood.

If, then, woman at home and in the school-room draws the outlines of the national portrait, while others but fill up, her hand should possess a nerve of disciplined strength, as well as the tints of polished delicacy.

The acquirements for which we plead impart an identity of feeling and an evenness of temper, which are no trifling ornament to the female character. They foster humility, cherish forbearance, and make their possessor ever the same pattern of dignified simplicity and attractive excellence.

Who presides over her tea table with the graces of a May queen, and then enters the kitchen with frowns and angry words? Who meets *you* at the threshold with a boarding-school courtesy, and an hour after frowns upon a shivering alms-seeker, bidding him depart in accents more piercing than winter's chill? Who moves in the

world's eye a faultless congregation of charms, then murmurs and sulks at home? Whose spirit is soothed by the whispers of flattery, but kindles at the counselling admonitions of friendship or parental authority? Who, like the giddy ocean, slinks into sluggish inactivity when canopied by a clear sky, but frets and foams when touched by stormy winds? Who? Not she, truly, whose ear has been open to the teachings of truth; whose heart has bowed to the mandates of piety, and who has studied the sober realities, no less than the music and the minstrelsy of human life. She treats the great with becoming deference and the poor with christian kindness. Abroad she commands esteem, at home she imparts delight. When housed within the ark, the song of the dove is heard; when tossed upon the tempest, the olive leaf is between her lips. When fortune's mirror is broad, it reflects her benignant countenance; when that mirror is broken, its scattered fragments throw back in miniature the same unaltered features of goodness.

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 1845.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MOURNER COMFORTED. — Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

An elegant miniature volume, containing The Cypress Wreath, by Rev. R. W. Griswold, and The Mourner's Chaplet, by John Keese. The first is an intermixture of prose and verse; the second is poetry only. It is fraught with fine sentiments and finely adapted for a present to a bereaved friend.

COSMOS: A Survey of the general Physical History of the Universe. — By Alexander Von Humboldt. Harper & Brothers.

Numbers one and two of this work have been issued. The theory is new and somewhat startling; presented, however, by such a profound mind as that of Humboldt, it will attract much attention.

For sale by Waite, Pierce & Co.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE. — This work, unequalled for its cost, beauty and splendor, has reached the forty-third number, which carries the text to the 2nd chapter of Luke.

For sale as above.

MORSE'S CEROGRAPHIC MAPS. — Harper & Brothers. Price 25 cts. each.

We find it difficult to use language sufficiently strong to express our admiration of these maps. The author is a gentleman well qualified by practical knowledge for the task.

The size of the maps is 12 by 15 inches. The subjects illustrated will embrace the whole field of Ancient, Modern, including sacred Geography, Chronology, and History. Four numbers have been published, each containing four maps, chiefly the States of this Union.

For sale as above.

WHEWELL'S ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.

HARPER'S NEW MISCELLANY. — The Harpers have commenced the publication of a series of works with this title, embracing the best productions in every department of knowledge. The works will be issued at short intervals, in handsome style, and at 50 cts. per volume.

The first of the series is '*Elements of Morality*,' by Dr. Whewell, of England, a work of great research and learning. It is a thorough exhibition of the laws of morality by an eminent philosopher and scholar, and has many excellences, as well as some glaring faults. The notion that the holy scriptures are deficient in pointing out the whole of the moral duties of men, and the declaration that we have the authority of the scriptures for ecclesiastical establishments, for these are but notions, are absurd and unworthy the general good sense of the author.

For sale by Waite, Pierce & Co.

DR. WOLFF'S MISSION TO BOKHARA. — Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Wolff is widely known as having been a missionary among the Jews in various parts of Europe and Asia. In 1843, he left England for Bokhara, in Persia, to ascertain the fate of two English officers, Colonel Stoddart and Capt. Conolly, who were on an official mission from the British government to Persia. Reports had reached England that they were confined in a loathsome prison, subject to severe sufferings, and exposed to a painful and lingering death. His narrative is highly interesting, and, being freely interspersed with remarks upon the places and men he saw, it is also highly instructive.

The work is embellished with engravings, and contains, also, an account of the Doctor's previous missions to the East.

For sale as above.

BLAIR'S SERMONS. — Dr. Hugh Blair was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1718, and died in 1800. He was a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and also Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh.

These sermons, which are ninety-one in number, were originally published in five volumes. The present edition contains the whole in one.

Dr. Blair's Sermons are justly celebrated for their perspicuous and elegant style, for the sound doctrine and precepts inculcated, and for their practical morality, rather than a deeply spiritual character.

Published by Harper & Brothers, and for sale as above.

THE CHORAL; A Collection of Church Music, adapted to the Worship of all Denominations. By B. F. Baker & I. B. Woodbury. Otis, Broaders & Co., Boston.

We have not been able to give this book a careful examination; but we have heard a number of hymn tunes and chants sung from it, with which we have been highly pleased.

The work is issued in good style, and is a credit to the enterprising young gentlemen, the editors.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. — This popular work has passed into the hands of Waite, Pierce & Co., of this city, by whom it will hereafter be published.

The Living Age is a Miscellany, embracing the best articles from the English and American Quarterlies and Monthlies, but chiefly from the former.

The work is highly recommended by the late Judge Story, by Chancellor Kent, Jared Sparks, and Willlam H. Prescott.

The price is twelve and a half cents per number, or $5 per year.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

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